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CARL SHREVE

HOW BRIDES Should TREAT "IN-LAWS"

Don't Quarrel with Hubby's People for One Year

What should be the young bride's attitude to her husband's people, if the young couple are to "live happily after"?

Kathleen Norris, world-famous novelist, discusses this provocative subject in the following article for *The Australian Women's Weekly*.

A bride should not quarrel with her husband's people for one year, she says, and criticises the isolation that many young couples seek in the first raptures of married life, shutting themselves off from relations and friends.

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

PERHAPS no peril that befalls the married happiness of the bride who is coming back from her honeymoon is quite so serious as is the question of her adjustment to and attitude toward her husband's family.

If her adored George has a mother and father, a married sister and an unmarried sister and several aunts, each one of these represents a separate, a definite, danger to George's married bliss.

Brother doesn't count, for the groom's brother is apt to have a gallant and affectionate attitude towards his pretty new sister, and as a rule she likes him, and likes to have him make himself at home in real brotherly fashion in the new house.

But the others usually begin by frightening the bride with tales of George's wildness, his earlier loves, and the way his mother has spoiled him; and they end by criticising George's wife for everything she does and doesn't do, and alienating her completely.

Grasping this unpleasant fact, in the midst of her happiness, in the very beginning of a time that is all flattery and presents and excitement and self-satisfaction, most young wives behave very stupidly.

They let the breach widen between George and his own people, often resenting his desire to see his mother at all, making calls at home extremely hard for him, and indig-

nantly refusing any conciliatory gesture.

A few years go by and the break is complete, as far as Mary is concerned.

"Oh, yes, I met them all when we were engaged," Mary says. "But we had absolutely nothing in common, and it seemed wiser to just go our separate ways."

If I could blast one phrase from our marital vocabularies it would certainly be that one, "Nothing in common!" It figures in needless divorces; it breaks up families; it breeds coldness and loneliness. "We simply had nothing in common."

Why, all human beings have something in common, and any girl who is willing to marry into a family at all has a great deal in common with all the members of that family.

They are strangers, that is all; and certain brides appear to have adopted the jungle maxim: "What is strange is hostile."

And so in the first few months of marriage they cut away not only much that would make their lives happier, but often the actual fabric of marriage itself.

Divine Isolation

FOR a few months, for a year, a divine isolation satisfies Mary and George. They don't need their



"YOU LET MY MOTHER ALONE," George says in sudden hot anger. How many domestic quarrels start on that note?

families or their friends. They live in a world of their own.

But this doesn't last. Look about you, you brides of to-day, and ask yourselves what clever wife ever shuts herself and her husband away from all other contacts, and is fatuous enough to imagine that kissing and compliments are married life.

Married life is like every other life, a matter of useful and enjoyable association with our fellow beings. It is supremely an opportunity for character-building; it may be made into a marvellous experiment in companionship.

But the quickest way to destroy its glamor and its fine flavor is to build it on a selfish base that involves scornful criticism and unkind laughter at everyone else in both family circles.

A man's sweetheart, his brand-new wife, may criticise his mother and laugh at his sisters.

But the first bleak awakening of her married life may come if she uses the same phrases and indulges in the same laughter a few months later. "You let my mother alone. She manages her life the way she wants to do it!" George says in sudden hot anger.

Perhaps he hasn't been absolutely loyal to his mother himself. But at this moment he thinks he has been; he thinks of his mother, kind and loving and sacrificing herself all his life long just for his happiness, and he begins to resent Mary's attitude.

Why the deuce CAN'T she dine with his people now and then? Why can't she be gracious? It wouldn't kill her. His mother and sisters are just as fine as a lot of the dubs Mary likes to run with. He and Mary always dining at home, or going to restaurants and movies, and there's mother only a few miles away dying to cook chicken curry for him again, and bake him a chocolate cake!

And this making Mary madder than ever, the matter perhaps goes into a serious quarrel.

Be Gentle

SO my advice to brides simply is this: Don't quarrel with your husband's people for one year. For one year be everything that is gentle and forgiving and gracious. For one year forget the unkindly criticisms, the fussy advice about George's hay-fever and his wet feet, the tactless reproach of your mother-in-law because you don't have a baby in the first ten months, the explicit laughter and pity of your sisters-in-law if you do.

Build these relationships into your life carefully, as you would build a business, finding points of sympathy and common interest, winning their affections, increasing and ramifying memories and associations. You will find this the most valuable investment you ever made in your life.

First, this year will deepen and increase a hundredfold the tie be-

KATHLEEN NORRIS SAYS:

MY advice to brides simply is this: Don't quarrel with your husband's people for one year.

SOCIETY is built upon the family, and no family is stronger or more powerful than that which forms a clan.

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tween your husband and yourself. His pride in you, as they come to love you, will be one of the most precious assets a married man can know.

To see his mother and his wife sharing ecstasies over his firstborn stirs him to the depths of his soul, and he loves his wife once for herself, and once for loving his mother.

Family Life

SECONDLY, this policy helps your social position, no matter what that is. It actually helps your husband's business to have him and his father friends; to have mutual friends meet you in the house of the senior family.

Society is built upon the family, and no family is stronger or more powerful than that which forms a clan.

Grandparents, middle-aged folk, young couples, and the inevitable children and babies of one blood can form a unit valuable to its immediate social group and its commonwealth and its nation.

We've slipped away from this ideal of family life in the last fifty years, but, believe me, you brides who half-incredulously read this, we are coming back.

The smartest girls among you are the ones who are going to count every new tie as an asset and not a liability, and have the delightful experience in a few years of hearing your solitary and divorced and stranded and unhappy old friends say to you enviously: "You really like the Browns, don't you, Mary? And they simply adore you; Mrs. Brown told mother so. You lucky thing! I wish I'd married into a family like that!"

You'll say something soothing, something amiable, in reply. But you'll know in your heart that there wasn't any luck about it.

You'll be a dignified, experienced housewife then; the wounds of today will be all forgotten, and the triumph of conquering dubious or unfriendly new relatives will put into your hands the power to give your children a great happiness that too many children nowadays are denied.

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



—Hammer & Co.

Visited Lots of Museums

MR. N. B. TINDALE, ethnologist of the Adelaide Museum, returned recently from a nine months' tour abroad, where he studied museums and anthropological departments in European and American Universities, under a Carnegie travelling fellowship.

While in America Mr. Tindale attended a conference of anthropologists and later acted as Australian delegate to a conference at Honolulu.



Leading Woman Orator

MRS. HELEN HOWELL MOOR.

HEAD is reputed to be one of America's most brilliant women orators. She is specially interested in the education of women in international affairs, and has been agitating to have greater prominence given to overseas news in the rural Press.

Mrs. Moorhead lives in Washington, D.C., and entertains many visitors from overseas.



—Regent Studios.

Bridge Named After Him

THE name of Mr. J. D. Story, Public Service Commissioner, Queensland, will be perpetuated in the bridge being built at Kangaroo Point, Brisbane, at an estimated cost £1,600,000.

Mr. Story has played an important part in the official life of Queensland. He was one of those who helped to found the University and has been a member of the Senate since its creation in 1910.

Adorable complexion—costs one shilling

WHO'S THE GLAMOROUS LADY YOU'VE BROUGHT TO THIS PARTY, TONY?

SHE'S THE GIRL I TOOK TO THE LAST PARTY, AUNT ELIZABETH!

NORMA? WHY SO IT IS! HOW LOVELY HER COMPLEXION LOOKS TONIGHT!

EVERYONE IS SAYING THAT EVEN THE GAITY ONES

OF COURSE, WOMEN ADMIRE REAL BEAUTY IN EACH OTHER.

I WISH THE MEN DID LESS ADMIRING, I LOSE NORMA THE MOMENT I GET TO A PARTY

I'VE JUST BEEN SAYING, MY DEAR, THAT MOST GIRLS WOULD GIVE A LOT FOR YOUR COMPLEXION.

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AT ALL CHEMISTS

LEADING STORES

57,1937

"A Handsome KING A Lovely QUEEN"

Sheila Lyons Tells Vivid Impressions

ROYAL LOVERS HELD HANDS AT FIRST COURT

By SHEILA LYONS, daughter of the Prime Minister. Specially written for The Australian Women's Weekly. By cable from London

King George VI is very handsome, and his Queen is far lovelier than even her nicest photographs. One carries away a lasting impression of her beauty, her grace, and her flawless complexion.

They are obviously the most devoted couple. They glanced at each other with understanding and reassurance all through the Coronation ceremony in Westminster Abbey, and at their first Court they held hands when going in to supper.

THE Queen is charming in her manner, too. Her smile is fascinating and infectious, and puts you at your ease immediately.

When I was presented I walked with mother between two rows of brilliantly uniformed Guardsmen up to the Thrones. Mother's curtsy was perfect, but I was so nervous when curtsying to the King that I lost my balance and faltered, but fortunately recovered.

The Queen smiled at me so charmingly that I regained all my confidence, and was able to curtsy much better to her.

The Coronation itself was a wonderful experience.

I was thankful to find I was sitting behind Mrs. Bruce.

But I was frightened to eat a cake of chocolate I had slipped into my pocket to see me through the long

wait, since no one else seemed to be hungry!

My seat was in the second tier from the nave. I had a perfect view of the ceremony and of Royalties and native Princes sitting in the choir stalls opposite.

Father and mother were seated below me, so I couldn't see them.

But I soon made friends with the man next to me. He pointed out the notables and told me he took Dad round Ireland on his last trip. He turned out to be Mr. Delanty, the Irish Free State High Commissioner.

Lovely Princesses

PRINCESS MARINA, of course, was marvellous, but the little Princesses were the big interest for me.

They were lovely, especially in the way Elizabeth kept telling Margaret Rose what to do.

The Queen's crowning, though solemn and dignified, had all the grace and beauty of a ballet.

Six trainbearers moved slowly in a circle round her, keeping the train outspread in a great pool over the golden carpet.

Simultaneously, attendants swung the red trains of the canopy-bearers, making the whole scene glow with living color as the Crown was placed on the Queen's head.

Then the white-gloved hands of the peeresses rose like white birds

fluttering as they placed the coronets on their own heads.

Elizabeth and Margaret Rose proudly put on their graceful little golden crowns.

Princess Marina's beauty was startlingly enhanced by the coronet.

I can't say I think the peers looked very elegant in their coronets, but they seemed to suit the peeresses.

Each robe worn by the Queen seemed the richest and most splendid until another appeared, and she wore them all superbly.

I couldn't take my eyes off the Indian Princess.

The most marvellous moment was when the procession swept out of the Abbey singing "God Save the King."

I'll never forget that scene—never.

Women Bore Abbey Ordeal... Men Lollled

By Cable from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in London

Women seemed to stand up to the strain of the long hours in the Abbey better than the men. Many of the latter were lolling and leaning their heads on their hands while Their Majesties were out of sight, and one elderly judge was asleep with his wig pushed back.

The women were upright and alert, following the superb example of Queen Mary.

THE Coronation was responsible for many dramatic reunions.

I met a woman from the Isle of Wight, nearly in tears with excitement, waiting for her sister—a doctor's assistant in Sydney—whom she hadn't seen for twenty years.

A grey-haired little Lancashire woman with a Coronation rosette in her coat met a sunburnt son who'd gone to Australia ten years ago to make his fortune.

He came back without a fortune, but with enough money saved up to give

his mother a month's feteing in London to see the King and Queen drive by.

Nearly seventy years old, Dame Maud McCarthy, Australian-born matron of Queen Alexandra's Imperial Nursing Service during the war, got a great thrill when she met the Australian girls who served under her in France and England.

The girls—six nurses led by Matron Grace Wilson—are nearly all grey-haired now, but there was no hint of the passing of eighteen years in their joyful greetings to the woman who was awarded seven honors by different countries for her war service.



MRS. LYONS, wife of Australia's Prime Minister, and daughter Sheila in the gowns in which they were presented at Their Majesties' first Court.—Special radiogram to The Australian Women's Weekly.

Our Half-Million Sales

LAST week half a million copies of the Coronation issue of The Australian Women's Weekly were sold.

The success of the magnificent artgravure Coronation issue was instantaneous.

Hardly had the great presses ceased printing the issue when they were called upon again, to keep pace with the growing demands of the public, and repeat orders from newsagents.

Letters have poured in on us conveying appreciation. One reader expressed the sentiment of half a million when she wrote:

"It's a gorgeous and dignified souvenir of a great historical occasion."

The Australian Women's Weekly is proud of this achievement and prouder still of the public acclaim it has won.

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CAPTAIN BLOOD of Antarctic is AN AUSTRALIAN

Good-looking Bachelor Explorer Completes 20,000 Miles Trip

Like a modern Captain Blood of the Antarctic, a good-looking, adventurous young Australian has been blazing new trails over 20,000 miles of the Polar regions.

On an outback station in Australia his mother has waited. Occasionally, short, hasty messages flash to her from her son, as the crackling radio spans the long miles between the frozen Antarctic and the sun-burned plains.

THE young explorer is Mr. John Rymill, of the well-known Rymill family of Penola station, South Australia. His expedition, after 2½ years in the Antarctic, is expected to return to London this month.

His mother is excitedly awaiting his return to Australia later this year after an absence of five years abroad.

For most of the time on his latest expedition to the Antarctic, wireless has been the only means by which mother and son could exchange messages.

Scraps of news of the expedition have reached Sydney from time to time, notably when the expedition joined in the search for the men who had been missing from the Royal Research ship, Discovery II.

Floating icebergs, bad visibility, violent seas, blizzards and ropes and sails being frozen with ice, as well as becalmed seas, are a few of the difficulties the expedition had to contend with.

It is estimated that the Penola, which carried the expedition, has sailed 20,000 miles since it left London in September, 1934.

Happy Personality

THE wanderlust seems to have rooted itself very firmly into John Rymill's make-up. He has that sort of happy personality that accepts things as they come, that loves plenty of adventure, never knows what homesickness is, even in Arctic wilds, and withal is extremely capable.

Yet his quest for adventure is not without purpose, as the Royal Geographical Society's faith in him proves.

He is 31 years of age and is over six feet tall.

He is the sort of person one reads about, but never expects to encounter.

Last time he visited Australia, it was rumored he was engaged to be married, but relatives have stated that the rumor was groundless.

There seems to be a bond between this roving soul and his mother that makes great shows of affection and



MR. JOHN RYMILL, whose 20,000-mile expedition in the Antarctic is nearly ended.

a lot of letter-writing and exchange of messages unnecessary.

Though months pass and no word is exchanged between them, each continues to feel pride and affection in the other.

Mr. Rymill has one brother, a graduate of Cambridge University, Mr. Robert Rymill, who is a few years his junior and who manages the family station, Penola.

Mr. John Rymill's entrance into exploring as a career was a natural one to him, though thousands of men might wait for years for such a chance and then not get it.

He happened to be in England, to have a pilot's licence and to be interested in surveying. His qualifications fitted in with the requirements of Captain Watkins' Arctic expedition, so John Rymill became a member of it.

In a few years, though still under 30 years of age, an accident made him leader of his second expedition. He was chosen as leader of the third.

It is no wonder that though his mother and brother have not seen him for five years and indeed have hardly heard of him during that time he is a hero in their eyes.

Messages To Mother

"MY messages," Mrs. Rymill told a representative of The Australian Women's Weekly, in a trunk line conversation from her station home, "usually come on festive occasions, by cablegram and wireless, at Christmas or for a birthday.

"Other than those messages, am only able to follow my son's movements by reports in the newspapers. "I am most disappointed at not being able to meet him in London.

"He has been two and a half years away from civilisation now, and I expect he will reach London during May, although the expedition's ship—the Penola—will not arrive at Southampton until August.

"My son and his shore party are continuing the trip home from South Georgia on board a whaler, and I expect John will be fully occupied with records and specimens for months."

Leadership in a former expedition fell to Mr. Rymill as the result of the drowning of Captain Watkins, of whose expedition he was a member. Captain Watkins' death, the youthful Mr. Rymill had to take charge.

His excellent handling of the expedition in this emergency pleased the Royal Geographical Society, which decided to train him for further expedition work.

He had already been twice to Greenland before the last expedition.

With danger lurking in practically every mile of the journey, it is natural that his friends, and particularly his mother, should worry about him.

Nevertheless, Mrs. Rymill takes his



MR. RYMILL, photographed during a previous expedition to the Antarctic.

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IF your baby's fourth birthday is on June 10 you should send in his or her photo to The Australian Women's Weekly.

We are offering a prize of £2/2/- for the best picture of a four-year-old.

We want these pictures because it was on that date that our first issue appeared, and to mark the anniversary we intend to publish some studies of other happy four-year-olds in our birthday number of June 12. Apart from the £2/2/- prize, 10/6 will be paid for any others published.

So if your baby was born on June 10, 1933, send in his or her picture before May 29 in an envelope marked "Birthday Babies."

work calmly, and is justly proud of her son's achievements.

South Australia is the home State of two other world-famous explorers—Sir Robert Wilkins and Sir Douglas Mawson. With the exploits of young Rymill, the notable duet is becoming a trio.

Melbourne Grammar School is proud of him also, as he is an ex-pupil.

THEN CATS are GREY

A luxury liner is the setting of this unusual and brilliantly-told thriller...



IT was about eight-thirty, just as they were being served with dessert, that they began to feel the swell and movement of the storm into which the great boat, laced with lights against the black sea, was heading.

Mrs. Cass had risen and clutched a little at her chair while she murmured smilingly over her bediamonded bosom.

The remaining five people at the captain's table (not including the captain, who, preoccupied with reports of the coming storm, had left immediately after soup), all had looked at her, and a Mr. Allen, who sat between Susan and Mrs. Cass, had jumped to his feet. He was a little dark man, with small features and twinkling black eyes and a small crimson mouth below his neat black moustache.

"May I—?" he said, offering his arm.

But Mrs. Cass had refused—pleasantly, comfortably, as she did everything in her padded, comfortable life. And they had watched her leave the dining saloon, her fat, satin-clad figure undulating a little with the movement of the ship. Half an hour later she was found murdered.

After her departure the group at the captain's table had resumed their dessert.

Mrs. Wilkinson, a tall, gaunt widow, who sat at the captain's left, wore black perpetually and had chronic neuralgia which ap-

By
*M. G.
Eberhart*

peared to interest her greatly, had sniffed and told them she herself was a good sailor.

Henry Allen had remarked in his sprightly way that that was fortunate, for the reports were that they were running into a real storm.

Maryanne Wray, a very pretty girl with soft light hair, much curled, large, soft brown eyes and a wide smile (she had, she had said, just left school, and was going to join her mother) had said sweetly Mrs. Cass was such an old dear, and had decided to have baba au rhum for a sweet.

Reginald Binns, a young, blond bore, who looked like a film star, and had something to do with textiles, had, as usual, said nothing.

They had finished dessert. The orchestra had played and the diners at surrounding tables had talked and laughed and eaten—and outside the sky and sea had grown black and menacing.

Very few people knew of the murder that night. At nine-thirty the boat was definitely in the storm area, and the decks were deserted and groups in the lounge and bar dispersed rather rapidly. So there were few to witness the commotion following the discovery—fewer to inquire its cause.

Susan herself, breakfasting in her stateroom and forgetting her usual morning walk on deck, heard of it only when she was summoned to the captain to listen to an amazing request. So amazing that she sat there staring at the captain, uncertain of her own ears, but in a



Susan cried out and ran unsteadily, because of the movement of the ship, across the room.

kind of parallel train of thought very certain that the boat was behaving with really sinister abandon.

FOR they rose, according to Susan's involuntary calculations, at least forty feet in the air and then dropped twice the distance with a long, straining shiver.

The captain paused and Susan held her breath during the drop. Miraculously the great ship held together and the captain resumed: "So you will do it, won't you, Miss Dare?"

"I can't," said Susan. "It's impossible. There are—how many hundred people on this boat?"

"A good many," said the captain rather grimly. "And every one of them knows about it. Or will know in another hour. It's a queer thing, but never once in my twenty-five years of experience have I been able to keep knowledge of a death occurring at sea from the ears of the passen-

gers. Nobody tells them, but they know. I think they smell it." The captain frowned at the table before him and was suddenly listening again. Listening, Susan discovered, to a sudden slowing in the beat and rhythm of engines which Susan perceived only then. Another wave—yes, that was it. She held her breath again; rising

One they avoided by staying in staterooms and saloons; reading, sleeping, playing bridge—and could boast about when they landed. To the captain it was a grim, unremitting struggle, a battle a most; one to be relinquished only if they landed. "And, of course," he resumed, looking at Susan, "this is murder.

don't. But I'd like you to try. It isn't as if it hadn't happened before."

"Murder? You didn't tell me that."

"No, not murder. But theft. Jewel theft. It happened on one of my crossings last winter. Some diamonds were stolen, never found. We and the insurance company did everything possible, but never found a trace of the thief. But this is the first time I've ever had a murder, thank heaven."

He and Susan waited for another wave. Quicker, thought Susan, that tense moment or two which seemed so very much longer while a great boat climbed to the top of a wave and then sank terrifyingly into the trough. You were never quite sure what the outcome of the titanic struggle would be. That time, despite really horrid sounds of creaking, the boat remained intact and Susan said: "Have you the passenger list for that crossing?"

Theft of Diamonds

she seemed to press against the floor below her; falling, the whole great structure shuddered and strained spasmodically.

"Oof—" said Susan in a sort of sigh.

"That was a bad one," said the captain. His frown had deepened and he looked pale and tired. To the passengers it was only a mid-winter and mid-Atlantic storm.

Murder and theft." He passed a worried hand over his bald spot and said: "I've got to do something."

"Do you really expect me to discover the murderer?" asked Susan.

He looked at her again and for an instant seemed to forget the ship.

"No," he admitted honestly, "I

Please turn to Page 18

The FOUR MARYS

Begin This Great Story Now

THE serial opens with the marriage of ALAN WYTHE and ELIZABETH, a friend of MEG SWIFT, a striking personality, who is a columnist on a New York paper.

She has acquired a lovely home which she shares with her mother, MOLLY DAVIS, and daughter, MIMI SWIFT. Mimi is beautiful but irresponsible, and desires her freedom. She is encouraged in this by her father, VIVIAN SWIFT, a newspaperman whom Meg has divorced. He establishes Mimi in a New York apartment against the wishes of his ex-wife.

Meg is consoled by BROOK AVERY, years her junior, who is anxious to marry her.

The Alan Wythes return to New York from their honeymoon and invite Mimi to be their first guest. She is awaiting her escort, TOMMY GAUNT, when JIMMY KILMARTIN, another admirer, arrives unexpectedly.

NOW READ ON.



"I'll get my cape," said Mimi. She thought, Elizabeth might have found someone besides Kilmartin to take place. That was the Tommy Gaunt's curious thing about Elizabeth. You never knew from what she did and said if she were stupid or if she were really extraordinarily clever. That pretty childish face of hers — you didn't get far behind it.

"Well—let's get going," said Kilmartin. "Dinner at eight, she said." He looked well enough in his dinner clothes, Mimi had to admit to herself. And he wasn't behaving badly, according to his lights. He kept Elizabeth laughing almost from the moment they got there, Elizabeth very pink and white and radiant in a silvery gown she had brought back from Paris.

The new apartment was rather too exquisitely decorated, Elizabeth had had it done while she and Alan

Not until dinner was over—a bride's dream of a dinner with all the wedding silver and china assisting—did Mimi have a word alone with him. Then it was only holding her cigarette to the light he offered, with Kilmartin looking on abstractedly from across the drawing-room fireplace, while Elizabeth chattered away about the Lido.

"Well, how've you been?" said Alan, his eyes fastened on her face.

Mimi said: "Pretty much as usual. We've had a bad autumn. Rain all the time." She thought: "He's fed up with being adored. It sticks out all over him." She said: "How does it feel to be back?"

"Am I?" said Alan, a shade lower. That was himself speaking, Mimi thought. Careful that Kilmartin and Elizabeth shouldn't hear him. Not quite careful enough, however.

Elizabeth said: "Oh, Mimi—I just had to drag him home." Those small rosy-lobed ears of hers didn't miss much he said. Any more than Kilmartin's eyes overlooked a move Mimi made. Maybe he always watched people like that; maybe if you did cartoons you had to. But it irked Mimi not to be sure if his nearsighted, sceptical gaze were deliberate or not.

Alan said for anyone to hear, "Betsy says you've got a hangout of your own in town now, Mimi."

Mimi told about the bed-sitting room. She made quite a good story out of her grandmother's horror when it had first been suggested. "She thinks I'm leading a double life."

"Well, maybe you are," said Kilmartin blandly.

ELIZABETH shrieked with laughter. "Mimi! She's too cold, aren't you, darling? She couldn't be bothered."

"When do I see this joint of yours?" asked Alan lastly.

"By appointment only," said Mimi. For an instant their eyes met.

It was not a peaceful evening. After a while they played roulette.

"Remember that last night at the casino in Monte Carlo?" Elizabeth said to Alan.

Mimi won consistently, but even that did not take her mind off wondering what Alan was thinking, what Elizabeth was thinking. They might have been wearing so many masks.

At eleven, with her nerves getting more ragged every minute, Mimi said she must go home.

"Oh, not so early!" begged Elizabeth. But she slipped her hand through Alan's arm and dropped her cheek against his shoulder.

"I will admit that we are the world's biggest sleep-heads, aren't we, darling?"

Alan disengaged himself not too gently. "Got a car, Kilmartin—or shall I have the doorman call a taxi?"



Illustrated by DELANEY

"We'll pick one up; don't bother," said Kilmartin.

Alan had one moment more with Mimi, helping her into the long black velvet cape that made her hair glow even more brightly. "Give me a ring," he said significantly.

"I'm in the book," said Mimi.

She thought maybe Kilmartin had missed that brief interchange, but in the cab, with wind screeching thinly against the windows, he said: "That guy is about as much married as I am."

"You were at the wedding, weren't you?" said Mimi coldly.

"So was he," said Kilmartin. "but it didn't take." He reflected a moment, turning an unlit cigar-

Mimi said abruptly: "Look, angel, I've got an appointment at five. I'm going to have to throw you out in ten minutes."

"And you," said Mimi, pale with anger. "think that just because you're a friend of my mother's you're also a friend of mine. I'd like to disillusion you."

"You've already done that," said Kilmartin curtly. "Up to to-night I thought you were a pretty decent kid—if a trifle crack-brained."

Mimi said in a smothered voice, "Let me out of here." She put her hand on the door.

"You couldn't have picked a better spot for a dramatic exit," said Kilmartin contemptuously. "We're practically on your threshold."

custom. It was the Friday after the Wythes' home-coming dinner party, and since then Mimi had stayed on in town, had not been back to the house in the country.

Meg had telephoned on Thursday night, unable to keep anxiety out of her voice. "Are you all right, Mimi? To-day's been perfect weather. The garden is lovely. Do come on out. I miss you."

Mimi had said, "I'll be out tomorrow, maybe." Friday was tomorrow. She knew now that she would not go out till Saturday. Another telephone call, for which she had been recklessly waiting, had come. She sat on the couch and watched her father sipping his second highball while she kept one eye on her wrist watch. Four o'clock; half past. The room was slipping into the shadow of evening.

"Well," said Vivian Swift reflectively, "you're well settled here now, eh?" A tall lean man going bald about the temples, going heavy about the eyes, he still kept the easy ironic charm which had taken eighteen-year-old Meg Davis off her feet. He tapped the ash from his cigarette with a long yellow-stained finger and regarded his daughter with philosophic amusement.

Mimi wore a velvet house gown of her favorite peacock-blue.

"Your mother doesn't do you badly as to clothes, I should say," said Swift.

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Continuing Our Serial By Fanny Heaslip Lea

ette between his fingers. "How are you on taking advice?" he inquired at length, more seriously than was his habit.

"Rotten," said Mimi concisely. "That's what I thought. Most red-headed women are. All right. Keep agoing, sister, but don't say the wedding guest with his long grey beard and glittering eye didn't warn you. You're asking for the hottest kind of trouble."

She did not speak to him again. Not even to say good-night.

When he had seen her door close behind her, he paid the cab and dismissed it. "Little fool!" he muttered to himself, going off with his long-legged stride. "That Elizabeth woman will make cat's meat of her."

Mimi was entertaining her father, who had casually dropped in on her, as was nowadays his

were away. All wide mirrors and white velvet chairs and old-rose draperies. There were quantities of calla lilies and pink roses about. The goblets from Venice furnished the proper exotic note. Ruby glass, frantically burning.

Elizabeth lifted hers to Alan. "Darling—remember the day we bought these?"

Mimi thought Alan looked already a trifle bored with remembering so much. "Or is it just that I'd like to think he's bored? If only she'd keep her hands off him!"

Alan was looking handsomer than ever. Perhaps by reason of dancing Elizabeth through every night club in Paris, he had lost a bit of flesh. His dark, sensuous eyes looked moodily out of a face grown leaner and somehow more nervous than it used to be.

SUFFICIENT BE

Dim not your day with fears for me.

I am as only I was meant to be,

No tear or sigh can change the sorry plot,

Or alter that which is to be my lot.

Sufficient be that one who loves me well

Has given more than I may hope to tell,

Has blessed me with an infinite content,

And I have loved and deemed my love well spent.

There are few hearts that ever live to see

The blossoming of planted ecstasy.

—Yvonne Webb.

Illustrated by
Raymond
Wenban

NATURAL Weapons

By

EDWIN
RUTT

What chance had she of
keeping her husband against
the dark and in-
triguing beauty
of Chloe Varne?

(1)

Complete
Short
Story



SHE was, Bee Lancaster supposed, paying the price for having married an attractive man like Sir Jerry Lancaster. And paying doubly, perhaps, because she was the daughter of a commoner and in the world she'd known before her glittering marriage a certain amount of honesty and sincerity had prevailed. In this new world that swept along like a hard, bright pageant, honesty was a fool's virtue. And as for sincerity, it simply didn't exist. Among these people you played the game in your own way and you played to win. Nobody questioned your methods so long as you attained your end. The crowning sin was to lose—and look stupid.

Gazing now across her garden she perceived that Chloe Varne was playing her game, whatever it might be, in the accepted manner. A slim hand with pointed blood-red nails lay against the dark of Jerry's coat-sleeve, and her eyes, black and hard like onyx, were raised, challengingly, to his. Jerry leaned towards her, his smoke-grey eyes intent upon hers, a look of complete absorption on his handsome face. Ellerton was passing the tea things, correct and sedate as usual. Watching his impeccable back, Bee wanted to scream. He seemed, with his faint air of superciliousness, to typify the general attitude of this little gathering. They were all slightly bored, slightly unreal.

"Will someone take my place?" said Bee. "You, Chloe," said Cynthia Tylesborough almost commandingly.

When at last the guests began to depart, Bee shook their hands almost gratefully. The sight of Chloe Varne getting in deadly work in her own garden had strained her endurance to the breaking-point. She could have shrieked with relief when Ellerton finally came out upon the terrace and said, in his impassive voice: "Mrs. Varne's car."

BEE'S eyes swept across the garden. She saw Chloe's hand slip down to Jerry's, saw the quick pressure of the fingers. Then they arose and came towards her. "Chloe insists upon pushing off," said Jerry casually.

"So sorry, darling. Must absolutely fly." Chloe turned to Bee. "It's been so lovely being here."

"So nice you could come," said Bee involuntarily, and the next instant hated herself for the hypocrisy.

Jerry dropped a careless arm round his wife. At the same moment Bee's eyes, flashing to Chloe's face, thought that they saw a shadowy smile, a smile almost sardonic, flicker across her lips.

Jerry said: "Try and manage Johnny's week-end, old thing!"

"I'll try, my dear," Chloe's voice was indifferent. "Can't say just yet." But her eyes, laid almost caressingly upon Jerry, were anything but indifferent.

At dinner Jerry explained about the week-end.

"Johnny Cobden wants us on Friday," he said. "Think I'd rather like to go. Topping golf course near his place, if I remember rightly."

Bee stifled an impulse to exclaim, "Golf course, be blowed!" Instead she remarked: "Oh! Who's going to be there?"

"Sonny Rand and his wife, I think," said Jerry. "And Lady Tylesborough and Jack Farmsby and Chloe, if she can manage it. No one else, I believe."

Chloe would manage it right enough, decided Bee.

"Well, shall we?" pursued Jerry. For a moment Bee seemed uncertain. But on the verge of suggesting that he go alone, she paused. Absolutely silly, dangerous even, to give that woman a clear field. And, after all, no matter how inconvenient it may have been for him, she was married to Jerry Lancaster. No,

there was nothing to be gained by refusing to face the issue.

"I think I'd like it," she said at last. "Johnny Cobden is one of my favorites."

"Decent sort of old chap!" said Jerry, without any particular enthusiasm.

ON Friday afternoon Bee tucked herself into the car beside Jerry and they started for Lord Cobden's place in Kent. She was determined, she told herself, to see this thing through at all costs. But, as the motor roared through the countryside, she felt curiously unprepared to face the crisis, if indeed there were to be a crisis. What chance had she, she asked herself, against a woman like Chloe Varne, a specialist in intrigue whose penchant for conquest was all too well known? Yes, there were a lot of stories about Chloe Varne, some of them not too savory. Her divorce had been an ugly business, a fortnight's sensation in the newspapers. Recalling it, Bee shivered. The thought of herself being dragged through such an affair was intensely repugnant. And yet there was always the possibility! Always the possibility with Chloe, free and alluring and—interested in Jerry.

Another car slipped up behind

them, hooting insistently to pass. Jerry casually pulled over to the left and the following motor shot by in a whisk and shudder. From the driver's seat of it a tweed-sleeved arm waved a quick greeting. The next instant it disappeared at a reckless speed round a bend in the road.

Jerry smiled. "Chloe!" he said. "Speeding as usual."

Bee bit her lip. So Chloe had, in the end, found it convenient to come! And her coming could be significant of but one thing—a desire to see Jerry Lancaster.

Dinner was over. And in Lord Cobden's drawing-room dark-oak panelling, polished to mirror-gleam, shone softly in the subdued light. A huge bowl of roses on the grand piano filled the room with a trailing fragrance.

Bee drifted quite naturally into a table of bridge, partnered by Lady Tylesborough, who had arrived shortly before dinner. Their opponents were the Rands, crack players. One needed, thought Bee as Miriam Rand dealt swiftly, all one's wits against such exponents of the game.

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HUSHED UP

Complete Short Story by
G. RADCLIFFE

It was the last irksome hour before disembarking. The P. and O. liner Aurora had arrived in Tilbury dock, but for some obscure reason she had not yet been run alongside the disembarkation quay. Cook's men were already aboard, the deck was strewn with suitcases, passengers were standing about in unfamiliar overcoats, bowlers or furs, according to sex; the stewards, having secured their tips, had magically disappeared. Customs officials could be seen standing behind long tables, the boat train to King's Cross had been assembled, impatient friends on shore were waving greetings, and everyone was saying to everyone else how jolly it was to be in England once more.

Hogan, of the Scinde Cavalry, myself, and two or three other "leave birds" were having a last round in the smoking-lounge. Presently Milton, the only American on board, joined us. He was tall and dark, and spoke without a trace of a trans-Atlantic accent. Unlike the rest of us, he was a person of independent means and had been travelling for pleasure and not duty. He had shown himself a "good mixer" and was popular with the other passengers.

"This," he said, having procured a drink, "is one of life's lost hours. One can't read, one can't sleep, one can't do anything except wait.

My wife is three hundred yards away on the quay yonder, but for any communication we can make to one another she might as well be in Timbuktu."

"Buy a paper," suggested Hogan. "There's a lad selling them on the boat-deck."

"I never read papers," Milton said. "As an ex-journalist I know what their so-called news is worth. Pap for the public! Take it from me that if you want to know the truth about something the last place to look is in the columns of the daily Press."

"That's a sweeping statement!" I said.

"Of course it is," Milton agreed. "It wasn't meant to be taken literally. Taking it all in all, I reckon the Press is the seventh wonder of civilisation, but all the same there are occasions when the public has to be fed with pap instead of truth. Take for instance, the death of Prince Bourmin. Do you chaps remember the case?"

We all did, but Paddy Hogan got in first.

"Bourmin, the Russian millionaire, who was drowned in a yachting disaster off Santa Barbara? He made a fortune out of the cinematograph, didn't he?"

"Exactly," Milton said. "Now, that's a case in point. The story told to the public was that Bourmin had taken a party of guests for a cruise in his steam yacht. The propeller-shaft broke, knocked a hole in the keel, and sent her to the bottom within twenty-five minutes. The wireless was out of order, and Bourmin stayed behind while the guests and crew took to the boats. Not a wildly plausible yarn, but the public swallowed it all right."

"And Prince Bourmin got great plaudits for his heroism," someone said.

Illustration by Ramon Silva

"He would," Milton smiled. "We saw to that. He'd influential relatives, and to have disclosed the truth would have been tactless."

"Well, what was the truth?" I asked.

"It was much stranger than the fiction promulgated by the papers. It's not a particularly pleasant yarn, but it may serve to make this

last hour pass a little more quickly. Before I begin, however, I think another round is indicated."

The Goanese barman was once more bribed to open his bar in contradiction of Customs regulations. When the glasses had been filled Milton commenced his story:

"As you chaps probably know, Prince Bourmin was one of the shining lights of the cinematograph industry. He went to Hollywood during the war and started by walking on in crowd scenes at five dollars a day. He hadn't a cent to his name then, and Russian princes were a bit of a drug in the market. If he hadn't had the good sense to go to Hollywood he'd probably have finished by being a taxi-driver in Paris or an hotel commissionaire, or something like that."

"He did try Hollywood, however, and it proved the wisest move any man ever made. He did well, and finally he was starred in a picture called 'Desert Passion.' That was the last part he played. He saved

ing to the ordinary black and white stuff. Yes, he was go-ahead all right, always hunting round for new methods. Sometimes these new ideas came off, and sometimes they didn't."

"At that time I was film critic on the staff of the old 'American Telegraph,' and in one way or another I heard a good deal about the doings of Prince Bourmin. Ned Crosby, my chief, was a pal of his. They used to visit one another periodically, and whenever the A.M.C., as the Prince's company was called, had a new picture showing, Crosby used to send me round to write it up. Luckily I was always able to praise their work. They did 'Mill Stream,' you remember, and 'The Epic of the Arctic.' Wonderful photography in the last. Prince Bourmin was an artist as well as a man of business."

"I saw 'The Epic of the Arctic' in Bombay," Hogan said. "Amazing—that's the only word for it. Those shots of the aurora borealis and the icebergs!"

"All done in Hollywood," Milton said. "Bourmin specialised in trick photography and fake scenery. The results were usually better than the real thing. But the next picture, 'Siberian Tragedy,' slumped badly. The public wouldn't look at it, although Sylvia Stone was starring and Harry Newbolt was singing mysterious things. Public taste! Bourmin could get no bookings and dropped about a million dollars."

"Well, it was about four months after the fiasco of 'Siberian Tragedy' that Crosby got a letter from the Prince."

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MARCH OF THE MODE by Rene

THREE-ISH...and After!

THREE o'clock—such an awkward hour for which to dress, when one is staying on in town. These nippy days, it is a good plan to replace the afternoon frock with a dressy suit or jacket-suit, which will look good for cocktails, and can go happily to dinner and the cinema afterwards...

● OVER A SKIRT of black woollen and tuck-in blouse of printed satin is worn a short basque jacket of the skirt material, embroidered all over in the same bright design of the blouse in colored wools. French sailor hat in black suede to match gloves and shoes.



● BLACK broadcloth for a dressmaker suit which is strictly tailored. The white satin blouse beneath has a bow tie and buttons down front. Tiny pillbox hat made of broadcloth, with an upside down bow at back of stiffened grosgrain.

● A NAVY suede-surfaced woollen, with jacket worn over cocktail frock of the same material, features two lovely blue fox skins, looped at the hem to make a muff. The top of the sleeves and jacket add deep tucks for extra chic. The navy velvet hat has a box brim of white wool pique.

● OVER A VERY DEEP bottle-green cocktail frock trimmed with appliqued matching velvet bands is worn a three-quarter length, full-backed swing coat which matches the frock by featuring the same velvet trimming in strips down the top of the sleeves and two rows down the centre-back. Green velvet makes the peaked hat.

Rene

The Fashion Parade by Petrov



• **PINE-NEEDLE GREEN SUIT** with a brilliant Paisley design blouse, which is matched by coat lining and hand-bag. The blouse collar does double duty. The inverted pleat in the skirt is buttoned to the knees. Note short sleeves of jacket, revealing cuffs of blouse.

• **CORONATION AFTERMATH.** A patriotic color scheme in marine-blue dress and red reefer coat. White buttons for both. Sleeves, full at shoulder, taper to wrist.

• **VIVID COLOR COMBINATION** all in velvet. Blouse has scarf effect in drapery. Note also development of lapels.

Surprise Color Mixtures...from Fashion's Palette

SOIGNEE...



• ENGLISH MODEL hostess gown in black slipper satin. Tunic of exotic printed design on black ground. Black skirt. Stiffened self flowers at neckline.

Fashions by courtesy Grace Bros.



• WOOL BOUCLE of the new "Good Earth" shade for this two-piece suit, which has an upstanding collar and large pockets of watermole in darker brown toning. Matching hat of fur felt, neatly tucked to a high point and finished with fur tails.



• LARGE BRAIDED MEDALLIONS, stitched with gold and finished with gold centres, strike an unusual note in this imported evening frock of black taffeta which has a swallow-tailed tunic and short puffed sleeves.



• FROM PARIS comes this cap model hat in black fur felt. It is cleverly folded to end in a high point, which is edged with Persian lamb.

★ WHAT CONFIDENCE ONE HAS ★

WHEN TIME TELLS NO TALES!

Too light to clog upon your skin, too "Velvet Skin" is inexpensive. It costs fine to clog the pores, yet possesses 1/- for the standard size, or 2/3 for the of an uncanny power to cling for hours. large box that includes a Gift Package "Velvet Skin" face powder will give you of "Facial Youth" Beauty Cream. The what you seek. Will ensure for you a five glorious shades of "Velvet Skin" delicately lovely petal-smooth skin, a face powder contribute to the flatter-note devoid of shine or "orange peel" ing effect . . . an effect so strikingly look, a lasting charm that you will find lovely that London says this is the in no other powder—unless, indeed, the greatest face powder achievement yet be in another thrilling Kathleen Court product.

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FACE POWDER 1/- and 2/3

An Editorial

MAY 22, 1937.

HONORS FOR WOMEN



A GRACEFUL tribute to the new status of women in the community is to be found in recent honors lists.

A larger proportion of women have been honored, and it is significant that they have won the accolade for personal leadership and endeavor in their own right. There is nothing of reflected glory in this. It is a recognition of women working for the welfare of their sex and the community in general.

This wider acceptance of the national work done by women is in step with modern thought.

And what a wide field is traversed.

Literature, the arts, hospital and welfare work, social and charitable organisations — all these are worthily represented by women whom the King has been pleased to honor.

This solid core of worth-while effort, which is the basis of women's work in the community these days, appears to be extinguishing the socialite and the "limelighter."

A charity dance, with a few paltry pounds of proceeds after an orgy of publicity for the organisers, deceives no one to-day. The emphasis is on unobtrusive work of national importance with the cause set higher than the prize.

There is a dignity and a significance in this which epitomises the new spirit. There is, however, a feeling of pride and an enduring place in the hearts of the people for those courageous, unselfish, and public-spirited women who, in the matter of charity and welfare work, "let not their left hand know what their right doeth."

These are the people who one day blush to find it fame — and their names in the honors list. Honors for women to-day are hard won. It is better so.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

Values and Votes

CANBERRA officials complain that women are not supporting their own sex in the fight for equality with men. As a result the strife is languishing.

Already women have quite a lot of "rights" and, according to Sir George Pearce, the Minister for External Affairs, apart from nationality and domicile, which is governed by that of her husband, every Australian woman is given equal status with men.

Is it possible, then, that they are satisfied? Suffragettes who starved, chained themselves to posts and smashed windows did so to gain the right to vote. Yet many women who now have that privilege trustingly do whatever their husbands tell them whenever they have to exercise it.

Of course, the reason is that they know quite well it pleases their husbands to be asked for advice on social and political matters, and they are only too glad to have a valid reason for pleasing them.

But whoever heard of a woman who wanted her husband's advice on such things as the correct shade of lipstick, whether she should have one pleat or two, or which hairdresser she should patronise?

It all seems to be a matter of relative values.

Age and Powder Puffs

MRS. SARAH MUSGRAVE, oldest living Australian woman, has not put powder on her nose for 107 years. That is to say, she has never used powder in her life.

Modern girls rarely spend as many minutes without powder before they begin to glance anxiously in their mirrors.

But who can tell? Any one of them might live to be 107. And then, alas! the only distinctive thing about her would be her great age.

Wages of Intelligence

AUSTRALIANS are suffering from the tyranny of the low brow," lamented a noted clergyman recently. This type of being he added, was impressing his ideas on the mass and with bad effect.

In short, a soap-box ranter can impress more people in half an hour than an Einstein can do in a lifetime.

The trouble is that the more "high brow" a person, the smaller his sphere of influence.

LYRIC OF LIFE

STARS

I STAND with my face to the wind:
the stars are high,
And strong eternally along the sky.
Derisive and remote . . . they have
not heard
The whisper on my lips, the break-
ing word
That sets the very grass upon the
hill
Breathless against the wind, a
second still.

They have not heard, and yet what
can they do
But bring my troubled thoughts
again to you,
And hear my heart with still re-
membered stress
That cries my love along the
emptiness
With such intensity, such lonely
fear . . .
I wanted not the stars, but only you
to hear.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

What's in a Name?

MRS. WALLIS SIMPSON has changed her name legally and will be married to the Duke of Windsor as Miss Wallis Warfield. But all the legal processes in the world will not alter the fact that historians will write for future generations the love story of King Edward VIII and Mrs. Simpson.

Retreat From Slavery

NINE years of Hollywood have been enough for Paul Muni, the noted actor, and he has decided to "quit the slavery of stardom." He made only eleven films, but as they were really excellent ones he rapidly achieved stardom—and boredom.

Fortunately Mr. Muni's "slavery" has been rewarded with an income of many thousands of dollars, and he will henceforth be able to live the free and untrammelled life.

So really Mr. Muni has never really been



BARBARA BOUCHIER (left), Special Correspondent of The Australian Women's Weekly in Hollywood, appears greatly amused at a funny story told her by Gracie Fields, English screen and music hall star, shortly after the latter's arrival in filmdom's capital, Miss Fields is to make a "musical" under Hollywood direction.

a slave—for the slave, poor fellow, is he who in any orbit achieves little or no success and cannot escape at all.

The Worm in the Apple

AN Australian millionaire told the London "Daily Express" that he worked for a salary of £5 a week so that he could retain his zest in life.

This is another of the perennial instances of men who could live in luxurious idleness, but who, having experienced it for a time, long to get back into harness.

There is more in it than reacting to a habit. Psychologists tell us that idleness in an individual or a race brings about slow decay, an introversion of the personality, and hails endeavor and progress.

Which makes it hard to believe that Adam and Eve were ever intended to remain in the Garden of Eden for more than a brief period.

Query

DURING the Coronation festivities in London, Grosvenor House, as a gesture of goodwill towards Dominion and other overseas visitors, printed its menus in English instead of French.

Now visitors are pondering whether the innovation should have been accepted as a compliment or a slur on our educational standards.

Most Beautiful Will in World

Wills disposing of estates valued in all at almost £2,000,000 have come under notice in Australia in the past few weeks.

Here is another will—one that has been widely published in England and America as the most beautiful will in the world. It was found in the pocket of a man who died poverty-stricken. It reads:—

I, CHARLES LOUNSBERRY, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do hereby make and publish this my last will and testament in order to distribute my interest in the world among succeeding men.

That part of my interest which is known in law as my property, being inconsiderable and of no account, I make no disposition of.

My right to live, being but a life estate, is not at my disposal, but, these things excepted, all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath.

ITEM: I give to good fathers and mothers, in trust for their children, all good little words of praise and encouragement, and all quaint pet names and endearments; and I charge said parents to use them justly, but generously, as the deeds of their children shall require.

ITEM: I leave to children inclusively, but only for the term of their childhood, all and every flower of the field and the blossom of the woods, with the right to play among them freely according to the custom of children, warning them at the same time against thistles and thorns.

And I leave the children the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the night and the hush of the Milky Way to wonder at, but subject, nevertheless, to the rights hereinafter given to lovers.

ITEM: I devise to boys, jointly, all the useful idle fields and commons where ball may be played, all pleasant waters where one may swim, all snow-clad hills where one may coast, and all streams and ponds where one may fish, or where, when grim winter comes, one may skate, to hold the same for the period of their boyhood.

ITEM: To lovers, I devise their imaginary world, with whatever they may need, as the stars of the sky, the red roses by the wall, the bloom of the hawthorn, the sweet strains of music, and aught else they may desire to figure to each other the lastings and beauty of their love.

ITEM: To young men jointly I bequeath all the boisterous, inspiring sports of rivalry, and I give to them the disdain of weakness, and undaunted confidence in their own strength.

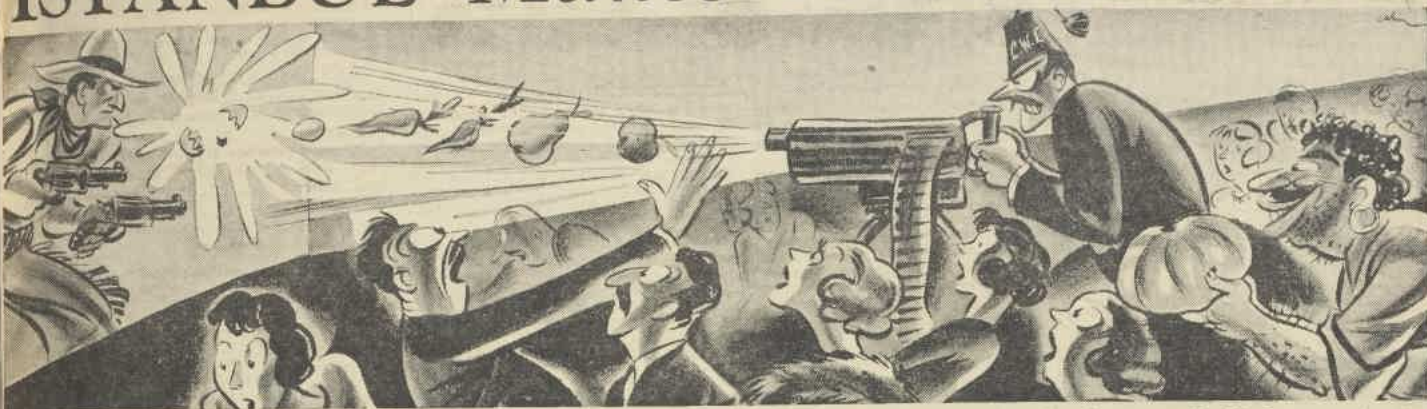
I leave to them the power to make lasting friendships and of possessing companions; and to them, exclusively, I give all merry songs and choruses to sing with lusty voices.

ITEM: And to those who are no longer children or youths, or lovers, I leave memory; and bequeath to them the volumes of poems of Burns and Shakespeare and other poets, if there be others, to the end that they may live the old days over again, freely and fully, without tithe or diminution.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP



ISTANBUL Makes FILM HISTORY



Laying down a film barrage. (L. W. Lower patent).

Striking Method of Livening up Lifeless Pictures

By
L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost Humorist

I don't know whether you heard of it, but an unexpected thrill was given a cinema audience at Istanbul the other day when a young man, becoming irritated by the failure of Tom Mix, the hero, to shoot his film enemies, jumped up and emptied his revolver into the screen, crying: "This is how we shoot in Turkey."

In the ensuing panic and stampede to the exits a number of the audience were injured.

A REMARKABLY good idea and a form of film criticism which has a great deal to commend it.

Night, and the aesthetic satisfaction of seeing a very dull comedian cop a very ripe tomato on the Adam's apple has never quite dissolved.

When everything looks black and I back all the horses that run fourth:

when I arrive late at the office and everyone sidles up to me with white, panic-stricken face and says, "The boss has been looking for you! By crickey, you're for the electric chair or something". It is then that I think of the comedian collecting the tomato. It backs me up.

When I was in Istanbul there was no panic or stampede to the exits if someone saw fit to shoot the ears off the leading man. A little mild applause, perhaps; some slight delay while they got another leading man or patched up the old one, and the show went on. The ice-cream boys used to go about during the interval selling ammunition.

A comedian once told me that he was pelted with onions, tomatoes, potatoes, eggs, empty chocolate boxes, and a bunch of rhubarb which didn't quite reach him. The curtain was lowered and the whole cast rushed on to the stage and raked up everything edible.

There was a party that night. The orchestra was invited, of course, but they could only contribute the less heaveable articles such as vegetable marrows, pumpkins, and the like.

Enter, Grandad!

MY grandfather—(You're not going to rake that old reprobate up again, surely!)

My grandfather, said he, obstinately, used to be on the boards. That was in the days of Ellen Terry and Little Tich and Nellie Stewart. But you girls wouldn't remember that.

(Oh, go on with you! How old do you think I am?)

About twenty-two. No; I should say twenty-three. You have more poise than a girl of twenty-two. More savvy, far, to use a French expression.

(Oh, somebody told you! You mean thing, you knew all the time!)

Shut up, and let me get on with my work. I don't know how I carry on with all these interruptions.

A fellow just rang up and asked me if I was Miss Somebody-or-other. I told him that I was her but he could go and get work, as I was utterly sick of him. That's going to take some explaining. Poor Miss Whosis!

And you're using her typewriter, too! Ain't you ashamed of yourself? No? Well, get on with your work.

My grandfather tells me that he used to be overwhelmed with invitations when he was an actor. Some of the audience were so considerate that they used to beg him to go home in the middle of his act.

You don't get the same consideration these days . . . much.

As for me, I had to give up my stage career, partly because I was becoming bleached by the limelight and partly from injuries received and partly because there was no money in it. It will be seen that I was a man of many parts.

I wish this chap wouldn't keep on ringing me up and saying, "Miss Whatsis?" I'm running short of names to tell him.

Where was I?
You had just given up your stage career, mainly in self-defence.

Oh! Well, that was a lie. No actor ever gives up his stage career. I have seen actors who have never seen a footlight for twenty years make such an impassioned speech that the barmaid has burst into tears and pleaded to someone to go for the police.

I get moods at times when the old Thespian in me flames up and will not be quenched.

(Will nothing quench it?)

Well, it's awfully kind of you, old top. I don't mind if I do. I'm afraid I cannot return your hospitality, however. I'm resting.

I said to E. J. Tait only yesterday, "Now listen, Tait . . ."

And there, if you don't mind, we will leave me, bulging with summonses and final notices and no money.

Ha! The telephone! "I'm very sorry but Miss Whatsername has been run over by a tram. Thank you. Good-bai!" I think I'd better get off the premises for a while. Adieu.

I've just come back to take a bow. "My dear, dear public; I thank you—What, rehearsals? Well, I must be off."

Anyhow here comes Miss Whosis. And there goes the telephone. Tally Ho! Let's get outa here.

How can you get a SLIM FIGURE



THOUSANDS of women have come to realise the folly of attempting to reduce their weight excessively in a few days. Experience has taught them that such treatment tends to be so drastic that it ruins their looks and injures their health.

What you must do is (1) stop fat forming and (2) gradually melt away; that is what Bile Beans do for you safely and surely.

If you persevere with your nightly Bile Beans your health will improve along with your figure, and you'll make sure of feeling and looking your best at all times.

"Bile Beans have rid me of seven pounds of surplus fat and greatly improved my figure. I am better in health in every way and full of vitality." Mrs. A. Gander.

"Bile Beans did me so much good when I had liver trouble that I continued to take them. Not only have they kept me well ever since but my figure is just right with no excess fat or middle-age spread as I see in some women." Mrs. J. M. Clowater.

BILE BEANS

KEEP YOU HEALTHY AND ATTRACTIVELY SLIM.



HEENZO spreads a soothing, healing, germ destroying, coating over the infected membranes and at the same time loosens the germ-bearing phlegm. Because of its purity HEENZO is the ideal family cough and influenza remedy for both adults and children

HEENZO ECONOMY

COSTS 2/- & SAVES 1/-

To save much money by making a family supply of the best cough and influenza remedy, order from your chemist or store a two-shilling bottle of concentrated Heenzo. By adding the Heenzo to sweetened water you will have a supply EQUAL to eight ordinary-sized bottles (about 1/- worth) of the best ready-made-up remedies for chest and throat ailments.

HEENZO

— should be used in every home



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A wonderful tour in association with and escorted by Miss BERTHA CLARKE.

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Send for detailed itinerary for this amazing holiday. FIRST CLASS THROUGHOUT.

BONBUKONG CANTON SHANGHAI NANKING THE FAMOUS DIAMOND MOUNTAINS FUSAN MIYAJIMA TOKIO YOKOHAMA OBARA KOBAYASHI SAGOTA KIKO TAKARAZUKA MIYANOSHITA ATAMI etc. etc.
If desired, Japanese Portion of Tour only May be Taken.

NO BOOKING FEES.

Free friendly advice on all holidays.

WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU

St. James Bldg., Elizabeth St., Sydney.

Phone: MA4496.

"THE gist was that at last he'd discovered a new method of showing films that—if you'll forgive the well-worn cliché—was going to revolutionise the industry. Would he, Crosby, attend an exhibition of the first film made by this method, or, if that was impossible, send someone to represent his paper? Bourmin hoped to float a new company and wanted as much publicity as possible to help sell the shares.

"You understand, of course, that the letter didn't say that in so many words, but that was the implication. And Crosby, knowing the A.M.C. had lost so heavily on 'Siberian Tragedy', was only too willing to help. He was not able to go himself, but he sent me.

"I confess I wasn't greatly excited as I packed my grip for the trek from New York to the Beverly Hills. New cinematograph methods spring up like mushrooms every day. Sometimes they come off, like the 'talkies', but more often they don't. The public is so darned conservative; it always fights shy of new-fangled ideas. Any sign of us going alongside yet?"

There wasn't. Milton delivered himself of a few valedictory remarks about the red tape that was delaying his reunion with his wife, and resumed.

"I'll skip the journey and get on to where I arrived at Prince Bourmin's palace in the Beverly Hills, where the exhibition was to be held. Now, that really was something like a palace. Moorish in style, approached by an avenue nearly a mile long planted out with pepper trees and surrounded by gardens of every description. The grounds must have occupied every inch of two hundred acres. You Britishers smile at that, but I tell you that in California two hundred acres of private grounds mean something. Water and labor are the trouble—those and the high cost of land.

"Inside the house was exactly like one of those millionaires' residences you see on the films. Fluted columns, vast halls, swimming-baths, loggias, gymnasium, sun-parlors—I expect you recognise the style! The servants were mostly Chinese and Japs. Oh, and of course there was an English butler who might have stepped out of a P. G. Wodehouse novel.

"The Prince was nowhere about when I arrived, but the butler told me he was playing golf with Mr. Gus Torran and Mr. Stan Hislop on the private course. That made me open my eyes a bit. Gus Torran and Stan Hislop were two of the richest men in the U.S.A. Their presence spelt big game. So did the presence of Carl Wontburg and Roy Gardener who, as I learned from the butler, were also guests in the house. The fact that Bourmin had invited such important people showed he was fairly confident of success, and I began to wonder if I shouldn't take shares in the new company myself.

"I DIDN'T see a sign of my host until we assembled in a Babylonian sort of drawing-room to drink cocktails before dinner. Even then he didn't appear until the very last. In the interim I talked golf with Mrs. Gus Torran and tried to reckon up how much my fellow guests were worth in hard dollars.

"Bourmin had flown high all right. Besides the men I have already mentioned there were half a dozen others whose names spelt money. Any one of them could have floated a company every day of the week if he'd wanted to. But there were no fools there, I thought to myself that the Prince's invention would have to be mighty good if it was to convince that crowd.

"Oh, there was one woman guest there who had not come as a mere appendage to a husband. Lady Vi Grizel, the English explorer and journalist. I knew she'd no money to speak of, so I guessed she owed her presence to the same as I did mine. She was to help tell the world. What Lady Vi writes today the British public reads as gospel to-morrow, and I guessed she was to handle the publicity on the other side of the Herring Pond.

"And then Bourmin came in. You've seen snaps of him, of course. Little tub of a man with great Cossack moustachios, full red lips and eyes like coals. Arctic rather than Russian. If you hadn't known he was a Prince you'd have put him down as one of those little Polish Jews who sell furs in the Bowers quarter. He'd no side—I'll say that for him. He was 'Charlie' to everybody in the room excepting Lady Vi Grizel and myself.

"But he was looking queer that

HUSHED UP

Continued from Page 8

night. His eyes had a sort of glitter I didn't like, and he seemed all strung-up as if he'd been drinking or taking drugs. I put it down to nerves. I knew he'd been badly hit by the failure of 'Siberian Tragedy', and that this was a last fling to recoup his fortunes. I knew, also, that if the men he'd invited that night turned down his invention and refused to finance the new company it would be all U.P., for there was no one else likely to help.

"Well, after he'd had three cocktails and had shaken hands with those of us he hadn't already met, he made a speech about his invention. He talked very quickly in an excitable sort of way, and I saw Lady Vi Grizel watching him curiously. We all were, for that matter. There was something darned odd in his manner.

"The gist of his speech was that he'd hit upon a way of showing three-dimensional pictures, a secret inventors have been trying to find for years. You don't know what I mean by 'three-dimensional' pictures? Well, I'll try to explain as simply as possible.

"Take the ordinary cinema picture. What is it? Just shadows moving on a white surface. And, however clever the photography, you can't kid the audience into thinking it's anything else. That's because the screen can't give a really convincing illusion of distance. The perspective is all wrong. No one—not even a child—could ever mistake a cinema shot for the real thing. That's about the one pull the legitimate theatre has over the pictures.

"BUT Bourmin claimed he'd solved the problem. He said he'd found a way by which a perfect illusion of depth and distance could be given. According to him this new method was going to sweep the world just like the talkies did, and the men who got in on the ground floor would make a pot of money.

"Carl Wontburg, who was sitting next to me, looked sceptical. I heard him mutter something about having heard that story before. He was a German Jew, and I reckon they're about the shrewdest race ever happened.

"After the Prince had done telling us about the profits this new device was going to make, he gave the signal and we filed into the dining-room, which was more like a swell night-club than anything I can think of. Instead of one large table there were a lot of small ones. They were all at one end of the room, then there was an expanse of bare floor as if for dancing, and beyond that, flush with the wall, there was what looked like a sheet of lead-colored glass or metal. It wasn't a mirror, for it didn't reflect anything. From where we sat it looked for all the world like a great square piece of dull steel let into the wall.

"That is my new patent screen", Bourmin told us. "I have arranged that you will watch the showing of the film while you eat your dinner. By my new invention there is no necessity for the lights to be lowered. That is one of its many advantages."

"Which will not please the lovers", old Wontburg chuckled. He and I were at the same table. "No, my friend, you have made a mistake there. The darker the picture-house the more popular—ho, ho!"

"The projecting apparatus was on a sort of low gallery behind us. As soon as we were comfortably settled Bourmin gave a signal and the operator, who was a Jap, threw the beam over our heads on to the sheet of metal, or whatever it was, in front, while at the same time the waiters brought along the first course. I thought to myself that this way of exhibiting the film showed sound psychology on Bourmin's part. There's nothing like good food and drink for lulling the critical faculties.

Please turn to Page 16

Catching Cold? Prevention... is easier than cure!



At the First Sneeze

Now when a sneeze, sniffle, or irritated feeling in your nose warns you that days of misery are ahead, you can often stop the cold before it starts. For medical science has perfected a way to prevent many colds. It is easy to use...

Quick! Vicks Va-tro-nol

You simply put a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril with the handy dropper. Instantly, you can feel the tingling medication spread through the hidden nasal passages—where 3 out of every 4 colds start.

THAT cold avoided!

The stuffy, irritated feeling vanishes! Every breath is clear and cool. And usually that cold will never develop. For Va-tro-nol, if used in time, rouses Nature's own defences to throw off many a threatening cold before it can take hold.

CLEARs STUFFY HEADS, TOO. Even if you have neglected the first signs and have a fully developed head-cold (or nasal catarrh), Va-tro-nol quickly clears away mucus, shrinks swollen membranes, helps to drain the sinuses, lets you breathe again.

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

Great New Ally to Vicks VapoRub

COOKERY THAT Charmed A KING



MRS. WALLIS SIMPSON, like other Baltimore ladies, is proud of her ability to make the native dishes of Maryland, the recipes of which appear on this page.



THE WORLD'S FAVORITE CAKE—Chocolate layer! Fine grained, tender textured, and with a delicious flavor, this universally popular cake is cut in wedges so that every slice has "outside" frosting.

A CLIPPING from an American newspaper (right) published during the dramatic climax in England tells of Edward's liking for cake.

Cake for King

LONDON.—Mrs. Wallis Simpson baked a chocolate cake for King Edward on Monday, as intense cold and fog kept the King's guests indoors at Fort Belvedere, his country estate. Mrs. Simpson's chocolate cake has become a favorite delicacy of His Majesty, who also praises her chafing luncheon dishes. As King Edward is partial to American cooking, business methods and music, Mrs. Simpson's gift at cookery appeals greatly to the Royal palate. Because of the inclement weather both Mrs. Simpson and her aunt,

"I HAVE a wonderful recipe for pudding and another for apple cake,"—Mrs. Wallis Simpson to an interviewer.

In that remark is revealed the spirit of the proud housewife for her favorite recipes. The most talked-of woman of the age confesses that she likes cooking and has a first-hand knowledge of this "way to a man's heart."



sprigs of parsley; bit of bay leaf; 1-3 cup butter; 1-3 cup flour; salt, pepper, paprika.

Drain and chop the oysters. Heat slowly to the boiling point and press through a coarse sieve. Scald milk with the onion, celery, parsley and bay leaf.

Melt butter, stir in the flour; stir the strained milk gradually into the butter-flour mixture. Stir over boiling water or a low fire until thickened. Add strained oysters. Season.

For a thinner soup, add more milk. Serve with toast sticks or fried croutons.

Rabbit Fricassee

Cut rabbit into pieces suitable for serving, dredge with flour and brown quickly in a hot saucepan in lard.

Remove rabbit to a casserole; pour several cups of water into saucepan and let come to a boil. Pour this stock over the rabbit and season with salt, pepper, a little onion and curry. Cover; bake in a hot oven until rabbit is tender.

Baked Crab Flakes

Two lbs. of crab flakes (carefully picked over); 4 tablespoons butter; 2 tablespoons flour; 2 cups milk; 1 whole egg; 1 hard-cooked egg; parsley (minced); salt and red pepper; breadcrumbs; butter.

Cream the butter and flour together until smooth; heat milk in top of double boiler; stir in creamed mixture and cook until creamy, stirring constantly. Remove from fire and stir in the well-beaten raw egg.

Mash the hard-cooked egg, and add with a little minced parsley to the sauce. Season with salt and red pepper. Then add crab flakes.

Place in buttered baking dish, cover with crumbs, dot with butter and bake until browned.

Ham and Panned Oysters On Toast

One pint oysters; 2 tablespoons butter; 1 cup cream; salt and pepper; thin slices of ham; toast. Broil or fry the ham and place on toast; keep in a warm place. Melt butter in a saucepan; when hot, add oysters and cook until edges begin to curl. Then add cream, salt and pepper, and heat but do not boil. Arrange six oysters on each serving of ham, pour a little of the sauce over them and serve at once.

Sauce for Plum Pudding

One and one-quarter cups brown sugar, packed solid; 1 cup butter; 1 egg, beaten; 1 wine-glass cooking wine (sherry, port or similar wine); nutmeg.

Heat sugar and butter over hot water until liquid. Add beaten egg and cook until sauce thickens. Remove from heat, add wine and nutmeg and serve at once over puddings, fruit cake or Brown Betty.

Mrs. Wallis Simpson's Special American Recipes

From Our New York Office—By Air Mail

Mrs. Wallis Simpson, or Miss Wallis Warfield, as she now desires to be known until her marriage to the Duke of Windsor, makes chocolate cake and other famous Maryland and Baltimore dishes for former King Edward.

The recipes given in newspaper reports here have provided a homely sidelight on the romance that has stirred the world.

AN American daily paper recently carried a news item about the old-fashioned southern dishes (including the famous chocolate sandwich cake), that Mrs. Wallis Simpson had prepared for her friend, the former King Edward, at his residence at Fort Belvedere before his abdication.

It was stated also that she served Southern dishes whenever he dined at her house. He always noticed them and inquired how they were made.

So, in the story of the world's greatest romance, is interwoven a sidelight on the world's greatest art—cooking.

A Proud Cook

MRS. SIMPSON who, by deed poll, now reverts to her maiden name of Miss Wallis Warfield, herself paid a tribute to cooking in a recent interview.

"Cooking is an art," she said. "It would not be so ridiculous as to say cooking is an element of happiness, but it is a great art."

Like other women of Baltimore, Mrs. Simpson is proud of her ability to make the native dishes of Maryland.

There is ample evidence of the world fame of the dishes. On the menu of any good hotel or club anywhere in the world you will find the words "Baltimore" and "Maryland" sprinkled over the descriptions of the dishes offered.

The natural geographic and climatic advantages of the Chesapeake Bay State have given Maryland a variety of excellent foods—terrapiin and canvas back ducks, oysters and soft crabs, watermelon, yams, turkeys, corn bread, beaten biscuits (scones to us), fried chicken, corn fritters and corn pudding, big "beefsteak" tomatoes and shad roe—to mention a few.

The culinary masterpieces are described as "receipts" in Maryland and the housewives guarantee they will win the way to the heart of the "king" in any home.

Here are the recipes:—

Chocolate Sandwich Cake

Two and one-quarter cups flour; 21 teaspoons baking powder; 1 teaspoon salt; 1 cup butter; 1 cup sugar; 2 eggs, well beaten; 1 cup milk; 1 teaspoon vanilla. Sift the flour; measure, and sift three times with the baking powder and salt. Cream the butter, add sugar gradually and cream until light and fluffy.

Add eggs and beat well. Add flour, alternately with the milk, a little at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Bake in 2 greased 9-

inch layer pans in moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for 25 minutes. Spread chocolate frosting between layers and over cake.

All-round Chocolate Frosting

Four tablespoons butter; 2 cups icing sugar; 1 teaspoon vanilla; 1 teaspoon salt; 3 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted; 4 tablespoons hot milk (approximately).

Cream butter well; add part of sugar gradually, blending after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla, salt and chocolate and mix well.

Add remaining sugar alternately with the milk, until of the right consistency to spread, beating after each addition.

Lady Baltimore Cake

Three cups flour; 3 teaspoons baking powder; 1 cup butter; 11 cups sugar; 1 cup milk; 1 teaspoon essence; 4 egg whites, beaten stiff.

Sift flour, measure and sift with the baking powder three times. Cream butter, add sugar gradually and cream together. Add flour alternately with the milk in small amounts and beat until smooth after each addition. Add lemon essence.

Fold in egg whites quickly and thoroughly. Bake in 2 greased 9-inch layer pans at 375 deg. F. for 25 to 30 minutes. Spread Lady Baltimore filling and frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake. Decorate top of cake with pecan or walnut halves.

Lady Baltimore Filling and Frosting

One and one-half cups sugar; 1 teaspoon light corn syrup (or honey and golden syrup mixed in equal proportions); 2-3 cup boiling water; 2 egg whites, stiffly beaten; 1 teaspoon vanilla; 6 chopped figs; 1 cup chopped raisins; 1 cup chopped pecan or walnut meats.

Combine sugar, syrup and water; bring to a boil, stirring only until sugar is dissolved. Boil rapidly, without stirring, until a small amount of syrup forms a soft ball in cold water

or spins a long thread when dropped from tip of spoon (240 deg. F.).

Pour syrup in a fine stream over egg whites, beating constantly. Add vanilla. Beat with a rotary egg-beater for 10 to 15 minutes, or until frosting is cool and too stiff for beater. Add figs, raisins and nuts and continue beating with a wooden spoon.

Spread between layers of cake and on top and sides. If desired, tint with a few drops of coloring when adding vanilla.

Maryland Fried Chicken

Select young, tender frying chickens. Cut into halves, quarters or smaller pieces, according to your preference. Singe, wash, and dry thoroughly. Roll in flour to which salt and pepper have been added. Heat a large piece of butter in a deep pan with lid, or saucepan, and brown the chicken on all sides in it.

The butter should half cover the chicken. Reduce heat, add a little water, cover closely and let simmer until chicken is tender. Remove lid and continue cooking until almost all of the liquid has cooked away. Remove chicken to a warm place.

Pour off excess grease in pan; make cream gravy, allowing 1 tablespoon flour and 1 cup thin cream to each 2 tablespoons of fat in the pan. Cook, stirring, until thickened, adding a little minced parsley.

If desired, return the chicken to the gravy for a few minutes. Serve with waffles or corn fritters.

Maryland Beaten Biscuits or Scones

One-half pint flour; 1-3 teaspoon salt; 1-3 tablespoons shortening; ice water and milk, combined in equal amounts, to make a very stiff dough.

Add salt to flour and rub in the shortening with the hands. Slowly add the liquid to make a very stiff dough, kneading all the while. Beat with a hatchet, stick or flat iron for a half hour (hard work, but it's what "makes" the biscuits); cut into small biscuits and prick the tops with a fork.

Bake at 350 deg. F. for 20 minutes, or until lightly browned.

Oyster Bisque

One pint oysters; 4 cups milk; 1 slice onion; 2 stalks celery;

Polished Rhymes by "NUGGET"



OLD MOTHER HUBBARD WENT TO THE CUPBOARD,
DEEP IN A FIT OF THE BLUES.
SHE FORGOT ALL HER CARE
WHEN SHE FOUND "NUGGET" THERE,
NOW HER SMILE IS OUTSHONE BY HER SHOES!

NUGGET

Shoe Polish

If your shoes have that "blues" look, here's how to snap them out of it and make them look like new. "Nugget" them every day. "Nugget" gives a smart, mirror-like shine and preserves the leather. Obtainable in Black, Dark Tan, White, various shades of Brown, and White.

HUSHED UP

Continued from Page 14

"WELL, the film commenced with the grape-fruit. First shot an Hawaiian village and a drunken beachcomber chasing a South Sea belle, wearing an hibiscus wreath and very little else. The beachcomber was Jack Illingworth. He does that sort of role better than any other man on earth.

"It wasn't the story we were interested in—it was the photography. What was it like? Well, candidly, I wasn't wildly impressed. There was an uneven effect. Some shots were much clearer than others, but in all there was a sort of haziness in the background. It was good, you understand, but not perfect. For myself I thought Bourmin had stumbled on a pretty good idea, but that it would take the devil of a lot of working up before it became a really sound commercial proposition. Like the talkies in their infancy, if you get me. This particular film, by the way, was a silent one, and all the shots were colored.

"I think everyone else felt much the same as I did. They paid Bourmin a lot of compliments, but there was no wild enthusiasm. He seemed to detect the lack of warmth, for he called out:

"Don't form your judgment too soon, my friends. Wait until you have seen all. The best is yet to come."

"The film went on and so did the dinner. Some of the colored scenic effects were really good. Whether it was due to the wine or not (Prince Bourmin was no believer in prohibition) I don't know, but once or twice I really did feel I was watching the actual thing and

not a cinema at all. A view of the beach of a South Sea island supposed to be seen from the deck of a launch made even old Wontburg open his eyes. He cried 'Bravo, Charlie,' and clapped his hands.

"Then the vamp of the piece came on. Up to that I'd only been interested in the picture from a technical point of view; but, by Hades, she pretty soon riveted my attention. She was the most beautiful girl I'd ever seen, tall, lissom, and dark. I'd never seen her on the films before and I asked Wontburg who she was.

"Sheila O'Riley," he told me. 'One of Bourmin's greatest finds. They say'—he lowered his voice discreetly—"they say the Prince admired her greatly and she would have nothing to say to him."

"Turned him down?" I asked.

"Yes," Wontburg said. 'She laughed at him, so the story goes. Snapped her pretty fingers in his face and called him a fat little fool, ho, ho! And yet he still employs her. That is forgiving of our Charlie, is it not?'

"I looked at Prince Bourmin and wondered if he really was so forgiving as Wontburg thought. His expression as he watched Sheila O'Riley make love to Jack Illingworth was not pretty. His eyes were glittering and his lips curled back in a sort of snarl.

"Personally, I couldn't blame him if he did feel a bit bitter. It wouldn't be nice to be laughed at by a girl like Sheila O'Riley. She was the most tantalizingly lovely thing I had ever seen. Anita Leith, who was starring as heroine, looked pale and colorless by comparison. It was a slip on the producer's part to have had a vamp so much more lovely than the heroine.

"The story narrowed down to a tussle between Anita Leith and Sheila O'Riley for the soul of Jack Illingworth. The usual sort of thing, you know. Anita the good angel, and Sheila the bad angel, and with vice seeming to win all along the line. If it hadn't been for Sheila O'Riley's beauty and the cleverness of the photography it would have been an uncommonly poor show.

"AND all the time Bourmin's fortune was hanging in the balance. He must have gone through Hades during that meal. His invention was on trial, and I could see by the expressions of the other guests it was not 'getting over.' Looking across the room, I noticed that Lady Vi Grizel, who was at the same table as he was, was watching him more closely than she did the film.

"Then, without any preliminary sub-title, an under-sea shot was thrown on the screen. It was an amazing piece of photography, streets ahead of anything that had gone before. Bright tropical fishes darting about in transparent green water, white sand, waving seaweed of every conceivable hue, rocks, crabs scuttling round—I had never before seen anything to equal it. It was almost impossible to believe we were not looking into the sea itself through a transparent glass window.

"That shot won the first genuine applause of the evening. We all clapped, even old Wontburg. Bourmin took no notice. He was crouched forward on his chair, and his face had suddenly gone deathly white.

"Oh—I've forgotten to say that in the film Sheila O'Riley had been featured as the half-caste daughter of a pearl trader. That, I presume, was to give her a chance of wearing a ravishing bathing suit and showing off her swimming accomplishments. In the preceding shots when she hadn't been making love to Jack Illingworth on the beach she'd been swimming and diving like a young mermaid, so when I saw the under-sea shot I guessed that she was somehow going to be included.

"I was right. We saw a sort of blur of white bubbles at the top of the screen and then down she came, swimming with the most amazing grace. Down, down until she was standing on the white sand at the bottom. Then she swam upwards again and disappeared at the top of the screen.

Please turn to Inside Back Cover



Her Happy Little Self

A Mother writing from Redbank, N.S.W., says:—

"I would not be without your 'Infants' Powders or use any others, from now on. At first I used other well-known Teething Powders for my little girl, but they never agreed with her. Now when she is irritable and cross I give her one of your valuable Little Powders and she sleeps and wakes up quite her happy little self. After giving several of my friends one Powder to try they tell me they are using Ashton & Parsons Powders and find them the best yet."

ASHTON & PARSONS INFANTS' POWDERS are intended to ease pain, soothe the child and check stomach disorders, correct the motions, relieve fever, restlessness, fretfulness and similar troubles incidental to the teething period, and are useful in delayed or prolonged dentition.

Mothers, ensure the best protection and comfort for Baby by using Ashton & Parsons Infants' Powders, which are perfectly harmless.

ASHTON & PARSONS INFANTS' POWDERS

20 Powders 1/6 at chemists and stores. For free sample write to Phosderine (Ashton & Parsons) Ltd., 131-133 Palmer Street, Sydney.

BRASSO
METAL POLISH

MAKES LIGHT WORK
Gives lasting polish to Brass, Copper, Metal, etc.
A Scott's Product, Made in Australia.

Skin Diseases

"HOPELESS" CASES RELIEVED BY BRILLIANT CHEMIST'S NEW TREATMENT.

After suffering misery for many years and spending pounds in the vain hope of a cure, hundreds have been quickly relieved by the remarkable new formula for skin diseases discovered by the brilliant chemist, Mr. R. Richard Diamond, Ph.D., of South N.S.W., and placed his skill in showing terms.

Typical reports received in the following: "I had suffered from Eczema for over twenty-five years, and spent pounds and pounds visiting various specialists all over the world without finding relief. After being treated by you for just six weeks, I am at last completely cured."

Mr. Diamond has successfully treated by post as well as personally, patients throughout the Commonwealth and New Zealand for Eczema, Psoriasis, Acne, Blisters, Pimples, Surface Feet (Tinea), Pruritis, Varicose Veins, Glands, and other irritating and disturbing skin complaints.

Mr. Diamond has on file hundreds of letters from grateful patients. Readers are invited to write for a free diagnosis of their case, mentioning symptoms, to Mr. R. Richard Diamond, Ph.D., 99/100 Hall Street, Six Ways, Bendigo, Victoria, N.S.W.

Rheumatism

Sufferers can now get Permanent Relief

This great "mystery" disease claims more victims every year than almost any other complaint suffered by the human race. This agonising disease not only makes the lives of men and women a torture, but Rheumatism is responsible for more loss of employment than any other complaint.

This is according to British Government Statistics.

But men, and women, too—by the thousand—are daily learning of a reliable method of getting relief from Rheumatism. Once more they know how to enjoy life. Work and play are no longer handicapped by that constant agony in joints or muscles which makes their days a torture and their nights a misery. No longer do they risk the heart-weakening strain Rheumatism brings.

THIS FREEDOM

has been secured by the use of a remedy sold by the thousand bottles daily the world over—De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills.

The Englishman, the Australian and New Zealander, the South African, Argentine or Peruvian, the Hindu and the Chinese are all



daily using De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. In Siam, the islands of the Pacific, the tropical jungles of Brazil, or the malaria-laden swamps of Colombia and Panama, men and women depend on De Witt's Pills when their kidneys are out of order, or Rheumatic Pains torture them. Always they find their trust amply repaid in the blessed relief they experience. Our files are laden with letters of grateful thanks from all over the world.

No ridiculous cure-all properties are claimed for De Witt's Pills. They are made for the special purpose of ending rheumatism, backache, bladder trouble and the pain and weakness caused by kidney trouble. De Witt's Pills will not only rid you of your pain, but their splendid tonic action will bring back renewed vigour and vitality. Sold only in the white, blue and gold box. Splendid for men and women at all times—and children, too. Get relief to-day by getting the genuine De Witt's Pills. You will bless the day you took this advice.

DE WITT'S KIDNEY & BLADDER PILLS

REDUCED PRICES: 3/- & 5/9. New Trial Size, 1/9. There has been no change in the formula. The drugs used are the best that money can buy.

Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



HORACE: Are you married?
HERBERT: No—just naturally discontented.



JUDGE: But didn't you feel the thief's hand going into your pocket?
PROFESSOR: Yes, but I thought it was my own.



MOTORIST (to victim): Here's a pound; I'll send you more later on.
VICTIM: 'Ere—what game's this? You can't run over me on the instalment plan.



HIM: Well, I think I have explained banking and currency pretty thoroughly to you.
HER: Yes. I never thought it possible that anyone could know so much about money without having any.

BE UP-TO-DATE!

Learn how to convert all the latest popular "hits" into Real, Modern, Syncopated Piano Jazz!



Remember "KEYBOARD KAPERS" from 2GB, 2UE, 2SM, 2CH, 2KO, 4BC, 4GR, 4MB, 5KA, and 6AM?

Make lots of new friends and surprise your old ones. Teddie Garbatt, world-famous American, syncopated pianist, composer, teacher, radio and recording artist, can teach YOU by means of his wonderful and fascinating Postal Course.

YOUR SUCCESS POSITIVELY GUARANTEED!

FILL IN COUPON BELOW AND POST NOW!

TEDDIE GARBATT, STUDIO W, NATIONAL BLDG., 259 PITT ST., SYDNEY.
I have a piano at my disposal and can spare at least 30 minutes daily to practice. I have a piano at my disposal and can spare at least 30 minutes daily to practice. I have a piano at my disposal and can spare at least 30 minutes daily to practice.

NAME (Print in Block Letters) _____
ADDRESS _____

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

FINDING one of the men whom she had employed to beat the carpet performing antics on the lawn, the lady remarked: "Your friend is very clever. Does he always act like that?" "I don't know," was the reply. "You see, that's the first time I've hit him on the head with an axe."

MAN (to shop assistant): My wife bought this ghastly tie here at your sale. It gives me a pain in the neck.
Shop Assistant: I am sorry, sir, but I fear we cannot change it. You will find our pharmacy department on the second floor.

"ANYTHING new in the paper?" "Yes; there was an earthquake at a town that was called Kneokareslau."
"Does it say what it was called before the earthquake?"

MOTHER (to modern daughter): That settles it! I'm going to pack you straight off to bed without any breakfast.

SHE: You were fooled with this diamond ring.
He: I guess not. I know my onions.
She: Maybe—but not your carats.

YOUNG HOPEFUL: Dad, the winner of the Marathon had bright red hair.
Dad: Yes, my son. I always understood that scarlet runners were full of beans.

Fight FLU 3 ways with "DOUBLE D" Eucalyptus Extract



Every drop of Double "D" Eucalyptus is double distilled thus ensuring that all impurities, such as Phellandrene, are removed. It contains over 70% Cineol, and conforms in every way with the British Pharmacopoeia Standard.

COLD weather has begun—south-westerly winds are blowing, bringing with them Flu, Colds and Winter Chills. Now is the time to begin your fight against these health enemies, and your best weapon is Double "D" Eucalyptus Extract.

- 1 TAKE 3 drops of Double "D" on a lump of sugar.
- 2 RUB chest and back thoroughly with Double "D."
- 3 INHALE 15 drops of Double "D" in hot water before retiring.

Double "D" Eucalyptus is a pure, strong, antiseptic germicide, and the 3-way Treatment brings the powerful vapors of Double "D" right in contact with the germ pockets in the throat, nose and bronchial tubes.

Always keep a bottle of Double "D" handy—it is your safeguard against Flu and Colds.

9d. — ENORMOUS SALES — 1/3

THE PURE STRONG EUCALYPTUS WITH THE SWEET FRESH SMELL

Continued from Page 5

THEN CATS Are GREY

"I CAN get it for you. You mean, if John Smith was a passenger then and also here now, John Smith would be the murderer? That won't work, Miss Dare. It's no uncommon thing to carry the same passengers year after year. They like the same boat; like to be recognised, greeted as old friends—it's a feeling we do our best to encourage."

"But it might eliminate," suggested Susan. "After all, with several thousand people—"

"I see your point," said the captain. "But we can't be sure it's the same thief."

Susan began to feel irritated. "Of course not. What other line of inquiry would you suggest?"

"Um'm—" said the captain thoughtfully. "Well—putting it that way—I'll see about passenger lists. Send you the information—thank you, so much, Miss Dare. I

don't expect you to do wonders. But it will help us to be able to assure the passengers that we are doing our best—" The anxious preoccupied look came over his face again. This time Susan's untrained ears could detect no change in that labored throbbing down below, but the captain rose. "Now, if you'll excuse me—and thank you very much—anything you need or want, remember—anything—any help—"

"You're sure," Susan said, "that there's nothing except what you've told me. Mrs. Cass was murdered about nine o'clock. Her jewels were gone. Her maid found her dead. Isn't there anything at all in the way of a—"

"A clue—" finished the captain

looking impatient. "I'm afraid not, Miss Dare. This is a real murder, you know, not fiction." He frowned and added quickly: "Wait a minute. There was something—I forgot to tell you. She had sent for me."

"Oh—when?"

"Just before she was murdered, it seems. She had rung for the steward about, oh—twenty minutes, I suppose, before she was found dead. When he came she told him that she wanted to speak to me. He assumed it was nothing important, and did not bring it directly to me."

The captain rubbed his hands over his bald spot and listened again to the beat of the engines far below. Then he said abruptly:

"You'd better see him." A bell rang, he said something into a tube and turned to Susan again. "I'll see you later, Miss Dare. Remember, anything you wish to do—everything is at your disposal."

He was gone, closing the door loudly as the ship rolled. And rolled and rolled and shuddered, and then started up another wave. Susan held the chair and her breath and thought with acute wisfulness of good solid land. And Jim.

There was a breath-taking instant and the ship started down again.

But she couldn't discover the murderer! In all that huge ship laden with people, how could she possibly discover which one of them had followed Mrs. Cass to her room

and killed her with some weapon which had instantly, according to the ship's doctor, fractured her skull!

As she thought of the ship's doctor the door opened and he entered.

"Oh, there you are, Miss Dare! The captain told me—" He steered a not altogether steady course to a chair and sagged down into it, and sighed wearily. "Would you believe it. I took this job for my health? Well, how far have you got—what do you want to know? He, the captain, sent me to help you—under the impression I had nothing to do."

"I haven't got anywhere," said Susan. "And I don't like my job any better than you do. How much do you know about the murder?"

He gave her a glance of rather reluctant and grudging approval. He was a slight, sallow man with mournful brown eyes and, fortunately as it proved, a passion for statistics and detail. He hated the sea and he hated his patients, who, perversely, liked him and kept him very busy.

"A great deal," he said promptly. "Except who did the murder. Mrs. Charles Cass was struck with a blow from behind and immediately killed. Fractured her skull—practically flattened it; if you want the grisly details—"

"I don't!" said Susan emphatically.

"Oh, very well. You can see her if you—Oh, all right, all right. I don't insist. It was done with some heavy instrument, I suppose. Could be anything—golf club, poker—well, pokers are a little scarce on board ship—water carafe, even. With strength behind it."

"A man, then?"

"I don't know. Murder's like art, there's no sex in it. Well, to get back to the facts of the murder. Mrs. Cass dined at the captain's table. You were there, too, Miss Dare—"

"Yes. She left about eight-thirty. She must have gone straight to her room."

"Right. She rang for the steward immediately, said she wanted to speak to the captain. He went away. Twenty minutes later—the maid found her dead and screamed. They sent for me at exactly five minutes past nine. I came at once. Maid was hysterical, stewardesses chattering—everybody terrified. Woman quite dead. That's all. Look here, I seem to be having a moment of leisure, or perhaps they just don't know where to find me. However, would you like me to take you to Mrs. Cass' suite?"

Susan would and said so, and rose, buttoning her short green suede coat to her chin and pulling down her small green felt hat as if she were going into the vortex of a cyclone.

At the door of the lounge, Mrs. Wilkinson and the girl, Maryanne Wray, detached themselves from a murmuring group and approached them, and they knew as much of the murder as the captain had known.

"You've heard about Mrs. Cass?" Mrs. Wilkinson demanded in shocked tones. And the girl fluttered:

"Everybody's talking about it. It's horrible—only last night—" She looked pale and frightened, and there were small purple marks under the pansy-brown eyes.

Mrs. Wilkinson said, "They say the motive was robbery. I suppose something is being done to apprehend the murderer, but nobody knows what." She eyed the doctor disapprovingly, as if holding him responsible. "Nobody is safe until the murderer is found. Think of it—prowling along the corridors—creeping in and out of staterooms—"

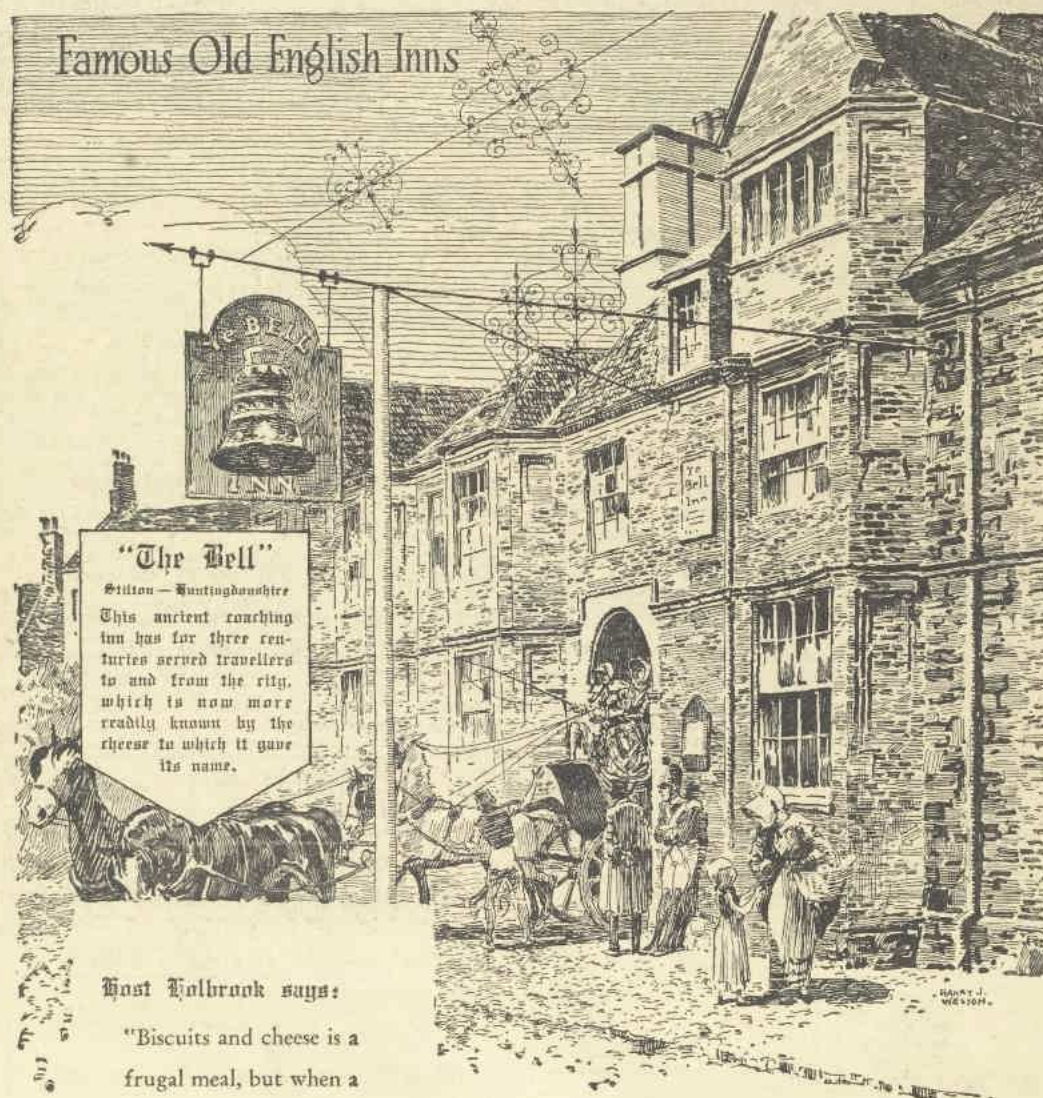
Maryanne Wray went still whiter, and the doctor assured Mrs. Wilkinson that things were being done and they could feel themselves perfectly safe.

"I hope so, I'm sure," said Mrs. Wilkinson, with a darkling frown, and permitted them to pass into the corridor.

The doctor braced himself against the corridor wall and offered a supporting arm to Susan as the ship undertook and achieved a gigantic lurch.

"Everybody's talking of it," he quoted grimly. "That means sundry cases of hysteria. A death at sea is bad enough; murder's even worse."

Please turn to Page 37



Famous Old English Inns

"The Bell"

Stillton—Huntingdonshire

This ancient coaching inn has for three centuries served travellers to and from the city, which is now more readily known by the cheese to which it gave its name.

Host Holbrook says:

"Biscuits and cheese is a frugal meal, but when a few drops of my Worcestershire Sauce are added it makes a savory and digestible repast."

The World's Appeler!

HOLBROOKS
WORCESTERSHIRE
SAUCE



21/5.

CASH PRIZES AWARDED

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here. Pen names are not used following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.



WRITE NOW!
Everybody is welcome to write to this page on any topic that interests her. Letters should be short and concise. Address to which entries should be sent may be found at top of page 3 of this issue.

"CUSHY" JOBS

THERE is a kind of "good fortune" that is as unprofitable in the long run as a blind-alley occupation. Whether it be a too-soft job, or an over-indulgent home, the unfortunate enjoyer is deprived of the incentive to make a healthy change. If uprooted from the sheltered vale, he or she would meet life and learn what only experienced change and conflict can teach.

Once, when unemployed and in desperate need, a "cushy" secretarial job at £250 p.a. was offered to me, to be snatched away again by the sudden death of my prospective employer. In the years of bitter hardship that followed I often cursed that stroke of "ill-luck." But it would have brought mental and spiritual adiposity because it would have seemed too good to leave. My adversities compelled me to seek adventure in far fields, and the experiences gained have been worth the loss of that attractive but enervating post.

£1 for this letter to Miss I. Ohlsson, c/o Mrs. Mitchell, 16 Mary St., Yatala East, S.A.

BEST AGE TO MARRY

RECENTLY I read that M. Blum, the French Premier, was giving advice on the ideal marrying age, stating the woman's age as 30 and the man's as 35.

I think his remarks entirely unsuitable for Australians. I consider the average Australian is capable of knowing his own mind at the age of 25. What man waits to begin raising a family at the age of 35? A man doesn't want youngsters around him when he is getting on and is too tired to be bothered with their interests.

R. H. H. Johnson, Transmere, Kurilpa St., West End, South Brisbane.

TRUE HOMEMAKING

JUST what is homemaking? Is it scrubbing and scouring, dusting and decorating? Are cooking and mending and washing the sole requirements?

I wonder if there is not too much stress laid upon the importance of the physical, and the spiritual ministrations too entirely overlooked? Perhaps if we saw deeper than the mere temporary needs of those near and dear, there would be a sweeter harmony and a tenderer relationship.

Lillian F. Mann, Carrington Parade, New Lambton, Newcastle, N.S.W.

LUNCHING OUT

IS our social homelife disappearing entirely? One cannot help noticing what a number of women entertain their friends at luncheon at a restaurant or hotel in preference to their own homes. They plead that it is so much easier to do so.

At one time a woman took a pride in preparing a luncheon, or at least supervising the preparation in her home. The new order of things seems regrettable in a country like ours, which is noted for its hospitality.

Joan M. Crowe, 6 Blake St., North Perth.

"MORE HASTE"

IS all this modern speed necessary? I am an old woman, and find it very hard to cross the road nowadays, for it seems that every driver of a car has an urgent appointment in some distant place.

Does life go on any the smoother or better for everyone being in a hurry?

In my day there was time to admire the scenery and enjoy leisure. "More haste, less speed" is still a good motto. I believe.

Mrs. M. Sinclair, 41 Mavhe St., Bentleigh SE14, Melbourne.

Should the Man of the House Do the Odd Jobs?

J. THOMPSON (1/5/37) writes that wives should not expect their men to do odd jobs over the week-ends—because they have worked hard enough already during the week!

Do men ever consider that a woman works seven days a week, often sixteen hours a day? I think the husband should help her whenever possible. Life can be very monotonous and hard for the housewife.

Florence McCann, 1 Elizabeth Crescent, Glenhuntly, Vic.

Should Get Rest

I WRITE as a housewife of some ten years' standing.

Woman's work is never done. Simply because by the nature of her tasks she can't be finished until the evening, but her life is at a slower pace. She may rest when she likes, entertain when she likes, take afternoons off at will. For this reason, the true woman will understand and show every consideration for a weary worker.

F. Gould, Queen St., Brisbane.

Likes Doing Them

HOME as a place of peace and rest is not man's only requirement. Mr. Thompson. Most husbands take as much pride in the appearance of their homes and gardens as do housewives. They will do an odd job and the gardening quite cheerfully and still have ample time for rest and peace.

Mrs. M. Gilchrist, No. 2 Flat, 45 Albert St., Petersham, N.S.W.

No Hardship to Him!

IF a man's only interest in his home is as a "place of peace and rest," as suggested by J. Thompson, he should find a housekeeper and not a wife. "The husband should feel for his wife a definite sense of protection and affection, and it should be no hardship for him to do for her the little tasks which are better suited to his physique than to hers."

Anyhow, why should a man work for five days a week and sit back like a Sultan for the remaining two? Suppose the woman adopts the same attitude? The house won't run itself, even on the Sabbath.

M. Taylor, 18 Sweet St., Lidcombe, N.S.W.

A Man Speaks

SPEAKING from the husband's point of view, I applaud J. Thompson's letter.

If wives only realised how disheartening it is to the breadwinner to come home from a week's hard work to face a querulous wife with half-a-dozen jobs for him to do, they would do the jobs themselves. In their ample spare time. They would, I mean, if they were true home-makers. A man works strenuously (as a



Wrong idea—from the husband's point of view.

rule) from nine till five, and wants his home to be a haven, a place where he may rest at will, without having to undertake fresh labors. But alas, how seldom does he find real peace in the bosom of his home!

Mr. K. Tracey, East Parade, Kensington, S.A.

Ideal Marriage

YOUR letter depends on the old-fashioned conception of home as a place run entirely for the comfort and pleasure of the husband. But nowadays marriage has come to mean a partnership between a loving man and woman, and if a woman can't cope with her work during the week, her husband should set to, and help.

Mrs. Francis, Liverpool St., Hobart.

What They Say to Movies On Sunday!

I DISAGREE with Miss Armstrong, who advocates the opening of picture houses on Sundays (1/5/37). Surely even to the greatest lover of theatres, at nights of entertainment a week is sufficient.

For those people who do not realise the necessity of sunshine, fresh air, and mental relaxation, at least one day a week, it is well that circumstances for it upon them.

Open theatres on Sundays would be another destructive agency to the sacred observance of the day.

Miss Jeanette Day, 128 Shaftesbury Rd., Eastwood, N.S.W.

Dullest Day

HEAR, hear, Miss Armstrong! The dullest day in every week is Sunday. Not only are picture shows closed, but trains and trams run seldom, and are stopped early, so that it is impossible to get anywhere without a car.

It's time the Government did something for the young people on Sunday.

Charles French, Chester St., Tenerriffe, Brisbane.

Should Forgo Them

MISS ARMSTRONG must indeed have few interests in life if she feels compelled to spend Sundays in utter boredom merely because she cannot attend the cinema on that day.

The practice of holding public sport, cinemas, etc., on Sunday originated in countries where business is conducted throughout six days of the week, leaving only Sunday free for recreation. Furthermore, I think we

Wages on Merit Only

IN so many large firms wages depend on years of service, rather than on merit. I think this is a mistake.

Why should not the best and most industrious be paid the highest?

Further, the employee will have a much greater incentive to work hard if he has a chance of earning more for his effort. And it must be very uninteresting to know exactly what your salary will be in ten years' time. What do you say?

F. K. Beane, King Street, Sandy Bay, Tas.

should willingly forgo such pleasure on the Sabbath.

Mrs. M. Goodrich, 131 Devonport Terrace, Prospect, S.A.

What of Employees?

HAVE you ever paused to consider the theatre employees, Miss Armstrong? They work portion of practically every day and every night throughout the year, including most public holidays. Larger salaries would hardly compensate these people for the loss of their Sunday's leisure.

Miss Peggy Conklin, 19 McPhail St., Essendon W5, Vic.

Nothing to Do

I AGREE with Miss Armstrong—not because I like pictures so much, but because I find Sunday is curiously poor in entertainment of any kind. On every other day of the week there is plenty to do, and on Sunday, when you have a full day on your hands, you have nothing to do. I find the evenings particularly dull.

M. Burton, St. John St., Launceston, Tas.

Keep Sunday Free

I PROTEST against the sentiments expressed in Miss Armstrong's prize letter—not because I see anything more wrong in going to the pictures on Sunday than in following any other aimless pursuit, but because there should be one day a week at least on which young people should be thrown upon their own resources for entertainment.

Miss Stella March, Dean St., Lismore, N.S.W.

Most City Girls Who Live Outback Prefer New Life

MISS HEMMONS (1/5/37) is curious to know whether city girls going outback prefer that life to the city I have lived in little for the greater part of my life until 12 months ago, when I went to live outback, and would unhesitatingly say that nothing can compare with the bush. The people are natural, sincere and always ready to help one another, and I have never found the life monotonous—lonely.

Miss J. Dunn, Hillview, via Gal-ranald, N.S.W.

Hated Country

WELL, here's one, D. Hemmons, who was a city girl and went to the country. And I didn't enjoy it!

There is never enough water, no electric light buzzing around with



Never enough water.

wood stoves, loneliness—such a life must irk any city girl whatever she may now say to the contrary.

H. Drake, Albany Rd., Kilmiscott, W.A.

Enjoys the Life

I AM a Londoner and worked in London in an office for some years before I came to Australia, where I married and went out to the "back-blocks." I have no wish to return to town life again and enjoy the so-called "hardships."

At home I was considered only fit to be a rich man's wife, but perhaps because my routine was so opposite I have found the life of the Australian country most attractive.

Mrs. E. O'Connor, Gum Flat, via Inverell, N.C.W.

LAZY MOTHERS

I READ recently that a woman advised mothers to wash on Friday, "because on the following day the family will be home to help with the ironing and mending."

But should working girls be expected to assist with the family laundry on their one free afternoon? Except in exceptional circumstances, mothers should so parcel out their work that there is a minimum to be done at the week-end. A lazy mother is the reason why many girls leave home!

Miss Gladys Amey, c/o Mr. R. D. Douglas, Ann St., Valley, Brisbane.

DRESS BUREAU

FREQUENTLY one sees the effect of beautiful clothes spoiled by being worn by the wrong people. Colors that seem to make more pronounced any shortcomings of the wearer. . . . Right hats and frocks worn by the wrong people.

A bureau for planning and advising on correct dressing may yet be started by some enterprising person. It would, I am sure, be appreciated.

Mrs. E. Ridley, Rose Terrace, Toowong SW1, Brisbane.

TEACH COURTESY

HOW about making it compulsory for the youth of to-day to pass a course in courtesy?

If the boys only realised how much they win by conceding a little, they would never overlook a chance to be courteous. For it is true enough that women find it easier to forgive a larger sin in a man than continued small discourtesies.

G. Hartley, 34 Warren Rd., Bellevue Hill, N.S.W.

MODERN MISS

A YOUNG girl myself, I wish to ensure the modern girl—not because she drinks, smokes, paints lips and nails, but because her whole life seems so aimless and useless.

All she is concerned with is going out as much as possible to parties and pictures, dressing as smartly as the next one, and gossiping. She knows little of current affairs, of poetry, music, and the arts generally. Such a life is so uninteresting.

E. Small, Powlett Street, East Melbourne.

END THAT DYSPEPSIA

Modern science has come to the rescue of the dyspeptic martyr. No longer need you purge and purge your system with weakening salts or old-fashioned strong mineral preparations—"hoping for the best." With De Witt's Antacid Powder you can treat your digestive troubles in a truly natural and scientific way.

How De Witt's Antacid Powder Acts

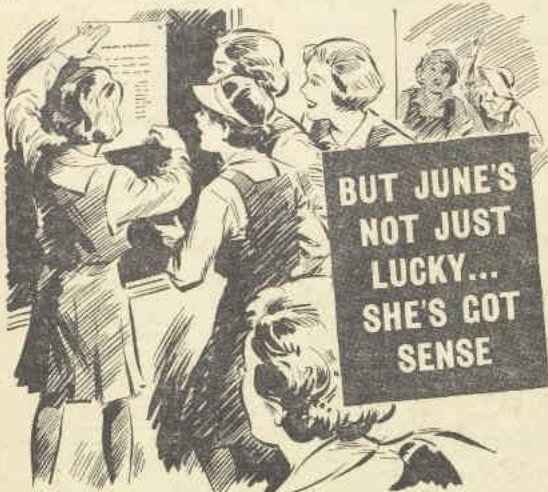
1. Restores lost appetite and assures the assimilation of all the nerve and body-building elements from the food you once more enjoy. One ingredient actually digests many times its own weight of certain foods.
2. Banishes the pain and danger of neglected indigestion.
3. Neutralises the sour, acid condition that leads to ulceration and gastritis.
4. Cleanses the system of harmful germ-laden fermenting matter.
5. Gently stimulates the digestion to regular healthy action.
6. Protects the inflamed stomach from further attack.

Every case of Indigestion is instantly relieved, and continued treatment restores the normal digestive processes.

Of all Chemists and Storekeepers, price 2/6.

De WITT'S Antacid Powder

Look! The Hockey Team's chosen!
June's lucky—she's always picked now!



June's been dying to get into the hockey team for ages—but she didn't stand a donkey's chance until she started using Lifebuoy Health Soap! Before she was always catching colds and sicknesses—but now! June hasn't missed a game for months! She's reliable! June's thrilled about her good health—she never dreamed she could protect it so easily. She's sensible, too, because she's going to keep on using Lifebuoy regularly!

Keep fit with **LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP**
Removes germs as well as dirt



Boys and Girls—do you belong to
the Lifebuoy League of Health Guards?

MAGNIFICENT
NEW BADGE
NOW AVAILABLE
FREE!



Attractively designed
and beautifully wrought
in Red and Yellow with
Silver Wings

You'll be proud to wear this badge. Call
for it now! Free for 4 Lifebuoy Carton
Fronts. To obtain the free badge take
your Carton Fronts to:
LINTAS FINE GIFT DEPOT,
117 YORK STREET (TOWN HALL END),
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Available only to members who have your
Certificate Number ready.
If unable to call, write to:

"CAPTAIN BOB",
LIFEBUOY LEAGUE OF HEALTH GUARDS,
C/- LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED,
BOX 4310 YY, G.P.O.,
SYDNEY.

enclose 4 Carton Fronts. You MUST
STATE YOUR CERTIFICATE NUMBER. If you
cannot give a Certificate Number or have
not yet become a member, write to
CAPTAIN BOB for particulars.



HOW readily the doctor recognises the
symptoms... the stabbing pains
of indigestion and heartburn, the agonising
spasms of flatulence and palpitation,
and the dragging, wearying exhaustion
of after-meal misery. In two words he
diagnoses the cause of all these ailments
—dyspepsia, and in two words he
prescribes the remedy—'Bisurated'
Magnesia.

For what is happening is that excess
stomach acid is preventing proper
digestion. It is causing your food to
ferment and produce painful wind and
stomach distension. But when you take

a dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia, this
excess acid is promptly neutralised;
pain stops within a few minutes, while
the soothing and healing effect goes on.
Soon your digestion is restored to
healthy activity—appetite improves
and you are able to eat what you like
without fear of pain.

If you are subject to any form of
stomach trouble put 'Bisurated'
Magnesia to the test now. You simply
cannot buy a better stomach remedy.
A concentrated preparation, very
economical. The package
bears the 'Bismag' Trade Mark



'Bisurated' Magnesia
For the Stomach

NEW BOOKS

Conducted by LESLIE HAYLEN

Adventures In The Air— And Some Sound Advice Woman Pilot Writes A Handbook

The world is getting used to women being able to
do the hardest and most hazardous jobs.

The next step is to get used to women teaching men how
to do them!

THE idea of a woman writing
a book on flying for
men as well as for women
would have been preposterous
a few years ago.

Now it is a fact—and a fact ap-
proved by masculine flying authori-
ties. Miss Nancy Lyle, well-known
Australian woman flier, is the lady
who has dared this incursion into the
'key altitudes of aeronautical theory.'

She does it as women do most
things—with confidence, but without
conceit.

Her book is delightfully clear and
explicit, extremely entertaining even
to the land-lubber, and so efficient
as a text-book that the Chief Instruc-
tor of the Royal Victorian Aero Club
writes:

"There is no doubt that this book
fills an important place in aviation
literature, and I certainly intend to
recommend my pupils to read it and
keep a copy for reference."

Miss Lyle takes her flying in deadly
earnest. She gets any amount of fun
out of it, but insists that one must
never slacken in the effort to become
a better and better flier. Here is
a grim testimonial of her code:

"No layman can understand, as I
can, the outraged feelings of the
woman pilot at a German aerodrome
some years ago, who, having made so
shocking a landing that her machine
was badly damaged, went quietly away
and shot herself."

Landings are one of the most ex-
citing parts of flying... especially
forced landings. Miss Lyle has many
stories to tell of these, from her great
experience of cross-country flights.

"Of course," she says dryly, "if one
should be flying in the wilds of Cen-
tral Australia... he would hardly look
for help in a storm, but in the farming
districts of Victoria and New South
Wales unlimited assistance seems, in
the most astounding manner, to be
always available."

Horror of Cattle

"PERSONALLY," says Miss Lyle, "I
have a horror of cattle on aero-
dromes and always avoid them if
possible. I was once chased for
some distance by an infuriated
cow when taxi-ing down wind on
one of our largest aerodromes (larg-
est, fortunately, because the cow
got tired half-way across)."

"And if you must hit a row of trees
or a brick wall even, hit it at ground
level rather than drag the machine up
beyond its gliding angle, and force it
to stall and spin in nose first. There
is just a chance that you may be able
to swing your machine side on at the
last moment and take the blow on the
wing."

Even worse than a crash, in the
mind of the timid reader, is the threat
of fire. Miss Lyle has something to
say on this also:

"Fire is so unlikely that it seems
hardly worth mentioning. I was
rather horrified, though, to hear a
pilot-owner of some experience an-
nounce in reply to a question that in
case of fire in the engine he would
switch off."

"I think the reply should have been:
turn off the petrol at once, but leave
the switch on till the petrol pipe
empties itself. Meanwhile, it may be
possible to sidle up very steeply with
the flame upmost, and the draught
blowing from underneath... It may
be a matter of holding on for a few
seconds."

There's a handy note in Miss
Lyle's hints on rough-and-ready
navigation for cross-country flights.

"Washing day in the country is
quite an event from the airman's
point of view. At 2000 feet one can
plainly see the washing blowing on
the line, and if a check is made on
several lines running in different
directions, a very accurate deduction
can be made about wind direction."

Though her book is for fliers, Miss
Lyle has appeal for all because she
writes simply, and her personality
must interest every woman who ad-
mires the adventurous spirit.

"Simple Flying For Simple People."
By Nancy Lyle. (Angus and Robert-
son, Ltd.)



MISS LYLE urges pilots to remem-
ber that if the engine cuts out they
are still in charge of a perfect
machine—a glider—in which to land.
—Ruth Hollick. Photo.

SLEEP TONIGHT



"What a relief! I was afraid it might
keep me awake all night."
"No danger of that with Sloan's in the
house! I wouldn't be without it."

BRUISES, SPRAINS

Quiet the pain—Sleep!

Bruises, sprains usually get more
painful at night. Wrenched ankles
and torn ligaments often spoil a good
night's sleep... To prevent this,
pat on Sloan's Liniment. It brings
healing fresh blood to the injured
spot. It keeps the swelling down,
quickly stops the pain. Your sleep
is not disturbed. Get a fresh bottle
to-day. Only 1/9d.

**SLOAN'S
LINIMENT**



What will happen if BOTH LIVE TO 65?

THERE are many ways in which A.M.P. policies
smooth the road of life. It is not enough to employ
only one of them.

A wise man becomes a member of the A.M.P. and
assures his life so that his wife may be protected should
he die before her. He will also have a policy to provide
for both his and her old age for as long as they live.

Look around and you will see how sweet old age
can be when there are no money troubles, but how sad
it can be when there are money troubles.

Security and an adequate income in old age can
be bought now on easy terms. Any man in health and
work can afford to buy it; can afford to invest a little out
of his income to make his wife and himself secure against
the day when he can no longer work.

The A.M.P. is the largest Mutual Life Office in the
Empire. It has over a hundred millions of pounds of
assets with which it backs every policy. Use it to the full!
Get in touch with this office, either by 'phone or letter,
and say that you want an experienced man sent to you to
explain how the Society can help you with your plans for
the future.

A.M.P. SOCIETY

The Largest Mutual Life Office in the Empire.
C. A. ELLIOTT, F.I.A., Actuary. A. W. SNEDDON, F.I.A.,
General Manager.

Head Office: 87 Pitt Street, Sydney.

Branch Offices at:
MELBOURNE, BRISBANE, ADELAIDE, PERTH, AND HOBART.
District Offices Throughout Each State.

Mandrake the Magician



THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Worthy magician of great powers, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are attempting to rescue **NARDA:** Lovely princess, dwelling in Gizeh, in Egypt, who has been trapped by **KRIM:** A wicked emir of Egypt, and taken across the desert to Alradi oasis to the palatial tents of his master the great **SHEIK NAZDAH:** Who, having seen her in Paris, wishes to add her beauty to his harem. Narda, however,

rudely shatters all his romantic hopes by pulling his beard, and breaking a vase over his majestic head. In the meantime, the rescuers in the desert have been set upon by a band of Bedouins, sent out to intercept and kill them by Krime, and to save their lives Mandrake makes himself and Lothar disappear by magic. The Bedouins are confounded by this, but terror-stricken when they see their leader borne off by invisible hands. NOW READ ON

I--I--AM IN THE POWER OF AN EVIL SPIRIT, A JINNEE!

STOP BLUBBERING LIKE LITTLE BABY, AND GET ON HORSE.



THE INVISIBLE LOTHAR LIFTS THE BEDOUIN ONTO A HORSE. . . .

RIDERLESS--HORSES! YET THEY SEEM TO KNOW THAT SOME BODY IS RIDING THEM!

ESPECIALLY THE ONE LOTHAR'S ON. I SHOULD HAVE GOT AN ELEPHANT FOR HIM!



WHAT DO YOU WANT OF ME, DISEMBODIED SPIRIT, WHOSE VOICE I HEAR?

NO TIME FOR POETRY. YOU'RE TO LEAD US TO ALRADI OASIS. AND IF YOU TRY TO ESCAPE, I'LL TURN YOU INTO A SAND-FLEA.



SHE'S A SPIT-FIRE, WITH THE TEMPER OF A HORNET. I'M A PEACE-LOVING MAN. I'LL HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH HER.

BUT, EXCELLENCY, I KIDNAPPED HER. I CAN'T TAKE HER BACK!



AT ALRADI, THE SHEIK DISCUSSES NARDA'S FUTURE WITH KRIM.

YOU GOT HER, NOW GET RID OF HER.

HMM--A REAL PRINCESS. BEAUTIFUL, SPIRITED-- I'VE GOT AN IDEA!



SHE'D BE WORTH A FORTUNE AT TYGANDI! THEY'D BID TO THE SKY FOR HER!



I'LL SEND FOR HAMID. HE'LL KNOW IF IT'LL BE WORTH WHILE. A GOOD IDEA, KRIM AN EXCELLENT IDEA!



IF THIS PRINCESS IS ALL YOU SAY SHE IS, GREAT SHEIK, SHE'LL BRING A FORTUNE AT TYGANDI.

SHE'S IN THE NEXT TENT, HAMID. LOOK FOR YOURSELF.



A VERITABLE JEWEL WITHOUT PRICE! MAGNIFICENT! SHE'LL BRING THE GREATEST PRICE EVER KNOWN AT TYGANDI!

TAKE HER THEN, HAMID. YOU SHALL RECEIVE YOUR USUAL COMMISSION



EVERY SHAH, SHEIK AND CALIPH WILL BID FOR HER. A REAL PRINCESS! A BEAUTY! SHE'LL BRING A PRICE THAT THE SLAVE MARTS OF TYGANDI WILL NEVER FORGET!



CAREFUL WITH HER. NOT A HAIR OF HER HEAD MUST BE HARMED.

WHERE-- WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?



YOU--YOU CAN SEE ALRADI FROM HERE-- THOSE PALM TREES--

VERY GOOD. WE'LL FREE YOU NOW, BUT STAY AWAY FROM ALRADI.

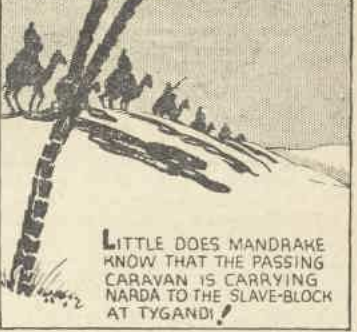


THE INVISIBLE MANDRAKE AND LOTHAR NEAR ALRADI. . . .

THERE'S A CARAVAN COMING THIS WAY. WE'D BETTER HIDE HERE UNTIL THEY PASS. RIDERLESS HORSES ARE TOO CONSPICUOUS.



US INVISIBLE AND STILL HAVE TO HIDE.



LITTLE DOES MANDRAKE KNOW THAT THE PASSING CARAVAN IS CARRYING NARDA TO THE SLAVE-BLOCK AT TYGANDI!

SHE WILL FETCH A GREAT PRICE. EXCELLENCY. GREAT IS THE WISDOM OF NAZDAH.

HEAVEN HELP THE CALIPH WHO BUYS THAT SPITFIRE. ANY WORD FROM YOUR BEDOUINS, KRIM?



THEY CAPTURED MANDRAKE AND HIS MAN AND AT THIS MOMENT ARE NO DOUBT MAKING THEM RUN THE GAUNTLET OF KNIVES.

AH--I'M SORRY I HAVE TO MISS IT. BAH! THE MEMORY OF THAT SPIT-FIRE, THAT--



SMOKE! KRIM, THERE MUST BE A FIRE!



SUDDENLY TWO RISING COLUMNS OF SMOKE APPEAR IN THE SILKEN TENT--



GOOD EVENING, SHEIK, YOU BELIEVE THAT WHERE THERE'S SMOKE, THERE'S FIRE, EH?



--AND MANDRAKE AND LOTHAR APPEAR! TO BE CONTINUED.

They learned the truth too late!



Health and Happiness Ruined by harsh Purgatives

Don't deceive yourself about constipation

Constant drugging with purgatives might be keeping you well now, but fairly soon those doses will have to get bigger, and more frequent. Each time you lift a spoon to your mouth, or take any harsh medicine or purgative you're hitting your intestinal muscles with a sledge-hammer blow. Your system can't stand it. Before long it won't act without violent or unnatural aid. Stop! — before it's too late.

An eminent authority gives you the Truth about Constipation

"You can be in a state of habitual constipation for years without being aware of any obvious signs of intestinal toxæmia; but eventually owing to the chronic irritation caused by the habitual use of harsh purgatives (together with the irritation produced by the constipation itself), the colon becomes damaged, and signs of intestinal toxæmia begin to appear. The sufferer now begins to feel extreme fatigue, much distress and almost constant weariness especially after the bowels act. In the treatment of such cases of ordinary chronic constipation, and (most important of all) its results—including ordinary cases of so-called 'chronic catarrhal colitis'—it is essential to get a great deal more 'bulk' into the diet. Bran is the best possible source of 'bulk'. For this reason one must acknowledge the practical conveniences of Kellogg's preparation."

Your own doctor will agree, too. He'll tell you that common constipation is mostly the result

of meals that lack sufficient "bulk" to exercise the intestines. The real answer is to get "bulk" back into your diet.

Constipation can be relieved naturally

Kellogg's All-Bran is an excellent source of "bulk". Within the bowel, the All-Bran forms a soft mass, absorbing just the right amount of moisture. Gently this exercises and strengthens intestinal muscles, and cleanses the system. Kellogg's All-Bran corrects the real cause of common constipation.

Scientific tests have shown that All-Bran is safe and effective. The natural bulk in All-Bran is often more effective in keeping you regular than the bulk in fruit and vegetables, as it does not break down within the body. All-Bran also supplies Vitamin B and iron.

Doesn't it seem reasonable that you should get this "bulk" in the meals you eat? Isn't it better to regulate yourself by a natural food rather than by unnatural drugs?

Your health and happiness are at stake

— so don't treat constipation lightly. You'll soon end sluggishness and rid yourself of those heavy headaches when you give your intestinal muscles the natural exercise they need — with Kellogg's All-Bran.

JUST LIKE A BREAKFAST CEREAL

Enjoy your Kellogg's All-Bran sprinkled over any other breakfast cereal or stewed fruit. Many people like All-Bran on its own with just milk and sugar. Two tablespoonsful of All-Bran are usually sufficient for anybody. If All-Bran is not effective you should see your doctor at once.

Your Grocer sells All-Bran.



NATURAL WEAPONS

Continued from
Page 7

W. L. L. she supposed, she could concentrate, with Chloe Varne sitting on the divan pretending to be amused by Jack Farnsby's inanities, and the click of balls from the billiard-room placing Jerry with Johnny Cobden. Perhaps, after all, she'd been borrowing trouble. Really, it was senseless to go out of one's way to be miserable. She turned her attention to the game.

Though the Rands were the better players, Bee and Lady Tylesborough kept level by holding superior cards. The play became tense, absorbing. At intervals Bee glanced towards the divan. Chloe and Jack Farnsby were still in conversation. Then, for a long period she forgot them, riveting her eyes upon the cards. When she looked up again Jack Farnsby sat alone. Chloe Varne was gone.

An unaccountable feeling of nervousness took possession of Bee. She played the next hand poorly, with divided attention, and a slip of hers allowed the Rands to make game.

"Sorry, Cynthia!" She flashed an apologetic smile to Lady Tylesborough. Good Heavens! what was the matter with her? Why read intrigue into the commonplace occurrence of Chloe having gone? Especially when the sound of balls told her that Jerry must still be playing billiards.

But the feeling persisted. And when on the next hand she became dummy, she rose. For a second or two she stood watching the play. Then, hoping that the gesture was not too obvious, she drifted towards the billiard-room.

At the door she paused, startled. Lord Cobden, in smoking-jacket and with a pipe clenched between his teeth, was knocking the balls aimlessly about. And he was alone.

He looked up and saw her. "Ah, young Bee!" he said. "Where's that ass of a husband of yours got to? He left me twenty minutes ago to get a drink and hasn't come back."

Bee hoped her laugh sounded careless. "You'd better run and protect your sideboard, Johnny. Perhaps he's going through it like a cyclone!"

"Cursed young ass! Well, I shall have to look him up in a moment!"

As Bee turned to go back she saw Jerry approaching. For a split second he looked at her vaguely; then, as if with an effort, pulled himself together.

"Hello, old thing!" he said.

Bee summoned a sporting smile and squeezed his arm as they passed. But a mist rose suddenly to her brown eyes. So they'd snatched a moment, had they—a reckless, stolen moment? A valuable moment no doubt, sweet to them, perhaps! But it had its value to her as well. That queer, far-away look in Jerry's eyes, the almost vacant expression on his face, had told her something.

In the drawing-room Chloe Varne was leaning idly over Sonny Rand's shoulder, watching the cards. She didn't look up as Bee slid into her place at the table. Evidently, thought Bee bitterly, when she had set aside her ravishing glances for a husband, she wasn't going to waste them on his wife. With a determined effort she concentrated on the game. A few more hands saw the rubber out. And then Bee pushed back her chair and arose.

"Will someone take my place?" she asked.

"You, Chloe!" said Cynthia Tylesborough, almost commandingly, motioning her into the vacant chair. And as Chloe sat down her eyes rested upon Bee's for the fraction of a second. It seemed to Bee that, veiled and mocking, they held a dark challenge.

Released from the game, Bee wandered off towards the dining-room. She was wondering how Chloe had contrived to arrange that short but dangerous rendezvous. Then, suddenly, it occurred to her how easy it had been. Chloe, in all probability, had merely paused in the billiard-room door and signalled to Jerry while Johnny was intent upon making a

shot. After that, doubtless, they had slipped through the french windows in the dining-room and gone out to the lawn.

She wondered what cock-and-bull story Jerry had told Johnny Cobden when he'd come back from this rendezvous moving like a sleep-walker.

A hand laid gently on her arm caused her to start suddenly. It was Lord Cobden, still in the smoking-jacket that he used for billiards and with his short pipe between his teeth.

"Young Bee," he said, "I've been looking for you."

Bee managed a quick smile. "For me? I thought you and Jerry were having a furious struggle over the billiard-table."

"We were. But Farnsby came in, so I let him take my place." He pushed open the french windows and guided her out into the night. "What's up, young Bee? Why were you standing there in the dark?"

Bee hesitated. "Why, for—for no good reason, Johnny. Just—just thinking, that was all!"

Lord Cobden looked down at her from beneath furrowed brows.

"Young Bee," he said irrelevantly, "I'm fond of you."

She drew closer to him. "Are you, Johnny? You're a sweet old thing."

"And because I'm fond of you," he pursued, "I'm going to take a liberty. There's a bit of a wind blowing, young Bee."

She gave him a half-frightened glance. "Wh—what do you mean?"

"I'm an old fool, I suppose," said Lord Cobden. "An old, meddlesome fool! But, as I say, I like you, young Bee. And I like your man Jerry. Did you know that your man Jerry was something of an idiot?"

She smiled up at him half sadly. "I've suspected it at times, Johnny."

Lord Cobden pulled at his pipe. "An evening idiot, but an idiot still. I think you know what I'm talking about, Bee."

She said, in a low voice: "Yes, Johnny. I know."

"And you don't mind discussing it?"

Bee turned to him impulsively. "Oh, Johnny, I want to—talk to somebody. I—well, I feel so in the dark. So—so uncertain."

Lord Cobden clenched his hands. "I was a fool," he said savagely. "To invite Chloe this week-end. I like her, young Bee, though perhaps you wouldn't understand why. But she—well, she's dangerous. Only I didn't know before that—that—"

"That she'd set a snare for Jerry?"

"I suppose that expresses it," said Lord Cobden reluctantly.

Bee's hand crept into his. "Of course you didn't know, Johnny. And it's just as well you did ask her. May clear the air a bit."

"Then I've fooled my luck," he grumbled.

"How did you find out," asked Bee, "that things were like this?"

"I've eyes," Lord Cobden told her. "Rather odd ones, it's true, but good, nevertheless. And mark you, young Bee, Chloe's too much of an egotist to do much covering up on a thing like this. She'd get a bit of a thrill out of flaunting it. It's been evident to me for some time that—well, that she finds Jerry amusing. And tonight I saw her beckon him out of the billiard-room. She didn't think I saw, but she was wrong. Well, then, young Bee, I thought I'd hunt you up and poke my nose in where it's got no business."

"And what do you think I should do, Johnny?"

Lord Cobden considered. "Chloe's your problem, Bee," he said at last. "Not Jerry. Poor old Jerry's in a daze. At least, he rather looks that way. My sympathies are with Jerry." He broke off, then added half humorously: "A sailor doesn't always think straight when the pirate ship comes close."

Bee shook her head. "Jerry's weak. Don't trouble to excuse him, Johnny!"

"Not weak, my dear," said Lord Cobden gently. "Only quite human. Open to error, if you know what I mean."

Please turn to Page 24

REAL LIFE STORIES

WHERE LIFE'S Greatest Adventures OCCUR

What Weekly Contest Reveals

Incidents centred around home life and children overwhelmingly predominate among the entries in our weekly Real Life Stories competition.

So far, only a few outstanding letters reflect the varied activities in which women are employed to-day.

THIS would tend to disprove the theory that women are finding more adventure and incident in the world of big business and commerce than in the home.

The incidents that live in the memory of most people seem to be those that surround their home life—the establishment of a lonely pioneer home in the outback, a disaster in a suburban home, an accident or adventure involving husband, wife or children.

These main themes, varied in detail in a thousand ways, afford an amazing collection of real life stories with sufficient dramatic appeal to fill many books.

Following are this week's prize-winners—

Overland Drama

I WAS returning with my wife by car from West Australia. We were crossing the Nullabor Plains during a big flood, and became stranded miles from anywhere.

It was an unpleasant position, but we had some food and a thermos of tea. It seemed only a matter of waiting until the next day for conditions to improve.

But the water did not go down next day. It was even higher and reached the bottom of the car. Things were floating past—rabbits and all the wild life of the plain. Once a huge mound came floating towards us; as it drew closer it was found to be a camel.

Our meagre food supply ran out. The water rose higher, and we had to keep our feet on the seat.

Then we discovered there was a piece of dry ground about a quarter of a mile away, evidently higher ground, although the plain had looked so flat.

Rabbits, lizards, birds, and every living thing that could escape the water swarmed on this elevated spot. There at least was food, and any part of the car that was burnable went to cook it, for there was no wood of any description on the little island.

By carefully hoarding this fuel, I was able at least to singe my wife's rabbit for each meal, and if I ate mine raw she did not know it, as I

WEEKLY PRIZES

WHAT Real Life story have you to tell? It should concern some outstanding incident in your life—a drama, tragedy, or adventure of your childhood, romance or work.

Incidents should not exceed 300 words, and should include all details necessary to make a simply-told, nicely-rounded-off story. A prize of £1/1/- is paid for the best each week. Endorse envelopes "Real Life Stories." Full postal address is at top of page 3.

steps that morning and broken her leg.

So she asked her mother to meet him and ask him to go to the hospital. Imagine my feelings! I was speechless.

Simultaneously with the gangway being put into position I noticed my apparently faithless husband walking along the alleyway from the engine-room with a fireman just behind him. The chatty lady waved excitedly, and then exclaimed, "Oh, he could not have seen me!"

The fireman took one look at us, then dived down the engine-room steps.

A thought of mistaken identity occurred to me. To test it I said, "Is that the second engineer with his cap on the back of his head?"

"Oh, no, not that young man—it's the other, the one who just disappeared," the woman answered. My fears vanished.

With one foot on the gangway I turned to her and said, "That young man is the second engineer, and my husband." With that I bounded up the gangway to greet my man.

In his cabin I related the story of the fireman impersonating him. He laughed and said that particular man had a sweetheart in every port.

S/- to Mrs. Margaret Tait, Parsons Point, Gladstone, Qld.

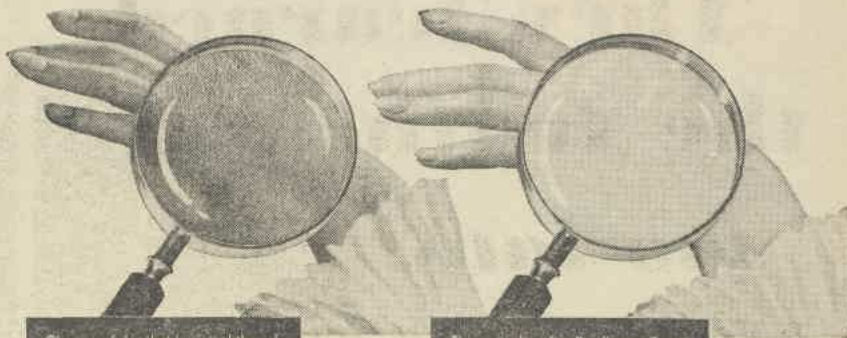
Saved by a Gate

WHEN I was five years of age I lived opposite the main railway line at Wallerawang, N.S.W.

One day, after being warned not to

Don't let your hands grow old!

Restore the natural moisture that keeps them young



Close-up of skin that has aged through lack of natural moisture. Its texture is coarse, wrinkled, unattractive.

The same skin after Pond's new Cream Lotion has restored natural moisture. Skin now soft, vibrant and lovely.

Are your hands red and rough—is the skin cracked and wrinkled, does it look stretched and shiny and old? That's because constant plunging in water, house and office work, gardening, sports, exposure to wind and sun all combine to dry the natural moisture from the skin. You can renew the youth and beauty of your hands by restoring this natural moisture. Pond's new Lotion was created by the makers of Pond's famous

Cold and Vanishing Cream especially to do this. It disappears right into the skin, renewing moisture, bringing back youth and alluring loveliness. Keep a bottle where it's convenient to use regularly, especially after washing the hands. Use Pond's Lotion on all skin surfaces—it's cooling and healing after sunburn.



NEW

● Now selling at all stores and chemists . . . 1/-

SOMETIMES WE ARE HUNTERS
BIG GAME WE STALK AND SHOOT



SOMETIMES WE ARE PIRATES
BIG SHIPS WE BOARD AND LOOT



SOMETIMES WE GET QUITE DIRTY
BUT MUMMY UNDERSTANDS



SHE SIMPLY GIVES US SOLVOL
THAT SOON CLEANS GRUBBY HANDS!



LITTLE BOYS SHOULDN'T BE SCRUBBED CLEAN—IT'S MUCH TOO PAINFUL! SOLVOL WILL GET THEIR GRUBBY HANDS AND KNEES CLEAN IN A TWINKLING! SOLVOL'S RICH LATHER SINKS PORE-DEEP, REMOVING THE MOST OBSTINATE GRIME. KIDDIES ARE THANKFUL FOR SOLVOL BECAUSE IT CLEANSSES AS GENTLY AS FINE TOILET SOAP. BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES—THERE'S ONLY ONE SOLVOL!



J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.



A Real Life Drama

THIS IS Miss Jessie Jean Martin, a 22-year-old Australian girl, who, with a few parents and relatives, visited England for the Coronation, and was found on a boat and charged as being a stowaway. She has been temporarily "adopted" by an Australian couple in England until she finds a job.

always had my meal before I waded back to the car with her.

This lasted for ten dreadful days. Then the water went down enough to get in touch with help, and a camel team came and hauled us out.

S/- to F. James, 19 Gilbert St., Adelaide.

Romantic Mix-up

I RECALL an incident when my husband was second engineer on a ship which carried the mail to Townsville.

I, a young wife, used to meet the ship on its return to Brisbane. On this occasion, a chatty lady at the wharf remarked that her daughter, who was keeping company with the second engineer, had fallen down the

cross the line, as the passenger train would soon be due, I disobeyed the warning and attempted to cross, so as to play with the gatekeeper's children.

Hurrying across, I fell to the ground as my foot became fast under a sleeper.

Imagine my horror at that moment to see the huge black engine loom into sight and rush towards me. I screamed frantically in terror and the gatekeeper's wife, seeing my plight, swung the gates across the line.

The driver of the train noticed her action, slammed on the air brake, and pulled up within a few yards of a small and terrified child.

S/- to Edna Horne, 34 Denison St., Mudgee, N.S.W.

FEEL HOW SOFT THEY ARE
... HOW STRONG THEY ARE



Laconia
BLANKETS

MAKE "Good Night" A CERTAINTY

NATURAL WEAPONS

Continued from Page 22

"JOHNNY," said Bee, in a low tone. "I'm fearfully in love with Jerry. I wouldn't have married him if I hadn't been. But"—she bit her lip hard—"I shouldn't have done it. I suppose I'm paying the price for having stepped up above myself. After all, my father wasn't in the peerage."

"Oh, rot," said Lord Cobden. "I knew your father. He was a sound honest man. That's a devil of a sight more than I'd care to say for some of the so-called nobility."

"Yes," said Bee, "he was honest. And I was brought up to be honest, too. That's why I'll miss the bun in this thing, Johnny. You can't fight dishonesty with honesty."

"Can't you?" said Lord Cobden. "I think you can, young Bee. And I'll tell you why. Because honesty is a natural weapon. And natural weapons are the best ones, my girl."

"You mean—"

He looked at her appraisingly through the shadows. "I mean that people, generally speaking, are born honest. But, in a lot of cases, something happens to make them dishonest. Perhaps only temporarily, but it has a weakening effect just the same. People who've changed like that are not as strong as they once were. That's why it's easy for an honest person to get the better of them—using natural weapons."

Bee smiled bitterly. "You aren't suggesting, are you, Johnny, that I've any weapons to use against Chloe Varne, probably the most fascinating creature in the country?"

He looked at her searchingly. "Yes, I am, young Bee. You've got clear eyes and a breath of health about you. They'll beat trickery and intrigue every time."

"But they won't beat glamor, Johnny."

"No? Well, you try. But Chloe's your problem, youngster. She's got to realise you're a match for her. When she does that she'll turn tail. Pirates always do!"

CHLOE VARNE, moving with her slow, sinuous walk, passed along the hall to her room. The hour was not late, but she made a point of retiring in good season. One's appearance drew infinite benefit from a full quota of sleep. As she opened her door the faint odor of a cigarette was borne to her nostrils. She fumbled for the light switch. She pressed it and the next instant stopped short. In a chair by the window sat Bee Lancaster. There was a cigarette between her lips.

Chloe started. "Bee! What on earth are you doing here?"

Bee looked at her steadily. "Waiting for you," she said slowly. "I want to talk to you, Chloe."

For a second Chloe hesitated. Then she shrugged and advanced into the room, closing the door.

"But, darling," she said carelessly, "isn't it rather a strange place and time? Why didn't you suggest it downstairs?"

Still Bee gazed at her disconcertingly.

"Downstairs wasn't the place," she said. "There would have been no opportunity for—a talk like this."

Chloe pretended a shiver. "You make it sound fearfully serious."

Bee crushed the cigarette into an ash-tray on the dressing-table.

"It is very serious—with me," she said. "What I want to find out is, how serious is it with you?"

Chloe Varne shook her head carelessly. "I was never good at riddles, dear. Suppose you explain."

Bee drew a long breath. "Very well," she said. "I'll be perfectly honest with you, Chloe. I know that you're interested or pretending an interest in—in Jerry."

A flicker of amusement darted across Chloe's black eyes.

"Why, darling," she said, "what a naive thing to say!"

It was an attempt, Bee recognised, to make her feel gauche, schoolgirlish. She fought back an impulse to blush.

"If it's naive," she said stubbornly, "it's only because I don't go in for intrigue. I try to be honest, Chloe."

Again that flicker of amusement.

Please turn to Page 30

PATON

What Women Are Doing

In Good Company

THE Book of Remembrance, compiled by the Women's Centenary Council of Victoria, is to have a place among other great annals in the British Museum.

It will be formally presented by Miss F. M. Mackay, hon. secretary of the special sub-committee that produced the book. She left for abroad by the Remo last Saturday.

Re-elected Secretary For Ninth Year

MRS. A. E. PUDDY, who has been re-elected honorary secretary of the Alliance Française in Adelaide for the ninth successive year, holds herself mainly responsible for finding plays suitable for production at the club's bi-monthly meetings.

As one of the club's aims is to give a French play at alternate meetings, this is no mean task. On the odd evenings Mrs. Puddy and the club committee organise bridge parties, competitions, or literary and musical evenings—all of them in French, of course.

Besides its evening meetings, the club holds monthly luncheons when different members are called upon to speak in French on various subjects.

Fully Qualified For Secretarial Work

THERE are only four or five women in Adelaide who can claim to be fully qualified secretaries, and Joan Moncrieff, who recently spent a holiday in Brisbane, is one of them. For the last three years she has been secretary at the Wakefield Street private hospital, Adelaide.

Miss Moncrieff gained her A.C.U.A. diploma at the Adelaide University.

Appointed Secretary of Umpires' Association

WITH the object of improving the standard of basketball umpiring throughout the State the South Australian Basketball Association has formed an Umpires' Association. Miss Jeanette Hargrave has been appointed secretary and has notified each club that it must nominate at least one umpire, or more, if it wishes, with the new association, and she will shortly present a full list of umpires to the committee for grading.

Last year eight umpires were chosen and graded as a preliminary to the formation of the Umpires' Association, and Miss Hargrave was one of their number. As its secretary she will receive any disputes or complaints about umpiring which will be discussed by the association.

Three Young Australians at Work

IN the Julia Creek district, Queensland, there is an attractive station property, Caron, owned and conducted by three young people, who demonstrate that a busy life is the happiest.

Miss Joan Mitchell, pictured here, is joint-owner with her sister and brother, and as the eldest of the group is entitled perhaps to the familiar term of "boss."

The sisters, in addition to home duties and attending to the garden, assist with the mustering, dipping and other outside work. There is always lots of jollity at the week-end, for when not entertaining friends there is the motor truck to convey them for an exchange of visits.

When the Mitchells went to Caron three years ago they painted the house and furniture, and refurbished the interior in sundry ways, making an unattractive cottage into a pretty and comfortable home.



Miss Mitchell—Ruddie Studios.

Seeking Fresh Inspiration

ONE of the best-known of Australian hand-weavers is Mrs. M. C. Dunstan, who is an advocate of Australian dyes obtained from Australian products—lichens, wattle-bark, seaweed, and similar raw materials. Mrs. Dunstan experiments with the dyes until she is satisfied of her colors. For the past six months she has been (accompanied by her warp) occupying a cottage, with inches of snow all round her, halfway up Mt. Wellington, Tasmania.

Mrs. Dunstan always picks the most picturesque possible dwelling-place—her own house is overlooking the sea at the once-thriving Port Willunga. Now she is seeking fresh inspiration for her work on the west coast of South Australia for another six months.

Establishing Bursary to Memory of Principal

ANN WITHERCOMBE, of Brisbane, president of the Kindergarten College Alumnae, is busy rounding up past graduates and telling them they simply must be enthusiastic and help raise money towards establishing a bursary at the college in honor of the memory of the late Dorothy Rosner, who before her death was principal of the Training College, and held the deep affection of all her students.

She is getting wonderful response and at the monthly meetings much is accomplished in a brisk and business-like way.

New Principal for Annerley College

MISS BARCLAY, who arrived by the Ormonde recently to take up her position as principal of Annerley College, Bowral, N.S.W., is a daughter of the President—General of the Methodist Church.

She graduated at the University of West Australia, and went later to Oxford University, where she studied for her Diploma of Education.

Miss Barclay resigned her position as Vice-Principal at the West Cornwall College to come to Australia.



Miss Barclay.

Is Pioneer of the Home Mission Field

TWELVE months ago Deaconess A. E. Perry went to Port Adelaide to start mission work there as the first deaconess of the Presbyterian Church in South Australia. Since then she has made contact with over forty families in her mission district, helping them with relief as well as caring for their spiritual welfare.

Miss Perry trained for her work at the Deaconess Institute in Carlton, Victoria, and immediately after her graduation spent seven months travelling around Gippsland doing deputation work for the Kilmany Park Farm Home for boys. Her next position was deaconess in charge at Collingwood, where she spent twelve months before being appointed to Port Adelaide.

Woman Director of Women's Prisons

NORWAY has a woman director for its women's prisons, having recently appointed to this position Miss Olga Larsen, who for more than 25 years was head of the Reformatory for Girls at Tønsen.

Domestic Arts Now Take First Place

MISS CATHERINE BROWNBILL, who has recently been appointed secretary of the Housewives' Association in South Australia, has a list of varied qualifications, and her diverse interests will surely be a big asset in her present work.

Hitherto, she has been perhaps best known as a writer of plays—radio and otherwise—and for interest in amateur theatricals. But she also holds high certificates for domestic arts, and has had commercial training. Deportment, dramatic art, household management, interior decoration and Girl Guiding have also been numbered among her studies and interests.

Won Open Championship Prize at Eisteddfod

NORMA KOINA, of Stanthorpe, Queensland, recently had much success at the Eisteddfod in her own home town. She carried off the open championship, which meant she won five prizes. Her first experience of Eisteddfods was last year, when she visited Toowoomba and won the prize for grade two mezzo. She has a very attractive appearance, sings with a great deal of feeling, so should do well in platform concert work. Norma sews beautifully, and is an expert knitter.

Native Dress Has Influenced Modern Fashions

THE tremendous influence that the clothes of Indian women have had on up-to-the-minute European fashions has impressed Miss Mabel Robertson, associate general secretary of the Y.W.C.A. for India, Burma, and Ceylon, at Madras, so much that when she returns there from her annual vacation she intends to arrange a course for the "Y" about the subject.

Miss Robertson trained as a nurse at the Adelaide Children's Hospital before doing Y.W.C.A. work, and has been visiting her mother in the South Australian capital. She speaks with enthusiasm of the elaborate clothes and saris, gorgeous solid gold, jewel-studded belts, and the flowers in wreaths Indian women wear tucked into their sleek locks. Indian women dyed their finger and toenails long before the Europeans produced colored nail-lacquers.

Other courses the Madras Y.W.C.A. will arrange are connected with Indian racial customs, and Indian music. One recently held on Indian curries was a huge success, and Miss Robertson adds that what we Australians call curries are just not curries at all. She will leave Sydney on her return about the end of May.

Popular Golfer is Starting Season Well

POPULAR Dot Hood, Queensland's champion golfer, has been playing remarkably good golf this year, which must be very satisfactory, considering the State championship will be decided next month. Since the season opened she has won several competitions, tied for two, and created a course record for the Brisbane Club, returning a card of 81 off the stick.

Dot is a great favorite at Yeerongpilly; in fact, among all golfers, who are delighted to know she is playing so well.

Seven Times President Of Housewives

MRS. W. THOMAS is setting off on another term as president of the Victorian Housewives' Association, having been re-elected for the seventh time.

The association is in a flourishing condition, and established a record recently by enrolling seven hundred members at the office in Howe's Court, in addition to those secured by the association's organizers. The Corporation Housewives' Exhibition, held a short time ago, attracted a large attendance.



Mrs. W. Thomas.—Jack Cato.

W.A. Country Women Open a City Office

MRS. A. ANDERSON, president of the Home Industries and Handicrafts Committee of the Country Women's Association of West Australia, saw the realisation of a long-cherished ambition when the association opened an office for the committee in St. George's Terrace, Perth.

Around the room are specimens of the attractive work the committee has produced. It is an achievement resulting from demonstrators making countless long trips through the country centres, and the dissemination of all sorts of knowledge of old and new ways of using farm products in handicrafts, particularly weaving and spinning, and using odd ends of fleece for quilts.

Mrs. Anderson has one particular love—dolls. She says that as a child, and then as a young mother, she was too busy to be interested in dolls, so as a grandmother she started making them and graduated from simple rag dolls to character and even caricature dolls.

Captured the Beauty Of the Highway

WATER-COLOR paintings of many famous beauty spots along the road between Adelaide and Sydney will be shown when Mrs. Gwen Barringer, well-known South Australian artist, holds an exhibition of her work at the end of this month.

Mrs. Barringer recently returned from a two months' sketching tour to Sydney, motoring along the Prince's Highway and the Great Ocean Road. The trip to Sydney took three weeks, as the artist stopped frequently to paint beauty spots that appealed to her.

In Sydney, Mrs. Barringer chose the Harbor Bridge and street scenes as her subjects, and on the return trip motored along the Hume Highway, passing through Canberra, where she sketched Parliament House and its lovely gardens. These water-colors will occupy an entire wall at the exhibition, which will also include landscapes and line-cuts.

Spending Long Service Leave in Good Fashion

MISS A. A. BANKS, who has been month-long at the Warwick (Qld.) telephone exchange for some time, is spending her long-service leave on a trip to England and the Continent, returning by way of America. Her travelling kit includes a case presented by the staffs of Warwick exchange and the post office.

Composing Music For Revue

MISS ALISON ALLSOP, the young Melbourne pianist who composed all the music for the revue, "The Slipping Beauty," produced a few months ago, has been hard at work on the music of another revue, "Sweet Music," to be produced at the Garrick on Saturday.



Miss Allison.—Eve May.

Miss Allsop is a Bachelor of Music, taking her degree at the Melbourne University Conservatorium, and she studied abroad at the Royal Academy under the direction of York Bowen.

New Matron For Big Melbourne Hospital

MISS JEAN MACKAY will succeed Miss Symons as matron of the Queen Victoria Hospital, Melbourne, but before taking up duty is enjoying a month's holiday.

After completing her training at the Alfred Hospital Miss Mackay was sister-in-charge of the outpatients' department there and later gained additional experience in well-known hospitals overseas, including the Great Ormond St. Children's Hospital, London, and Montana, Switzerland. She came home last year, and has since been sister-in-charge at the Jessie McPherson Community Hospital.

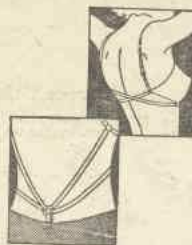
Miss Symons, the former Queen Victoria Hospital matron, is now filling a similar position at Perth Hospital, W.A.

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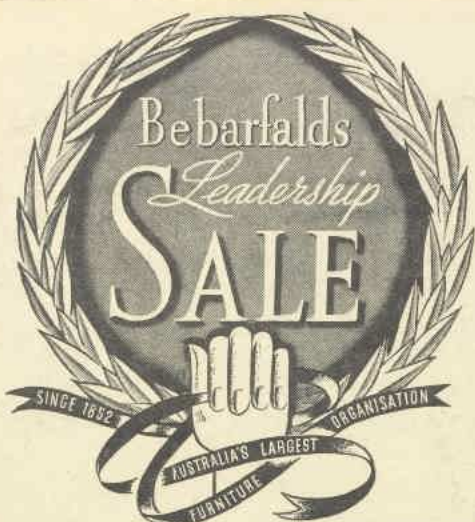


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BETTY'S 'Racey' NARRATIVES

Right Notes Struck In The Barak Boom Ballad

By BETTY GEE

I wish I wasn't so highbrow after all these art shows and celebrity concerts.

At Rosehill I backed Rubens when most punters were singing a Barak boom ballad.

They struck the right notes, too—this gay deceiver, backed to favoritism, rolling home in fine style at a fair price.

BUT life is not all disappointment.

I've got to tell you I've a baby to love now.

It's little Maxie Papworth, the jockey. He's the newest rage on the Turf in Sydney, and looks as if he's barely out of his long clothes—he's so small. And the sweetest little cherub face you ever saw.

He won the big double at Randwick on Curator in both the A.I.F. Cup and the Coronation Cup, so off I toddled to Rosehill on Saturday to see what little Maxie might be riding, and not to hesitate but to back them.

What with Maxie and Darby Munro to look after, I have my hands full now the winter's coming on, and yards of knitting to do.

I like Darby Munro at Rosehill and Rosebery, but I'll follow my little Maxie wherever he may lead.

Just Strolled In

In the first race I heard the books calling 5 to 2 Crunatus; something seemed to whisper that he was the only hat in the showroom, so I ventured £2/10/ to £1.

He simply streaked away and soon by a length—the length of a Sunday sermon. And that was that.

In the next race Maxie's on the bottom weight, Gold Spark, so I put £12 to £2, but Darby's on the top-weight, Correct, and I just save on it, £2/10/ to £1, and I'm up for £3 before the race starts.

Well, to make a long story short, Maxie waits till the hump turn, then shoots through, and takes Gold Spark right away from the field and easily wins, and Correct is second.

I had the tip from Mr. Fred Crut-



BETTY has a new favorite jockey, Maxie Papworth, "with the sweetest little cherub face."

tendon about his Bachelor King. And, oh, what a pretty young horse he is, and just my idea of a bachelor in equine shape. So I took £7 to £2 about his chance, and he had it won every-where but the last 100 yards, and then finished up second.

What do you think it was that put him second? Red Sails, and me running to the wireless every time Jan Klepura sings "Red Sails in the Sunset." I could have kicked myself for not saving on it, at least.

You know how a girl hates taking odds on. I wanted to put £2 on Dutiful, but nobody was interested. I wore my most distressful look, and dear old Mr. Allardt, senr., offered me even money as a personal favor.

I took it, of course, and Dutiful won by the mere five lengths.

I behaved like a flapper at her first party when it came to the Auburn Handicap, putting £2 on Windbird and 10/ on Canegrass, and neither got a place. Beware of spirit races. They are very much like the nine o'clock bargain table at the sales. You can get in early and still miss the specials.

Alf Inkpen is one of those friendly souls from Newcastle who tells all his friends when he has a good thing for a

Sydney race. Nobody was held out on when it came to Bobby for the Rosehill Handicap on Saturday.

I had my £9 to £2, and Bobby won. He's such a pretty little horse with his black glossy coat, with white here and there just like a handsome roue in evening dress.

My money was on Rubens in the last race, and if you go and look you'll find it's still there. He ran third to Barak. I've given Barak up. He's as deceitful as an unfaithful husband, and I don't care who knows what I say about him.

Our waiter says "Be on Maggie Ronan at Moorefield next Saturday in the Kogarah."

And by the way, have you seen



"I WOULDN'T back odds on," says Betty, "but then a kind man gave me even money."

*Poppa? I mean Poponah. The save him for Moorefield, and I don't think he's ever had a trip to town without winning one there. The coke man says get your winter fuel bill out of Bulldozer in the Handicap.

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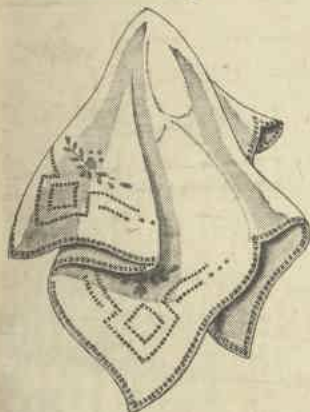
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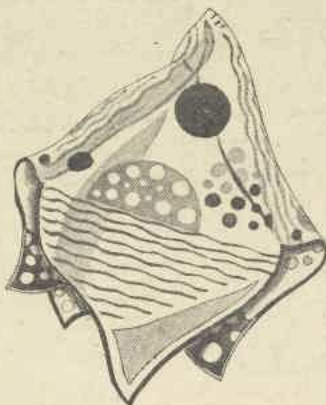
Usual 1/6 (Above). Sheer linens.
Coloured hand applique. Hand-rolled hem. Each, 6d.



Usual 1/3 (Above). Floral georgette
in any amount of
colours, designs. Each, 9½d.

Usual 2/3 (Left). Hand hemstitched
sheer linens. Embroidered
four corners. Each, 1½d.

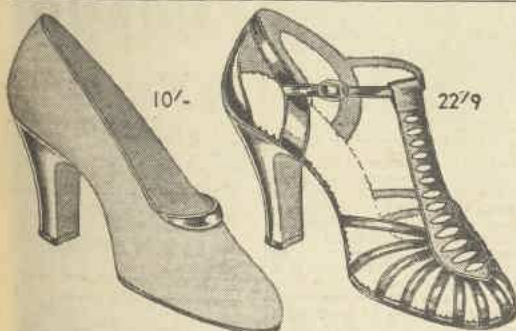
Usual 1/6 (Right). Gaily printed
linens, various colours,
designs. Carnival price, 9½d.



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A glorious hankie drive for the whole of the month of May. Fine sheers, colourful georgettes, beautifully designed sheer linens, gay linen prints and hosts of others. Some at half prices; others less; all at handy savings. It's too grand an opportunity to miss. So lay-by, by the dozen! It's the easiest way!

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Evening Shoes—Third Floor. Lay-by!

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Compiled by Th. de Dillmont...
A practical, complete encyclopedia,
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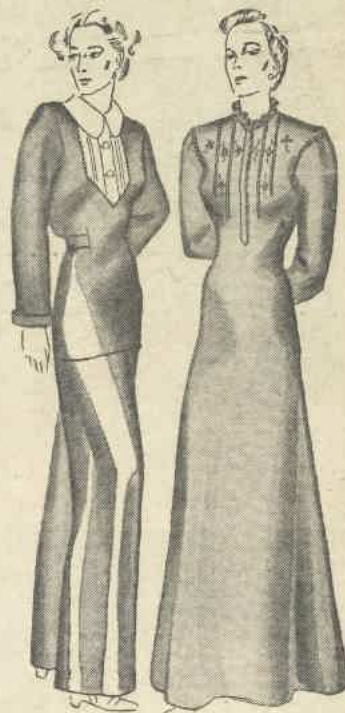


Note the
three ways

Three-way beret The "Frenchee"

Fashioned in the best Parisian manner
from soft felt, with a quaint ribbon
trim. White-navy, wine, 10/11
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Some plain, others embroidered. Made
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with dark light-
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WINNER of Our £100 Scholarship

Valda Aveling to Give Recital

Miss Valda Aveling, of Roseville, a 15-year-old student of Mr. Frank Hutchens, who, in 1935, won the £100 scholarship awarded by The Australian Women's Weekly for the most talented juvenile pianist at the City of Sydney Eisteddfod, is making good progress with her studies.

In fact, she is described as one of the best students at the State Conservatorium of Music.

Little has been heard of Valda Aveling since she won the scholarship. She has been immersed in study, taking the fullest advantage of the complete musical education that the prize is affording her.

But on June 10 the public will have an opportunity of hearing this talented young Australian, for she hopes to give a recital on that date.

Miss Aveling has fulfilled all the bright promise that the adjudicators, Mr. John Bishop and Dr. Edgar Bainton, prophesied in 1935.

She was selected from thirty com-



VALDA AVELING.

petitors for the scholarship under the terms of which her musical education was to be continued for three years at the State Conservatorium, Sydney.

When making the award the adjudicators expressed their delight at the musical talent of the young pianist and their gratification of the fact that through the generosity of The Australian Women's Weekly she would be assured uninterrupted study for a given period.

Valda herself has shown the fullest appreciation of her good fortune by devoting herself assiduously to her studies.

Reporting this week on her work, the Director of the Conservatorium, Dr. Bainton, states: "Miss Aveling is proving one of our best students. She has great natural ability, and apparently an inexhaustible capacity for work. She has performed already several times in public with unvarying success."

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Smart Model Suits

From a rack of Novelty Check and Fancy Boucle Suits in assorted styles, colours, sizes. Regular Price £5/5/-

E. Mode Suit in Dovetyn finish Check Tweed. Coat is Silk lined and has finger length buttoning high to neck. Attractive stand up collar and side slip pockets. Neat fitting skirt on self waist band. Shade, Black/White. Size, S.W. Usually £5/5/-. Special at 84/-

Tailored Suits

From rack of Model Tailored Coats in English Diagonal Tweeds in assorted styles and sizes in Beige/Brown tonings. Usually 95/-

F. Here in an excellent example from above rack. Princess fitting Model Coat featuring large stitched collar with belt and sleeves to match. Beige/Brown tonings. Size, S.W. only. Usual Value, 95/- Special at 69/6

Boucle Coats

A rack of Plain and Fancy Boucle Model Coats in Swagger and Princess fittings, assorted styles and shades. Usually 89/6

G. Smart Model Coat in Boucle Cloth... one of the above rack. Art. Silk lined, double breasted style in Princess fitting with extended shoulder line. Stitched collar and pocket. Shade, Reseda Green. Size, S.W. Usually 89/6. Special at 75/-

SWEEPING SUCCESS OF DOUBLE-QUICK WASHING METHOD RINSO 2-MINUTE BOIL WELCOMED ALL OVER AUSTRALIA ENDS HARD RUBBING SAVES FUEL

SPEED is the essence of the new washing method which has become an overnight sensation in every town and country district throughout Australia. Only Rinso can be used for this revolutionary method, which takes 2 MINUTES ACTUAL BOILING TIME as against 30 or 40 minutes! Calculate the saving in gas, wood or electricity, and the equally important savings of time and labour. It is not surprising that all old-fashioned, wasteful, long-boiling methods are being discarded universally in favour of the Rinso 2-minute boil.



Here is Mrs. J. S. Hill, photographed just after finishing a week's wash for her family of four—including two sturdy youngsters with a special talent for collecting dirt! Mrs. Hill is one of those who were lucky enough to try the Rinso 2-minute boil method as soon as it was discovered, and now she smiles at the very thought of hard work on washing-days.

WHY RINSO MUST BE USED FOR THE 2-MINUTE BOIL METHOD

Nothing else but Rinso can be used for this short-cut method. The reason is that other suds only work when the soap is actually rubbed in contact with the dirt, but Rinso suds beneath the surface work by themselves. During the soak and the 2-minute boil these rich Rinso suds roll out every trace of dirt and hold it away from the fabric till you rinse it away. Even the most delicate articles are perfectly safe in Rinso suds, because Rinso contains no risky chemicals of any kind.

THE RINSO 2-MINUTE BOIL METHOD

Shake Rinso into warm water to make a good suds (about 1 heaped tablespoon to a gallon—more in hard water). Whip up well.

1. Soak white articles in lukewarm Rinso suds for 30 minutes. Rub a little dry Rinso on stains and marks.
2. Bring to boil and BOIL FOR TWO MINUTES ONLY.
3. Rinse thoroughly.

NOTE: Very dirty articles should be left to soak in Rinso suds for an hour or so before boiling.

RINSO FOR COLOURS, SILKS AND WOOLLENS

Run through gently in rich, lukewarm Rinso suds. Rinse thoroughly.



A LEVER PRODUCT

HUSBAND FINDS HAPPIER HOME



SO GLAD YOU CAME JACK, BUT WHERE'S ANNE?

SHE DID THE WASHING TO-DAY AND I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS, JOYCE, TOO TIRED FOR ANYTHING!



I DID A BIG WASH YESTERDAY, TOO ANNE—BUT I'VE CHANGED TO THE RINSO 2-MINUTES BOIL.

ONLY 2-MINUTES BOIL? WELL, I'LL BELIEVE IT WHEN I SEE IT.



I TELL YOU IT'S MARVELLOUS! NO HARD RUBBING... FINISHED HOURS EARLIER... AND THE CLOTHES BEAUTIFULLY WHITE!

ALL RIGHT, I'LL TRY IT NEXT WEEK IT WOULD SAVE SO MUCH GAS!



WHAT A GAY LITTLE WIFE TO-NIGHT! SO JOYCE WAS RIGHT ABOUT THE RINSO 2-MINUTE BOIL?

GOODNESS, YES! LOOK HOW WHITE THESE ARE... AND THE WHOLE WASH WAS OUT BEFORE I HAD TIME TO FEEL TIRED.

NATURAL WEAPONS

Continued from Page 24

HOW laudable!" said Chloe mockingly.

Anger stirred within Bee. "Perhaps," she said, "you might be better off if you tried a bit of honesty once in a while!"

"I'm very well off as it is, thank you!" said Chloe shortly.

Bee resisted an impulse to smack that beautiful face with the sardonic, challenging lift to the lips.

"We won't get anywhere by talking in circles, Chloe," she said. "I'll ask you a straight question and get it over. Do you want Jerry, or don't you?"

Chloe's eyes gleamed. She appeared to be enjoying this situation immensely.

"Since you're determined to go in for this appalling honesty," she said, "I'll be polite and do likewise. Frankly, I haven't made up my mind!"

For a second Bee's level eyes almost faltered. The cool effrontery of it, this apparent weighing of the case without regard to herself, amazed her.

"Then," she said, choking a little, "you're going to make it up now!"

Chloe laughed. "Really, my dear, you're too amusing. Suppose I don't choose to?"

She gazed calmly at Bee. And suddenly Johnny Cobden's words flashed through the younger woman's mind. Natural weapons?

Old Johnny Cobden had referred, of course, to clear skin and open, straightforward eyes and honest dealing.

But there were other weapons, too. There were claws, teeth, nails—the natural weapons with which primitive woman had defended herself against the pirate.

And sometimes one was driven to use them, driven to pit them against the subtler offensives of charm and witchery. With a quick darting movement Bee placed herself between Chloe Varne and the door.

"You've got no choice," she said evenly. "I'm going to make you."

Chloe started almost imperceptibly. Then, controlling herself, she said: "You're being just the least bit melodramatic, aren't you, my dear?"

It doesn't matter if I am," said Bee, flushing. "The point is that you're going to answer me. If you're seriously in love with Jerry and he with you, I'll—I'll step out of the picture. But—"

Chloe interrupted with a faint sneer. "How extremely noble! And if I'm not in love with your precious Jerry?"

"Then," said Bee determinedly, "you're not going to upset his life and mine." Her voice dropped to a dangerous pitch. "Do you understand that, Chloe Varne?"

Chloe yawned elaborately. "Until now," she said, "this has been rather amusing. But I find that it's beginning to tire me. Would you be kind enough to leave my room, Bee? I'd very much like to go to bed."

For a second something red danced before Bee's eyes.

"Then you refuse to answer my question?" she said.

"I certainly refuse," said Chloe, "to carry on this childish conversation a moment longer. Please go, Bee!"

Bee hesitated. If she went now,

obedient to that terse command, she was beaten, she knew.

Almost involuntarily, her hand shot out, seized Chloe Varne's fingers in a hard grip.

"Answer me, Chloe!" said Bee steadily.

"Bee, are you mad? Let go of my hand!"

"Not until you tell me!" Bee's fingers, steeled by years of gripping golf clubs and tennis racquets, held Chloe's soft white hand as a vice.

From between clenched teeth Chloe Varne said very softly: "I've a ring on. You're making it cut me very badly. Please don't be a fool any longer!"

Bee's grip tightened. "I'm sorry if it's hurting you, Chloe. Perhaps it will help you to make up your mind quicker!"

WITH startling suddenness Chloe Varne dropped her pose of calm. Her eyes narrowed to dark pin-points.

"All right!" she said fiercely. "You've asked for it, you little fool, and now you'll get it. When I told you that I hadn't made up my mind, I told you the truth. But I've made it up now. I can have Jerry Lancaster for the snapping of my fingers, and you know I can. Well, I'll take him. If only to pay you off for this insult!"

She paused, a pitying look in her dark eyes. "He may be your husband, but that's easily remedied. And"—she laughed almost harshly—"if you don't believe that he'd like to remedy it—well, it's bad luck that you weren't eavesdropping to-night. Now let go of me! I'm sick of this melodrama!"

A queer blinding mist rushed before Bee Lancaster's eyes. The

My Favorite Poem

"Some of your griefs you have cured, And the sharpest you still have survived; But what torments of pain you endured From evils that never arrived."

—Old French proverb.

(Sent in by Dorothy H. Feathers tone, McKinnon, Vic.)

cruel hardness of Chloe's words seemed to stun her brain. For a moment she stood almost foolishly, while her mind fought to regain its poise. So they'd discussed her in that brief rendezvous this evening, had they? Jerry had discussed her—with this woman. Suddenly she felt weak, as if she were going to faint. She turned to the door.

"Very well!" she said, trying to keep her voice from faltering. "If Jerry feels like that, I've nothing more to say. I wish you both—luck!"

She wrenched open the door and fled through it blindly, a queer sense of defeat obscuring her.

Dawkins, Lord Cobden's chauffeur, was locking the garage for the night. As he pulled the big doors to the sound of footsteps on the gravel driveway startled him. He looked round hastily. Lady Lancaster stood there, her hair blowing in the night wind, her figure swathed in a long coat. Over the collar of this, her eyes were glittering.

"Dawkins," she said swiftly, "don't close the door! I want the car. Our car."

Dawkins was used to what he was wont to describe as the "goings on" of the aristocracy. However, the lateness of the hour moved him to protest.

"But, Lady Lancaster—" he began.

Bee stamped her foot impatiently. "Don't argue with me, Dawkins! Open the doors this instant!"

There was a ring of command in her voice. Without further delay Dawkins threw the doors open and stood aside respectfully. Bee brushed past him and in another second, with a cough and a gasp, the car shot out of the garage and disappeared down the driveway.

Please turn to Page 32

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS FROM HISTORY

"Henry VIII & Catharine Parr" by Syd Miller



LOOK OUT FOR YOUR HEAD QUEEN, HE ALWAYS GETS INTO A TEMPER WHEN HIS SINGLET'S COME BACK FROM THE LAUNDRY LIKE THAT!

THAT'S WHERE THE OTHER GIRLS SLIPPED! I'LL BUY HIM SOME BOND'S ATHLETICS



KATIE, YOU'RE MY QUEEN FOR LIFE. THESE BOND'S ATHLETICS ARE BONZER!



POOR HENRY—YOU CAN'T BLAME HIM FOR GETTING ANNOYED, HE HAD FIVE WIVES BEFORE ME AND NOT ONE OF THEM BOUGHT HIM A BOND'S ATHLETIC VEST...YOU KNOW, THEY'RE MADE WITH THE FINEST LONG STAPLE SUPER-CARDED COTTON. ONLY 2/6 EVERYWHERE. Katie

Intimate Jottings *by Caroline.*

Do You Know—

That Betty Tait, who starred in "Lover's Leap" at the Theatre Royal on Saturday, is an expert maker of suede gloves? She has been busily instructing a fellow artist, Enid Hollins, in the craft.

Grand Reception

AT the Lord Mayor's very grand reception I noticed that many of the beautifully gowned women clung to their fur coats all night and prevented me from getting a detailed inspection. Among other sidelights was the Consular corps, including the Consul-General for China and Madame Pao, and the Consul-General for Japan with his diminutive kimono-clad wife, in the Eastern Gallery.

Also there to get a good peep at the throng was Hermione Llewellyn, Lady Wakehurst's secretary, accompanied by John Riddle.

Lord and Lady Wakehurst made a stately entrance, but within a few minutes they had left the Vice-Regal dais and were chatting informally to any number of guests.

Nary a Bridge Four

AMONG the members of the Budapest quartet and the three wives who accompany them there is not a bridge four. And that fact, to Mrs. Boris Kroyt, who is paying her first visit to this country, is a tragedy.

She has her little daughter, Marianna, usually called Janna, with her and the youngster is following in the linguistic attainments of the party by acquiring English. She already speaks German and Russian.

The quartet opened their Sydney season at the Conservatorium on Saturday.

For Coronation decorations Beryl Stanton framed our artist Boothroyd's painting of Their Majesties, draped it in red, white, and blue, and hung it in place of honor.

A Governor's Descendants

THERE is no Australian clan that sticks together closer than the descendants of Governor King. Recently members of the family arranged a picnic at Tregeare, the picturesque seventy-year-old home of Mr. and Mrs. John King Lethbridge at St. Marys. The host's son and grandson, all bearing the same names, were among the throng. Luncheon was served on the river banks, and a very merry party it was. Gidley Kings, King Lethbridges, and just plain Kings and Lethbridges were all there in large numbers, also members of the Duncan McDonald and Cowper families.

A Busy Day

THE Tom Furber family took to the harbor in a big way on Coronation day. A party of twenty-six, including many young friends of Nancy and her brothers, started off at 10 a.m. for an all-day yachting picnic. Supper followed at the Furber home, and fireworks on the harbor were viewed at a further expedition on the water.

Latest Coiffure

WITH her hair dressed in the very latest mode, roll-back fringe and curls piled high on top, Mrs. Graham Pratten, in a frock of black satin, caught at the shoulders with diamante, danced at Romano's on Thursday night. In the same party were Mr. Graham Pratten, and Mr. and Mrs. Murray Robson, the latter looking her usual smart self in a frock of golden-brown velvet with gold ornaments.

Rosslyn's Party

AN INFANT daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Britnell Fraser, Rosslyn, has a very poor opinion of her christening party. It happened on Saturday at the Edgecliff home of Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Engelbach, and not a glimpse of the proceedings did the principal guest see.

The christening ceremony was performed by the Rev. Hugh Paton at St. Stephen's in the afternoon, and Rosslyn was then taken straight home by her nurse, while her health and strength were being honored in cocktails at Edgecliff. Rosslyn, I feel sure, will hold this as a grudge against her parents later in life.

North Queensland's Pride

GOLDEN CURLS, pink cheeks, and brown eyes go a long way to making young Berry Sale the pride of Northern Queensland. Like his father, Bill Sale, the toddler is keen on the out-of-doors, and can sprint like a hare and do extremely clever things with toy lawn mowers and motor cars.

His attractive mother, formerly Beryl Daking-Smith, has been spending the summer months at Bowral, where she divides her time between her mother and her mother-in-law, who both have country homes in the district.

Dusty-pink and silver were intermingled to make the lovely gown worn by Lady Gowrie at the Coronation Ball at Canberra on Thursday night.



BOTH WELL KNOWN IN SYDNEY, Miss Ruth Timmins and Lieutenant Allan McNicoll are being married this Tuesday at St. Stephen's, Brighton, Melbourne. The bride has chosen a gown of stiffened white net with an Elizabethan ruffle at the high neckline. The groom, best man, and groomsmen will be in naval uniforms.

—Eve Ray



News From London

IN a few days' time Peter Osborn's contract with Owen Nares and Fay Compton will come to an end and his parents, Professor and Mrs. T. G. B. Osborn, are anxiously waiting to hear of future theatrical plans.

Peter has been touring with the Nares-Compton company, and thoroughly enjoyed his association with such famous artists. Another young Australian amateur to break into stage work in England is Bill Gates. After a week in Hollywood Bill crossed the Atlantic to London, where he landed a contract with a Repertory company within the first few days.

Manipulative Name

NOW another of the pretty Henry Marsh girls is off to "furrin parts." This time it is Bernie who is setting sail.

I think it so amusing the way "Bernie" and her mother, "Nicie," share the name of Bernice, with which they were both christened.

Merrilee Marsh, who returned from her world wanderings some months ago, was hostess at a party for the traveller at the Royal Sydney Golf Club on Saturday.

With such a crack tennis player for a father I cannot understand why the Marsh sisters do not play first-grade. They are good, of course, but not startlingly so.

Guests at the Golf Club party on Friday showed no signs of the strenuous week of festivities and danced without abatement until "God Save the King" was played. Many dinner parties took place before the dance. Mrs. Doll Clayton, Mrs. Kitty Paradise, and Nancy Houston being among the hostesses.

Practical Viewpoint

THERE is no doubt that Mrs. Ralph Huntley is a topping hostess and enjoys her own parties, too. She is arranging a movie show in her Mosman home next Sunday with a practical as well as an entertainment end in view. Guests will donate a morsel of silver for the entertainment and the box office results will swell the coffers of the Palm Beach Surf Club dance to be held next month.

Weather Troubles

TASMANIA has not been putting on a very good weather programme of late, and lots of visitors and residents have decided to come to Sydney for a spot of wintry sunshine.

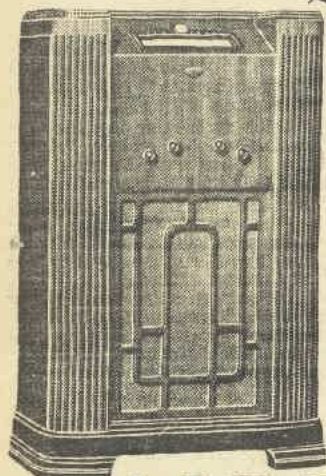
Captain and Mrs. E. K. Klose are arriving soon and will spend some months here. Catherine Stops and Nancy Brain have already arrived, and Mr. and Mrs. Philip Waterworth will remain in Sydney until they have seen the Russian Ballet performances at the end of the month.

Have You Seen—

The magnificent cape of cloth-of-gold worn over a peach-bloom ninon evening frock by Mrs. Will Ashton? Maybe the ensemble was designed by her artist husband.



... what do you pay for?



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NATURAL WEAPONS

Continued from Page 30

THE road was good and, at this hour, deserted. For ten minutes Bee sped along it, driving as fast as the turns would allow. Her mind felt clearer now and the night air was taking some of the hot sting from her cheeks. Yes, on the whole it was better this way. There would be some eyebrow raising and an awkward bit of explaining ahead for Jerry. But she didn't care. Jerry had forced her to this move. Let him do the explaining.

A light shone in the mirror over the wind-screen and from behind came the far-away cry of a motor horn. Bee edged to the left, to give the other car room to pass. But as the light swept closer and the horn kept up a raucous honking she realised suddenly that someone was pursuing her. Who it was—Jerry, Johnny Cobden, Dawkins—she didn't stop to think. With a quick stab of her foot she pushed the accelerator down.

Behind her the other motor increased its speed. The blasts of the horn continued. Bee bent low over the wheel and stepped down harder. The speedometer crept to fifty-five, sixty. She took a curve recklessly, whirled out upon a straight stretch.

Suddenly a scream of horror rose to Bee's lips. From out of the shadows at the side of the road something scuttled into the beam of her lights. It was a sheep, dazed and bewildered by the glare. With a quick movement she jerked the wheel to the right and applied the brakes—too quickly. The car lurched drunkenly across the road, half-cleared a little ditch, and teetered uncertainly for a second. Then, with a sickening crash, it toppled over on its side. Bee had time for one agonised scream. Then a black wave swept over the world.

She was drifting in a place of shadows, a pleasant place where nothing seemed to matter. Where nothing was important. And then, all at once, the shadows were gone and this sweet, aimless world was filled with a curiously blinding light. Bee opened her eyes.

She was lying on her back, her cheek against something rough and tweedy, and there was a smell of tobacco.

"Oh!" said Bee, and looked up into the face of Jerry Lancaster, a face white with anxiety. Jerry was on one knee, his arm supporting her head. It was his overcoat that she felt against her cheek.

"Darling!" whispered Jerry, bending over her. "Oh, my darling!"

From away above her another voice spoke. "I don't think she's hurt. You've had a spot of luck, Jerry, old man!"

Bee twisted her head slightly and looked up. There stood Johnny Cobden, smoking his eternal pipe.

"Darling," said Jerry huskily. "Oh, heavens, you might have been killed!"

She looked at him and seemed to remember. Everything seemed to come back in a rush.

"Perhaps," she said, "it would have been better."

Lord Cobden moved away. They heard him poking round the wreckage of the car. And then, quite suddenly, something warm and wet splashed down upon Bee's cheek. And Jerry's dark head came down, his hair brushing against hers.

"Don't, Jerry! Please!" said Bee softly. "It's all right, old dear. I'm really not hurt. I don't even feel a bruise—honestly."

FOR a moment he couldn't speak.

"Oh, darling," he said at last, "why, in heaven's name, did you do such a thing? When I saw that car swerve"—he shuddered and passed a hand over his eyes—"I— I died twenty deaths. What were you doing, Bee? Tell me!"

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

She smiled up at him, a little wearily.

"Just giving you," she said, "the chance I think you want. I'm sorry I bungled it so stupidly, Jerry."

He was silent a second. Then he groped for her hand, found it.

"Bee darling, I've been half off my rocker lately. But I think I began coming to my senses when Dawkins came in and said you'd gone off in the car. I realised then that something serious had happened. And Johnny and I chased after you. And—oh, Bee, darling, I don't expect you to believe me, but when that car swung across the road—well, I knew who it was I loved, that's all. And I thought I'd found it out too late. But, thank heaven, you weren't—weren't—"

"Jerry, old dear," she said, "it wasn't all your fault. We got our worlds mixed a little, that's all. I never belonged in yours."

Jerry Lancaster bent and kissed her.

"Rot!" he said. "My world is wherever you are. Even if I never realised it quite so much before."

Bee's eyes were shining. "You mean—you mean a new start, Jerry?"

He nodded, his dark head close to hers.

"If you'll give it me," he said huskily.

At this point Lord Cobden wandered up. In his hand he carried a small flask.

"Well," he said, "I think we'd better all have a drink. Brandy, you know. It's a— a natural cure for—well, for unnatural weapons. I always keep some about."

Jerry Lancaster had a drink in his turn. But he hadn't the faintest idea of what Johnny Cobden was talking about.

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GERMAN OPERA for AUSTRALIAN SINGER

Sequel to Elsa Corry's
Success

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special
Correspondent in London.

After the triumph of her first London concert at the Wigmore Hall, Elsa Corry, the young New South Wales singer, has very definite plans for the future.

"ALL hopes are realised," said her teacher, Mme. Elena Gerhardt, and Elsa will now concentrate on German opera.

Elsa told me that in Germany, where she studied, she was so frequently mistaken for a German woman that she had to be very careful to observe all Nazi salutes and customs.

"Germans told me," she said, "that I was an old German type—old in race-history, not in appearance—not often seen in modern Germany, and my German friends were very disappointed that my nearest link with their race was my Danish great-grandmother."

This brilliant young soprano has made a very thorough study of languages to assist her singing career. Her studies led to the depressing discovery that many translations of foreign songs are very bad.

Speaking of her concert success, Miss Corry said:

"This has been a wonderful experience for me. I hope the English



ELSA CORRY, Australian singer in London, whose first concert was a great success.

—Claude Harris.

public will like me sufficiently to enable me to stay here for a while."

Referring to music in Australia, the singer said: "It is untrue to say that Australia is musically starved, but naturally there is a much wider world for musical education here. We can hear the greatest musicians, conductors and singers from all parts of the world all through the year, while only a limited number are able to make the journey to Australia. Still, I have been reading with envy the names of great artists who are visiting Australia for concerts and broadcasts."

"I was very proud to learn how very thorough my training had been in Australia. Nearly all teachers here comment on the high standard of training among Australian students."

"From my own experience I would suggest that all singers who come here should be thoroughly trained at home first so that with this background of knowledge they are then free to perfect their languages and concentrate on the branch of singing in which they intend to specialise."

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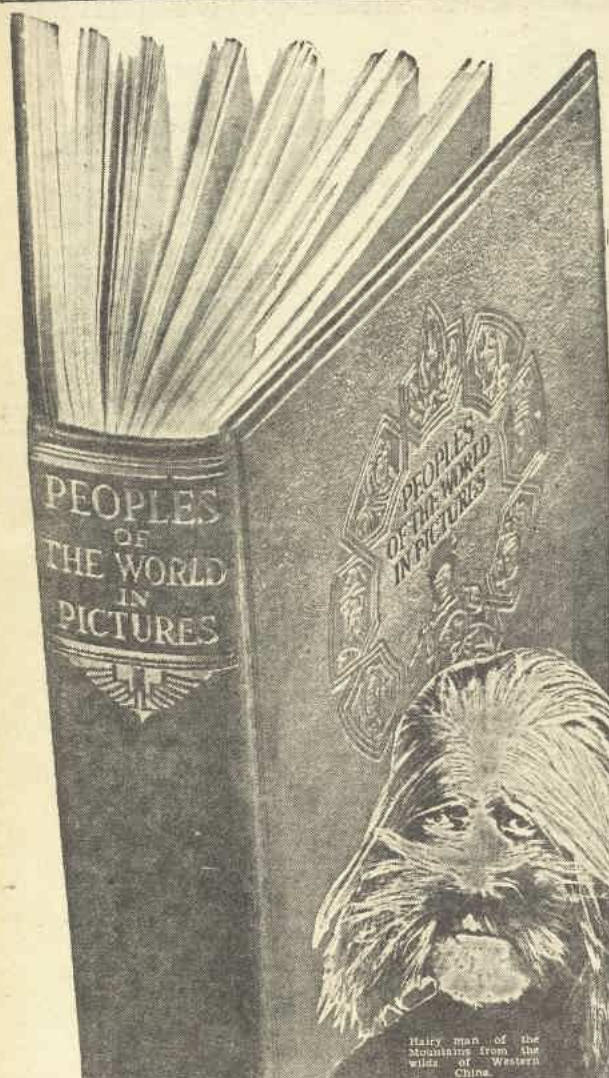
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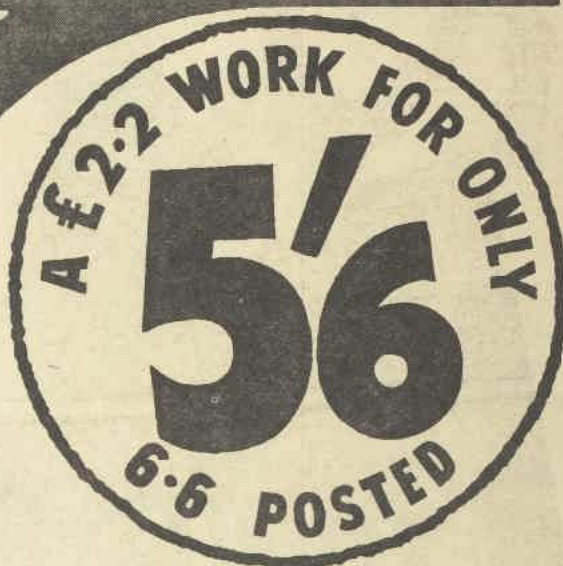
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PEOPLES OF THE WORLD IN PICTURES



Above: Si In O U
Saddhu, religious en-
thusiast, torturing
himself on spikes, to
acquire merit.

Below: Cer-
emonial
from Burma.



(At Right) Indian
of Brazil with
weird tale, which
gives monotonous
melancholy music.

Oobin, mask of
Papuan dancer, as
he "sings"
"Beauty."

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STAGE Favorites... Are Very HUMAN Jack Lumsdaine's Story of The Stars

"Great actors and actresses are very human people," says Jack Lumsdaine, of Station 2GB.

Some are temperamental, some thoughtful and considerate, others extremely hard to please. But down at heart, he says, they are all interesting and mostly soft-hearted.

MR. LUMSDAINE is of the opinion that the most temperamental actress he has ever associated with was Ada Reeve.

"But what a charming woman," he adds. "She knew every detail of stage business, knew also what she wanted and saw that she got it."

"It was for Ada Reeve that I wrote my biggest song hit, 'Wodonga,' and you would be surprised at the rehearsal that we put in just to get that one number right. But it was worth it."

"Then there was Ella Shields. What a charming woman, but one of the slowest studies I have ever known. I taught her many of the songs which

to-night, Bill! He would grin and answer: 'Oh, I thought it would sound a bit better!'

Hettie King was another star Mr. Lumsdaine came in contact with. He wrote her a number called: 'You Can't Fool Your Wife.' She wouldn't use it here, preferring to keep it for London. It was a big hit over there.

Mr. Lumsdaine was also with Elsie Prince—charming, vivacious. In contrast to many of the others, she was a remarkably quick study, and could get a song down in about half an hour.

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With every movement—TORTURE! Every pain-point that strikes you with every move, make you gasp and clasp—weakens you, and spoils life. Rheumatism is deadly. It starts with kidney failure. Cleanse your system of the trouble-causing crystals! Heal your raw, weakened kidneys—by taking Harrison's Pills. This remedy reaches the spot, in quick time, sufferers who have failed to get benefit from other remedies. End Harrison's Pills bring complete restoration. END those Back-aches, Joint Pains, Leg Aches, Dizzy Spells. Sleep soundly, without fear of urinary distress. Get about EASILY and don't settle down early to "Old Age." Life begins at 40—when kidneys are safe. No other step you can take holds such power to make you feel younger and more active. Harrison's Pills have helped thousands—why not you? Of any good Chamberlain's 2/- 2/- 2/-

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JACK LUMSDAINE

she made popular in Australia, but she would sometimes take a week to learn a number."

Mr. Lumsdaine recalled an incident that took place in a suburban theatre. With Miss Shields he went down after the 'Tivoli' show to do a charity performance. It was a very cold winter's night, and when they arrived at the theatre they were greeted by a bevy of excited society workers.

On the stage was a young amateur half-way through his solo. The committee were just going to rush Ella up through the audience on to the stage, when she turned to them and said: "Excuse me, ladies, that boy on the stage is an artist. Please wait here until he has finished his song."

So she stayed at the back of the theatre waiting for the lad to finish.

Another of Mr. Lumsdaine's associations was Talbot O'Farrell, a genial, good-hearted sort, but one of the toughest propositions from the accompanist's point of view that could be met.

"He used to put his own ending on to songs, and many a time I have come off the stage and said to him: 'What did you do to that number

Our Radio Sessions From Station 2GB
(Featured by Dorothea Vautier)
WEDNESDAY, May 19.—11.45 a.m.: London Calling. 3.45 p.m.: The Fashion Parade.
THURSDAY, May 20.—11.45 a.m.: Things That Happen. 2.45 p.m.: Swing Time.
FRIDAY, May 21.—11.45 a.m.: So They Say. 2.45 p.m.: Musical Cocktail.
SATURDAY, May 22.—6.15 p.m.: The Music Box. 9.30 p.m.: Artists of To-day.
SUNDAY, May 23.—4.30 p.m.: The Old Gardener. 6.10 p.m.: A Cavalcade of Variety.
MONDAY, May 24.—11.45 a.m.: People in the Limelight. 2.45 p.m.: Review of The Australian Women's Weekly.
TUESDAY, May 25.—11.45 a.m.: Overseas News. 2.45 p.m.: With the Duke. Musical Presentation.

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THEN CATS Are GREY

Continued from Page 18

"HERE we are, Miss Dare." He knocked on a door, and added, "Access from the lounge on this end—from the lift on the other. But there ought to have been stewards about. I'll find out for you—Oh, good morning, Mrs. Brown!"

She had opened the door, a plain, round little woman with pink-rimmed eyes. She had been packing madam's things, she said, grumping and fearful at their first question. And she knew nothing of the murder, but she had, she declared with a touch of fearful defiance, demanded that her own things be searched.

"I didn't take her diamonds," she said. "I've been with madam for nearly ten years and a kindlier soul there never was. To see her there on the floor with that terrible look on her face, and her poor head—"

"There, there, now," said the doctor kindly. "The probability is she never knew what happened. It was over in a second. But we want you to tell us how and when you found her."

She was only too ready to do so in full detail.

Stripped of a great many parenthetical protestations it was, briefly, this: She had remained in the room for perhaps half an hour after Mrs. Cass had gone to dinner. There had been nothing at all unusual during that time. The jewels were undisturbed then—she was sure of that because she herself had removed the jewels Mrs. Cass wished to wear and put the case away. And no one had entered the suite during that half hour. Then she had gone for her own dinner and a short walk on deck. On her return she had found the door to the drawing-room of the suite unlocked, and it was customary to leave it locked, but she thought nothing of it for the stewardess might have been in, and, anyway, the diamonds were locked away in a special drawer in the trunk in the bedroom. But when she reached the bedroom and started putting out madam's night things, she found that that trunk was open and the jewel drawer open. Just then madam returned from dinner and both of them looked in the jewel drawer and the diamonds were gone.

"Before the murder?" cried the doctor.

"Before," said Mrs. Brown. "I tried to tell them but everything was so upset—nobody would listen—I think they are all more worried about the storm than about my poor—"

"Before the murder," said the doctor again. "What did you do? What did Mrs. Cass do?"

"She said—the maid's tearful excitement increased and her eyes began to blink rapidly. 'She said—'It's robbery. And I know who did it.'"

"How did she know—what else did she say?"

"Well, she ran to the bell and pushed it. Her eyes were blazing, and she said to me: 'I'll send for the captain. I know exactly who has my diamonds.'"

"But who was it?" cried the doctor. "Who did she say?"

"She didn't say," said the maid. "Didn't I think about it all night, trying to remember a word or a look that would tell me who murdered the kindest—"

Susan crossed the room swiftly and peered into the bedroom beyond. And she was barely in time to see the door from the bedroom into the corridor closing softly.

She cried out something and ran, unsteadily, because of the movement of the ship, across the room, too. But the corridor stretched empty away and the ranks of doors along it were blank and uncommunicative.

"What is it?" cried the doctor excitedly. "Someone in here?" He was at the door looking up and down the corridor. "There's nobody here now."

"I was in time to see the door close," said Susan. She looked at the maid, who was standing staring in the doorway. "You'd better not stay alone."

"Do you mean there was somebody in here?" gasped the maid. The doctor glanced warningly at Susan, and closed the door.

"Looks like it," he said soothingly to the maid. "But we'll see you're protected, I'll arrange it."

They left her at last in the care of a hardy-looking steward whom the doctor summoned and had a few quiet words with in the corri-

der. The steward, it developed, who had been summoned by Mrs. Cass. But he knew less than the maid of the murder.

And as they left the suite a messenger caught up with the doctor, who listened and turned to Susan sorrowfully.

"I've got to go. Woman buliped her head on a wash-basin. I wish to heaven they'd stay out of bath-rooms during a storm," he said savagely. "See you later, Miss Dare."

Susan, feeling very much at sea in more ways than one, strolled towards the lounge.

The lunch gong was sounding softly, increasing and diminishing through the corridors and lounge. The orchestra took a breath and began some rather mournful tune, and Susan went to lunch.

It was not well attended.

Although the captain's table was fairly full, lacking, indeed, only two places, one of which was the captain's. They talked of the murder almost exclusively. Or, rather, Reginald Binns and Mrs. Wilkinson talked of it—Reginald Binns looking a little pale and almost animated, and Mrs. Wilkinson somewhat ghoulish over details.

Maryanne Wray listened and ate a great deal, and Henry Allen, sitting directly beside the place where Mrs. Cass had sat only the night before (and which the steward, with singular lack of foresight, had failed to remove) was rather impressed with the horror of it.

Please turn to Page 38



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Burning hydrochloric acid develops in the stomach at an alarming rate. The acid irritates and inflames the delicate stomach lining and often leads to gastritis or stomach ulcers. Don't dose an acid stomach with pepin or artificial digestants that only give temporary relief from pain by driving the acid, fermenting food out of the stomach into the intestines.

Instead, neutralise or sweeten your acid stomach after meals with a little Salix Magnesia and not only will the pain vanish, but your meals will digest naturally. There is nothing better than Salix Magnesia to sweeten and settle an acid stomach. Your stomach acts and feels fine in just a few minutes. Salix Magnesia can be obtained from any reliable chemist. It is safe, reliable, easy and pleasant to use, is not a laxative, and is not at all expensive.

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Build up General Resistance

All these dangers may be overcome, if means are taken to build up the general resistance, because a perfectly healthy, vigorous system will either throw germs off altogether or, if an infection does take hold, the attack is mild and soon over.

A Tonic necessary

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Wishing it the success it deserves.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) Mrs. A. Q.

BIDOMAK

"The Tonic of the Century"

GET A BOTTLE OF BIDOMAK TO-DAY

THEN CATS Are GREY

Continued from Page 37

"It's dreadful to think she was robbed of her jewels and killed while we sat here laughing and talking," he said. "Poor woman. If only she had let me take her to her suite as I offered to do when she rose to leave."

"But she wasn't killed really till about twenty minutes later, was she?" said Mrs. Wilkinson, pushing consomme away with vehemence.

"That's what I heard," said Reginald Binns. "But they say her jewels were stolen during dinner. Probably while everyone was in the dining-room."

"Everyone but the thief," said Maryanne Wray. "What's that—shrimp? Oh, heavens, no!" The waiter moved away, and she looked round the table. "What shrimps do to me," she said, "is something fearful. I just can't eat them."

The storm, if anything, was increasing in violence, few passengers were about, the orchestra grew so languid it finally stopped playing altogether, and wandered out of the saloon in a body trailed by the leader, and Susan sat quietly and just a trifle sea-sickly in a corner of the library. She returned at last to the lounge.

And there was still nothing she could do. It was almost as if the very violence of the storm submerged all other force.

She looked up rather swiftly as someone entered the almost deserted lounge.

But it was again the doctor.

And he had the passenger list for that previous crossing during which there had been a jewel theft. He looked at her oddly.

"There are," he said, "exactly four duplications of names. Four people on this boat now who were also on the boat last season when a quantity of diamonds was stolen. Look," he said thoughtfully, and pointed to a scribbled note, addressed to the captain, on the bottom of the second page.

"Mrs. J. R. Wilkinson, Miss Maryanne Wray, Reginald Binns and Henry Allen are the only duplications of names I find. I placed them all at your table," added the writer with a certain frankness. "Because there was nobody of much importance crossing this time."

"The policy of the company," said Dr. Betterly softly. "Passengers should be made to feel that their repeated patronage is noticed and appreciated. Well, there they are, Miss Dore. All under your eyes. But I must say I can't connect any of them with the theft or the murder, can you?"

"Not the theft, certainly," she said. "They were all at the table for at least twenty minutes after Mrs. Cass left, and I remember we all sat down at about the same time. And according to Mrs. Brown's story, the jewels were not stolen before dinner. But the murder—perhaps—"

The doctor looked at her.

"That doesn't make sense," he said sorrowfully.

"I know it," said Susan even more sorrowfully.

At dinner that night it still didn't make sense. And after all, thought Susan, listening again to Mrs. Wilkinson's running fire of conversation with its lively punctuation furnished by the sprightly, dark little Mr. Allen, there was no reason to think that any one of those four was even remotely connected with the jewel theft of the previous season.

Once she directed the talk to that previous journey.

But the effort only increased the fog of helplessness about her, for none of them was loath to talk of it. And they talked of it at such length and compared dates of arrival so minutely, urged by Mrs. Wilkinson, that there remained no doubt. All four of the group so curiously and yet so naturally brought together at the captain's table on this occasion had actually crossed together on that previous trip. But they didn't, any of them, remember each other.

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

"Odd," said Mrs. Wilkinson. "But then, I was having a neuralgia attack, I remember, and stayed in my stateroom a great deal."

Maryanne Wray's pansy-brown eyes were travelling helplessly from Reginald Binns to Henry Allen.

"It seems to me I do remember you, Mr. Binns," she said. "For when I met you here the first night out I thought I had seen photographs of you in—oh, some magazine. That sense of familiarity—you know."

Reginald Binns was struggling with an emotion and getting very pink. It was not, however, the flattery in Maryanne's soft eyes that moved him, for he said, embarrassed: "I wasn't travelling first-class, Miss Wray. I do remember you though, for you played shuffleboard continually, and I could see you from the tourist railing."

MARYANNE'S brown eyes became suddenly a little fixed in their gaze. It was so flashing and trivial a look that Susan would never have noted it had she not been watching the girl. Then her eyelids lowered, she said: "Oh—yes," on a rather high note and began to eat a shrimp patty with rigid concentration. Susan, puzzled, returned to her own entree. Shuffleboard; well, there was nothing about shuffleboard to give the girl that odd look of guarded fright. What, then?

Reginald Binns was passing biscuits to Mrs. Wilkinson who was quite suddenly struck with a coincidence. She dropped the biscuit and leaned forward earnestly.

"It's very queer," she said, her sombre dark eyes going from one face to another. "But I remember a—sort of rumor about that crossing."

She stopped. Henry Allen crumbled a roll and listened, eyes sparkling. Susan thought, in that fractional second of silence, that he knew what Mrs. Wilkinson was about to say. Maryanne ate steadily, puffy eyes still veiled by long, shadowy eyelashes. Reginald Binns stared blankly at Mrs. Wilkinson.

"It was a very queer sort of rumor," said Mrs. Wilkinson. "It was that some—diamonds had been stolen. They never found the thief."

There was a sharp moment of silence. They were suddenly aware of the ship's struggle to the top of a long wave, the second of straining battle, and the long, shaking drop.

And Maryanne Wray, white to the edge of her green satin gown, pushed back her chair with a sudden gesture and rose, murmured excuses, and fled. It was nothing else.

She was not ill. She was terrified. And it was flight.

The others must have seen it, too; they talked determinedly, led by Henry Allen, about the political situation in Germany for the rest of the meal, and scattered with equal determination the moment it was decently possible. Susan, having a lonely coffee in the lounge a few moments later, was joined by Henry Allen.

"Let's go for a walk, shall we? It's rather fun to come to closer grips with a storm like this." He waited for her reply, crossing one small, silken ankle over the other and holding the cigarette with delicate, well-manicured fingers that were incredibly steady.

But Susan did not see the small, neat gestures of the man at her side. For Susan was staring into the dark, shining depths of her coffee and being made a complete captive by the one and only instant of telepathy she ever had in all her life. For in that small, shining circle was Jim's face. It was distant, it was in miniature, it vanished. But it had been saying something. Clearly, tersely, a bit grimly.

It had vanished. There was just coffee, black and a bit mysterious now.

Susan got blindly to her feet. One inconsistency. But it fitted the fabric of the murder. "Use your head, Susan," Jim's voice had said. She looked at the man beside her and replied something rather vague about getting a wrap.

Which was the wireless room?

Please turn to Page 39

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THEN CATS Are GREY

Continued from Page 38

SHE had to ask her way several times and when she reached the small room at last, she was worn and buffeted and breathless from the lurching of the walls and corridors along which she'd struggled. And the wireless operator looked at her queerly.

He didn't know, he said, just how long it would take to get an answer. Sometimes reception was bad in a storm. Susan decided to tell him the truth.

"It's about the—murder that occurred last night," she said. "And it's at the captain's request. You might talk to him—"

"Oh," he said. "In that case—tell me what you want and I'll do it somehow or another and let you know."

Fifteen minutes later Susan was back in her stateroom. She felt frightened and uncertain. After all, she had only two bits of evidence and their only importance lay in the fact that they fitted into the puzzle as if they belonged to it.

She did not return to the lounge; she was hoping for Jim's reply.

But it did not come that night. It did not come all the next day. A rather dreadful day, with the storm if anything worse and more exhausting, with only a gloomy handful of passengers about and with the ship's officers looking a bit taut and white if encountered unexpectedly.

By dinner they were eighteen hours late and the ship barely holding her course.

And there was still no message from Jim.

Of the four who had automatically become suspects, Reginald Binns alone had gone down before the storm and failed to appear at lunch. Mrs. Wilkinson, gaunt and black and grim, was there; Henry Allen, Maryanne Wray. Talk, however, was spasmodic and appetites not too good. After lunch Mrs. Wilkinson disappeared, but Maryanne Wray seemed to have got her second wind and played bridge and drank whisky in the bar all the afternoon with unexpected liveliness and gusto in one so sweetly languishing.

And when Susan passed the bar on her way to dinner, Maryanne was there again, a little flushed above her green satin, and talking gaily to Henry Allen and another young man. Though ten minutes later she appeared dinner unflushed and calm, with her great brown eyes as clear as a baby's.

If Susan had needed proof it was there. But for the main thing, the murder, she had no proof at all. And she was increasingly frightened. She must go to the captain, she dared not wait longer for that message from Jim; there would be ways of proving the curious thing that had manifested itself, simple ways, involving only a little time and the proper authority.

But in doing so they would lose the murderer.

"Ill, Miss Dare?" boomed Mrs. Wilkinson, alert for symptoms.

"No," said Susan. "Yes."

Henry Allen turned to her.

"How about our walk on the deck?" he said. "You forgot me last night."

A walk on slippery decks; spaces which gave glimpses of wild black waters hurling and plunging upon the ship.

"The waves," said Henry Allen, tasting cheese delicately, "are forty feet high. It's a sight."

After a deliberate moment, Susan said slowly:

"Very well, I'll get my wrap and join you on A deck."

ON her way up the steps from the dining-saloon she looked for Dr. Betterly but did not see him. Her hands were cold as she pinned up the vestige of a train on her ivory lace gown, and put on a heavy blue cape, hooded with a scarlet lining. Proof. But how?

He was waiting for her. The deck was wet and slippery, the canyons drenched, salt spray in the air. Lights were all on along the deck, feeble and eerie in that wildness. One complete and exposed section of the deck on each side had been roped off to prevent unwary passengers walking there and being swept away by waves. They reached it suddenly.

Reached it and all at once in one terrible revealing instant she knew what he intended to do. It was like a quick, sharp flash of communication leaping from his tense nerves to her own.

She whirled—gasping as salt spray broke on her face. But as suddenly he knew that she knew, and his hands were like horrible clamps of steel. He was shouting through the crash and surge of waves, and his words came in spasmodic snatches.

"Your life or mine—don't know how, but you know—I murdered the woman—your life—or mine—"

She screamed and thought she struggled. Wind and waves and tumult and death in the black, mad water beyond that open section of wet deck. No one would know. Accident—lost at sea—and the great ship continuing, battling her way, long after Susan's thin, futile screams had been engulfed in that churning blackness. How could she have done it?

A wave broke and water sloshed around them, pulling them farther along the slithering deck. And Susan went completely out of her wild, struggling body. She was conscious of the beat and crash of the waves—she must have been aware of, for later she remembered it.

Please turn to Page 40



First favourite
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to make good the loss is provided by Kruschen, for Kruschen is a scientific combination of these vital salts.

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"From my youth I suffered from stubborn constipation and acute headaches. My joints were beginning to get rusty, so on the advice of a friend I tried Kruschen Salts. After a week my headaches vanished. In the face of such pronounced improvement, I went on with the Kruschen treatment. For the last three years I have not ceased to take the 'little daily dose,' with the result that I have no more headache, no more backache, no more constipation. My joints are much more supple, and—thanks to Kruschen—fifty years don't weigh on me at all."—G.A.



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THIS weather is very trying. Your feet are often cold and wet, and you are liable to have painful and annoying chilblains, or maybe a touch of cramp or rheumatism in the feet. But you can be sure of healthy, comfortable feet all Winter by this easy treatment.

Every night give your feet a good rub over with Zam-Buk Ointment. This restores circulation and relieves

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Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night



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"I suffered with chilblains and cold feet, but muzzing the feet and toes with Zam-Buk restored sluggish circulation. Chilblains do not trouble me now, neither do the cold sensations in the feet."—Mrs. F. H. E.

THEN CATS Are GREY

Continued from Page 39

THE sudden pounding of footsteps somewhere and the releasing of bands of steel around her throat and the great gulp of air she took and her own sinking against the rope and clinging to it while she stared unbelievably at figures—how many?—struggling and rolling on the livery deck and her queer instant fear that they were going to roll over the edge—writhe somehow under that canvas and beyond railings.

But they didn't. They were nightmarishly disentangled. Became two figures upright and a third, humped together on the deck. One of them bent and picked up something like a snake at her feet. He shouted, but Susan couldn't hear what he said, for mists of blackness that were not waves were engulfing her.

It was perhaps an hour later that she heard the story. She was in her own stateroom, a bathrobe flung round her bare shoulders and drenched lace gown and her throat stingingly conscious of brandy. The doctor was there, and the captain was there, and two comforting stewardesses, goggle-eyed, and Mrs. Wilkinson. On the table were two radiograms.

"They came," said the doctor, "just in time. The one addressed to you reads as follows: 'Which Wray Mary or Anne identical twins dossier doubtful suspected once jewel theft Wilkinson O.K. Binns O.K. Allen no record passport possible forgery.' He stopped reading and glanced at Susan. 'It ends somewhat extravagantly. For God's sake what are you doing,' and is signed 'Jim'. The other one is addressed to the captain. It is much shorter and says simply, 'Advise immediate detention Susan Dare armed guard urgent.'"

Susan said feebly: "Oh." The doctor resumed: "I happened to be in the wireless-room as the two messages came through. We started straight to find you. Luckily we got there in time. How do you feel?"

"All right—"

"There are a few bruises on your throat. It'll clear up all right. Now if you feel like telling just what evidence—"

"Except he told me he had killed her. You see—"

The doctor said kindly: "Make it very brief. We'll fill in the gaps."

"Well, you see, there were two in it. Somebody who stole the jewels during dinner and was probably seen by Mrs. Cass. And somebody who came back later and murdered her. Any of the four suspects might have murdered her. But none of them could have stolen the jewels, for they were all at dinner when it occurred. So I decided that the presence of those four people on the boat at the time of this jewel theft and of the previous one was simply coincidence. Until—well, until she ate the shrimp patty."

"WHAT," said the captain violently. "Who?"

"Mary—or Anne, I don't know which. They really do seem to be identical twins. I couldn't find a shade of difference except one of them has rather gentler ways than the other. But I knew after she'd said at one meal that shrimp was poison to her and the very next meal calmly ate it, that there was just one explanation and that was that she was two people."

"Two," boomed the captain. "Is it true? I would never have believed that two people, no matter how much they looked alike, could embark, pass a whole voyage, and disembark without being detected."

"But they've been doing it. On this and other boats," reminded the doctor softly. "We know that now. And we've seen them together. One passport a forged copy of the other one. Ready excuses of having been obliged to return for something—a hundred neat little plans for tricking their cabin stewardesses. Clothes identical. It's difficult but it can be done, if they are careful enough about details. Anyway, they did it so there's no use theorising over whether or not it could be done. It was. This shrimp business was their only slip. And there you have the scheme in a nutshell—thrift and, always, a perfect alibi. What else besides the shrimp, Miss Dare?"

"Just—intangibles," said Susan. "There had to be a third one in the scheme. They couldn't have managed alone. And the third one was probably the brains of the scheme. Then, somehow Henry Allen realised that I suspected. I suppose it was he—or one of the girls—who was listening in the bedroom yesterday morning. He would have to be clever to conceive and carry out such a scheme."

"He got hold of a copy of your radiogram," said the doctor. "He did that cleverly, too. Told the operator you'd sent him to check it, thought you'd forgotten something. Managed, because he was so smooth, to convince the operator."

The next day there were three radiograms for Susan. They were all addressed Dare, and signed Jim, but they varied in content, growing briefer.

The first one arrived with breakfast and was rather incisive. It said: "Repeat what are you doing do as captain says take no risks have nothing to do with anything or anybody."

The second arrived just after lunch. It was rather cryptic and read: "Wait for me London have something to say to you."

The third arrived just at dinner. It said simply: "Something important."

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HE WAS ALL AT SEA, THEN... ROMANCE, AHoy!



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

May 23, 1937.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers

41

"LOOK YOUR BEST" Rooms the VOGUE

*Clever color schemes
"set off" the personality of Blonde,
Brunette, Auburn, or Silver-Haired
Home-Lover...*

From EVE GYE (by Air Mail from London)

BY no means new to Australia are rooms designed to flatter the specific coloring of their fair owners. But none have been as striking or as cleverly conceived as far as color combinations are concerned as the rooms described below.

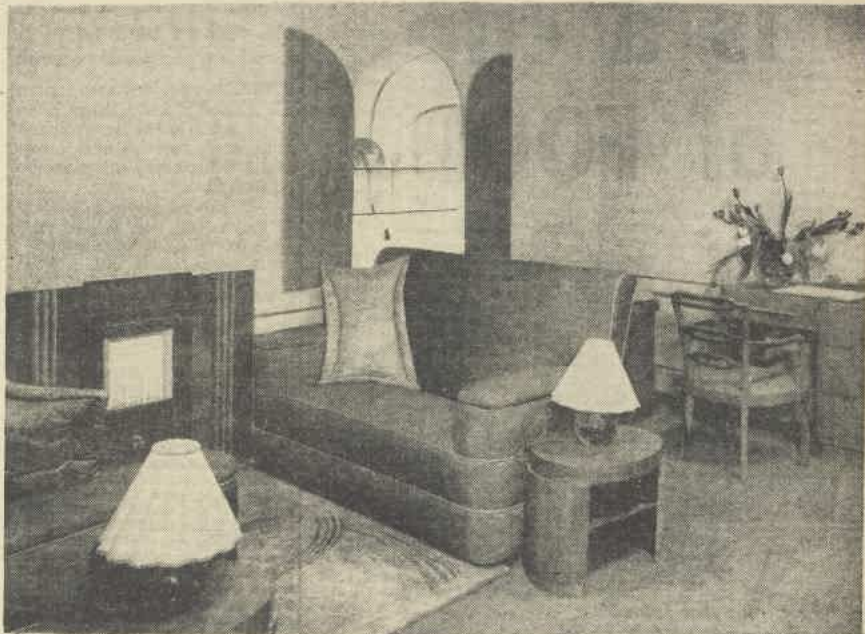
PLANNED by London's foremost home decorators, these "Look Your Best" rooms are being shown at the Ideal Homes Exhibition at Olympia, London. Naturally they are attracting every bride-to-be, every home-lover.

If you are about to furnish or refurnish your home—be it one room, a small or large flat, a cottage or spacious bungalow—why not plan at least one room to harmonise with your particular type of coloring? It will cost no more, but the knowledge that your surround-

golden-haired or blonde. It was almost breath-taking in its beauty.

The walls are of palest blue in a rough textured paper, the large leaf-like motif being picked out in a slightly deeper tone. Curtain pelmets match perfectly the more delicate blue, while curtains are of heavy plum-colored satin—a rather striking contrast, but delightful. The floor is covered completely with a carpet of plum, verging on magenta.

Very modern in design is the furniture of walnut veneer. And instead of the conventional three-piece suite, two high-backed sofas, upholstered in plum-colored satin and piped with the same blue as



LOUNGE FOR BLONDE in plum color and pale blue. Carpet and upholstery are plum with blue cushions and binding. Hearthrug and walls are blue and curtains plum.

haired woman, is introduced in the leather-covered top of the writing-table, telephone-table, lamp and glass.

Decorated and furnished to stimulate concentration and good play, the card-room is one of unusual interest.

Schemed in warm grey and bottle-green, shades becoming to blonde, brunette, auburn-haired and matron, the setting is soothing with no bold color contrasts.

Outsize playing-cards stretch from skirting to ceiling, but are faint, unobtrusive on the pale grey background. Curtains are grey-violet with a straight pelmet decorated with a design of "Diamonds." A heart forms a design for a little clock.

Card-table and chairs of sycamore upholstered in green velvet stand on a green carpet. Green velvet is used for the card-table instead of the usual baize or linen cloth.



FLATLET FOR BRUNETTE. Carpet, curtains, and divan cover are corn-colored, the two latter being relieved with touches of brown and white. Cerise appears in leather top of writing-table, telephone-table and lamp.

ings enhance your looks will give you an immeasurably greater sense of well-being, contentment and happiness.

To achieve this it is just a matter of knowing the colors that suit you best, and then, most carefully, introducing these into the decorative scheme of your room, or rooms.

In order to help home-lovers—here thousands are refurnishing their homes for Coronation hospitality—outstanding furnishing and decoration advisers have planned a series of "Backgrounds for Beauty." I saw these yesterday at the Ideal Homes Exhibition. They are unusually effective, most original and full of ideas for you, too.

Two of these rooms, or, rather glimpses of them, are pictured on this page, but, unfortunately, they lose much of their charm, their glamor, because they are not shown in color.

I was especially attracted by a lounge room furnished for the

that of the curtain pelmets, are placed on each side of the fireplace.

Plain blue cushions and a rug of the same color harmonise with the general scheme. Neath the landscape windows (not shown in the picture), is a bench, or wall-seat, padded and covered with blue. Beneath this seat is a row of bookshelves.

Mirror Shelves

THE recessed cabinet or wall alcove with its mirror-glass shelves for glass or pottery is painted silver and lighted from below. Oval doors close it off.

A lovely bedroom setting for the trian-haired woman featured Palma violet tones and softest greens. Palma violet was used for the all-over floor covering and for the tailored bedspread.

Walls covered with the soft green looked cool, invitingly so. Above the bed with its upholstered head of silver metallic cloth, a panel

of the wallpaper was delicately picked out with mauve and silver coin spots. This gave quite an unusual and most original touch to the wall. Birch furniture was chosen for this room because, as the designer told me, it harmonises so perfectly with the creamy texture of the titian-head's skin.

Imagine this room filled with violets, or stocks in delicate mauves and violet. How luxurious you would feel, providing you had auburn hair, in such a room!

Brownettes and deepest brunettes may draw inspiration from the colorings suggested in the one-room flat, portion of which is shown on this page.

Carpets, curtain and divan cover are the shade of burnished corn. The curtains and tailored cover fabric, however, are relieved with tufts of brown and white. Natural waxed oak furniture combines beauty with economy in space. Cerise, a color particularly flattering to the dark-



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SHAMPOO

A cup of BOURNVILLE is a cup of FOOD



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"Yes, but I didn't like her."

"Well she hadn't got much of a part . . . Anyway, after all that melodrama a night-cap like this Bournville Cocoa is appreciated. It's definitely nutritious too, according to the doctors."

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ARE YOU LOOKING for New RECIPES?

If so, try some of these prizewinners
in Our Best Recipe Competition

Here is a selection of recipes which are sure to please, for they are all well-tried-out favorites sent in by our readers. A new way of cooking turkey, a new pie, and an economical chutney are some of the interesting recipes this week.

ENTER your favorite recipe in this competition now. First prize of £1 is awarded each week for the best entry and 2/6 for every other recipe published.

BONED TURKEY

One turkey, 1 ox tongue, 1lb. sausage meat, 1lb. bacon rashers. Put tongue on to boil. When cooked, peel and peg out on a board to make straight. Bone turkey. This is easily done by cutting from the back. Open out and place the tongue, now cool and straight, with the butt-end to the neck of turkey to form shape of crop. The tip of the tongue forms the shape of the tail. Around this place the sausage meat and bacon rashers. Then fold the turkey meat round to form the shape of a turkey as near as possible. Sew in a clean white cloth.

Put on boiler, and into water put turkey bones, some diced vegetables, such as celery, carrot, and parsnips, then the turkey and simmer all gently for 2½ to 3 hours. Let the liquid decrease when nearly done to about an inch deep. Lift out bones and turkey. Leave turkey in cloth until cold and allow liquid to get cold also. When serving turkey, cut straight through so that there is turkey, ham, and tongue in each slice. The liquid, which will form into a stiff jelly, should be served with the turkey.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. Mark Yeates, Tarpeena, Lower South East, S.A.

TOMATO SALAD

Six round even-sized tomatoes, 3 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 tablespoon finely-chopped spring onion, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon whipped cream, mayonnaise, lettuce leaves.

Wipe tomatoes and cut off tops. Scoop out centres, taking care not to break the sides, and mix with the cheese, onion, parsley, cream, and flavoring to taste. Sprinkle the inside of the shells with pepper and salt, and a little castor sugar. Refill shells with above mixture, mark top

with a little thick mayonnaise, set each tomato on a crisp lettuce leaf, and garnish top with a sprig of parsley. Chopped nuts may be added if liked.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Lewis, Wynyard, Tas.

CHELSEA BUNS

Half-pound flour, 1oz. butter, 1½oz. sugar, 1oz. candied peel, 1 gill milk, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 egg.

Beat egg well. Keep back a little, and add the rest to milk. Mix in flour and baking-powder and form into a soft dough, turn out to floured board, and roll out to ¼ inch thickness. Brush over with egg, sprinkle with sugar, and candied peel. Cut into shreds.

Make into a long roll, cut into two-inch slices, put on greased tin, and bake 20 minutes in hot oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. E. Markwell, care Mrs. M. J. Anderson, Yarrow Street, Gladstone, N.S.W.

DEVONS

One cup flour, 1-3 cup butter, 1 cup sugar 1 tablespoon desiccated coconut, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, small 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, small teaspoon cream of tartar.

Beat eggs and sugar well. Melt butter and syrup, cool slightly, and add to mixture, sift flour with rising, add coconut, and blend with rest of ingredients. Bake in greased patty tins in a quick oven. When cold, cut piece out of the top of each cake, put a very little syrup in the hollow, then a little whipped cream and replace top.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Robert Grant, Willura, Meredith, Vic.

ECONOMICAL CHUTNEY

Three pounds melon, 4 large apples, 4 large onions, 1lb. dates, 1lb. brown sugar, 1 pint vinegar, 1 teaspoon cayenne, 1 tablespoon salt, small quantity of cloves, allspice, nutmeg, and whole ginger.

The condiments in a piece of muslin.

THIS WEEK

TOMATO DISHES

Here are half-a-dozen delectable tomato dishes which the economical housewife will find useful now that tomatoes are plentiful and cheap. Try them out.

EACH week in this section our cookery experts select a popular subject from recipes sent in by readers. For every recipe published a prize of 2/6 each is awarded. So send in your favorite recipe now—it may win a prize.

ICED TOMATO BOUILLON

Soak two tablespoons gelatine in ¼ cup mid water for 5 minutes, then pour in ½ cup boiling water, and stir till dissolved. Put 1lb. tomatoes (skinned) into a saucepan, with ½ teaspoon celery seed, 1 tablespoonful chopped onion, 4 cloves, 1 bay leaf, 1 teaspoonful each salt and sugar, and little chopped mint. Cook slowly about 15 to 20 minutes, then rub through a strainer. Add gelatine, mix well, pour into a shallow dish and set on ice till ready to serve.

Cut into cubes and garnish with a little shredded lettuce and slices of lemon.

2/6 to Mrs. E. J. Hayes, 3 Gordon Ave., Elwood, Vic.

TOMATO CUSTARD

One egg, ¼ tablespoon cream, 1 tablespoon strained tomatoes, ½ tablespoon grated cheese, a pinch of salt.

To season egg add other ingredients, mixing them together thoroughly. Pour into buttered custard-cups set in pan of hot water, and bake in slow oven, 22deg. F., for 30 minutes or until custard is set.

2/6 to Miss R. Jeffree, 65 Carmichael St., Hamilton, Vic.

TOMATO STEW WITH GLUTEN PUFFS

Six tomatoes, 1½lb. not meat, 2 bay leaves, 1 teaspoon salt.

Cut tomatoes in slices, chop not meat finely, put on to boil with onion, bay leaves, a little butter, and salt, and simmer gently for 1 hour.

For Gluten Puffs: Beat together ½ cup water and 2oz. butter, and stir in the cup of gluten flour. When cool, add 2 eggs, and beat well. Make in dumplings, put in saucepan in a little cold water, and cook till tender, about ½ an hour. Add to tomato

stew, and serve. A very delicious vegetarian dish.

2/6 to Mrs. E. Becke, 261 Park Rd., Fiddlington, N.S.W.

DRIED TOMATOES
Choose some ripe tomatoes, cover with boiling water, remove skins, and put on sieve to drain as dry as possible. Cut crosswise into slices about ¼ in. thick. Cut a piece of fine wire-netting with cheesecloth. Place the sliced tomatoes on it, allowing slices barely to touch, and place in the sun or a cooling oven to dry. They are ready when leathery and no moisture exudes when a slice is cut. Use for soups, stews, etc., by covering with boiling water for an hour, adding a pinch of soda, and pouring in the same water until tender. These are a very useful commodity to have stored in paper-lined airtight tins.

2/6 to Miss Ruth Dunfield, 185 Cooper St., Waverley, N.S.W.

CANDIED TOMATOES

Take about 4lb. ripe but firm tomatoes, pierce flower end gently with a wooden skewer, and place to drain on a wire tray with a dish to catch the drips. If they are when drained, keep any juice and add to water when making the syrup. Put 2lb. sugar to 1½ pints water in saucepan and bring slowly to the boil. Then cook tomatoes in this syrup until skins begin to wrinkle. Remove with a skimmer and place on large dishes. Reduce the syrup until quite thick, and spoon over each tomato. Dry off in a slow oven, when sufficiently hard, put on layers of white paper in tins in a very dry place.

2/6 to Mrs. Garsy, Gladstone, Mackay River, C/o Gladstone P.O., N.S.W.

TOMATO PIE

Line a greased dish with layers of tomatoes, while onions cut thin, then bread crumbs, seasoning, little parsley until dish is full. Put dots of butter on top layer, which should be breadcrumbs. Add a little minced meat, if desired. Season with salt, ham or bacon gives pie a delightful flavor. Bake in oven about 1 hour, till golden brown on top.

2/6 to Mrs. E. H. Maddera, Wakefield St., Auburn, N.S.W.

pass all ingredients through a food chopper, or mincer. Boil all together for two hours fairly rapidly. If in season, chokos or a few green tomatoes may be added instead of the whole amount of melon.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. Burton, Bellingara Rd., Miranda, N.S.W.

STEAMED CAKE

Mix about 3oz. butter with 1lb. plain flour until the mixture resembles fine breadcrumbs. Add teaspoon of bicarb soda, and mix again. Then add 1lb. brown sugar, and 1lb. of currants and sultanas. Pour in 2 tablespoons of golden syrup, mix well, and add sufficient milk to form the whole into a creamy dough, but not too wet.

Place in a well-greased cake tin, tying greased paper over the top, and steam for 2 hours. When cooked lay it on its side on a sieve, and do not use until the following day.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Hunt, 203, 9th Avenue, Maylands, Perth.

GRAPE PIE

Pastry: 3 cups flour, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon salt, 4 tablespoons shortening (butter or lard or good beef dripping), milk or water to mix to a firm dough.

Filling: 1lb. grapes, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 tablespoon butter (to place in dabs on fruit).

Prepare pastry, using half to line an eight-inch pie plate. Grapes should be prepared beforehand. First wash them, and then, using a sharp knife, cut them in half and the seeds are easily removed. Leave skins on. Mix flour and sugar together and sprinkle about half over grapes. Pour over the lemon juice, and mix well. Sprinkle remaining flour and sugar over the bottom of the pastry case (to prevent sogginess). Place grapes in case, put dabs of butter here and there on top, and then cover with more pastry. Bake 1 hour to 40 minutes in a moderate oven. Serve hot or cold with fairly thin custard. This makes a delicious sweet.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. S. M. Percival, Morry St., Hill End, Brisbane St.



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YOU CAN SERVE afternoon tea or supper with a smile of confidence like Margaret Lindsay, Warner Bros. player, is doing here, if you have on hand some recipes for quickly-made tea cakes.

For Those
Impromptu

TEA-PARTIES

Emergency recipes for making
tea-cakes and other appetising
dainty fare quickly
and easily



BOSTON TEA CAKE is delicious. It is baked in a sandwich tin, split, and served with butter while hot.

When friends drop in unexpectedly to afternoon tea or supper, there's no need to feel upset or worried just because you are "out of everything."

JUST slip into the kitchen when it's time to serve refreshments and make some quickly-prepared tea cakes, popovers, scones or waffles. Special recipes for these and other dainties are given below. Try them out and you'll find impromptu tea parties the greatest fun.

POTATO POPOVERS

One cup mashed cooked potatoes, salt, 1½ tablespoons melted butter, self-raising flour.

Mash potatoes well, add salt and butter, add flour to form into a dough. Roll out thinly. Cut into rounds with plain cutter. Place on hot greased girdle iron and cook till well browned on both sides. Stand on paper to remove any fat. Serve at once buttered.

TEA CAKE, No. 1

Two tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, 9 tablespoons milk, 8oz. self-raising flour, 3oz. currants.

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten egg, then milk, lastly sifted flour and prepared fruit. Place in greased patty tins. Bake in moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes. Turn on to cake cooler and serve while hot with butter.

TEA CAKE, No. 2

Half cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, ½ cup milk, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 1½ cups self-raising flour.

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten eggs, then milk, lastly, well-sifted flour and vanilla. Pour into shallow baking dish. Bake in quick oven 30 minutes, dust with sugar, cut into squares and serve hot with butter.

WELSH TEA CAKES

One pound flour, 4oz. butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon carb. soda, 1 pint milk, currants.

Sift flour, cream of tartar and soda. Rub in butter. Add sugar and fruit. Make into stiff dough with milk. Roll out ¼ inch thick. Cut into rounds. Place on greased tin. Bake in quick oven. Split and butter while hot.

WAFFLES

One cup milk, 2 eggs, 3 tablespoons melted butter, pinch salt, 2 cups plain flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt, add slowly beaten yolks, milk and butter; mix well, and then fold in well-beaten whites of eggs. Beat

for 1 minute. Cook in well-greased waffle irons till a pale brown on both sides. Serve on hot plate with maple syrup or honey.

FLAPJACKS

Four tablespoons self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, pinch salt.

Sift flour and salt, add sugar, beat egg, add milk, add to sugar and flour, beat well, making into smooth batter, pour in dessertspoonfuls into frying pan which has been well-heated and greased. When set and browned turn carefully with knife. When cooked turn on to cake cooler, serve hot, buttered.

GEM CAKES

One tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 2 cups self-raising flour, 2oz. currants.

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten egg, then milk, lastly sifted flour and fruit. Two-thirds fill heated gem moulds and bake in moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes. Turn on to cake cooler. Split and butter while hot.

BOSTON TEA CAKE

One dessertspoon butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 2 cups self-raising flour, pinch salt.

Melt butter, add sugar and cream, mix well. Add egg, milk, and lastly, sifted flour and salt. Beat till smooth. Pour into well-greased sandwich tin. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes. Turn on to cake cooler. Split and butter. Serve at once.

BELGIAN TEA CAKE

One tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, large breakfast cup self-raising flour, 2 tablespoons milk, grated apple, sugar, nutmeg.

Cream butter and sugar. Add well-beaten egg, then milk, and lastly the sifted flour. Pour into well-greased large sandwich tin. Cover with grated apple. Sprinkle with sugar and nutmeg. Bake in moderate oven from 35 to 40 minutes. Turn out carefully. Split, butter and serve at once.

GIRDLE CAKES

One and a quarter cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon carb. soda, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 cup milk.

Sift flour, cream of tartar and salt very well. Dissolve the soda in milk and add melted butter; add to dry ingredients and beat well. Drop 3 or 4 lots of mixture (about 1 tablespoon for each) on well-greased and heated girdle plate. When suf-

ficiently browned underneath, turn with a knife and brown. Place on dry clean tea towel, serve buttered while hot.

JOHNNY CAKES

Two cups self-raising flour, 1-8 teaspoon salt, milk and water.

Sift flour and salt, add milk and water, making into stiff dough. Turn

By
RUTH FURST

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

on to floured board, knead, roll out very thinly. Cut into rounds. Place in hot frying pan and turn frequently to prevent burning. Place in oven to cook thoroughly through. Split and butter while hot.

DANISH TEA CAKE

Two cups self-raising flour, 1-3 cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup sultanas, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon sugar, white 1 egg, shaved candied peel, chopped almonds.

Sift flour, rub in butter, add sugar and fruit. Mix with beaten eggs and milk. Place in large sandwich tin and spread evenly with knife. Brush over with white of egg and sprinkle with sugar, peel and almonds that have been well-mixed together. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Turn on to cake cooler. Serve hot.

BROWNIE

Two cups self-raising flour, 1 cup butter, 1 dessertspoon cinnamon, milk, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 dessertspoon spice, 2 cups raisins.

Sift flour and spices and rub in butter. Add sugar and mix well. Add fruit. Make into the consistency of a cake mixture with milk. Place in greased tin. Sprinkle with brown sugar over the top. Bake in a moderate oven about 1 hour, according to the thickness. When cooked, turn on to sieve to cool. Cut into slices and butter.

FRUIT GIRDLE CAKES

One cup plain flour, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 tablespoon sugar, 3 tablespoons sultanas, 1 cup milk, 1 egg.

Sift flour, cream of tartar and soda very well. Rub in butter, add sugar and fruit. Mix with beaten egg and milk. Pour spoonfuls on hot greased girdle irons, turn and brown on both sides. Turn on to towel to remove any grease. Serve either hot or cold, buttered.

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A BRILLIANT SPLASH OF COLOR is made by a bed of phlox in rich, glowing tones of dark red, bright red, pinks, purples, and other lovely colors.

Grow perennials
and your garden will be gay
from one year to the next...

... Says the Old Gardener.

If you are one of those people who haven't much time to devote to your garden, your best plan is to grow beds of perennials. Then you will keep your garden bright and beautiful all the year round, without having to dig out and plant anew with every fresh season.

There is nothing more beautiful and more satisfying to anyone than a garden that is forever blooming. Annual beds, of course, permit the gardener from time to time throughout the seasons to alter the whole scheme of the garden, but for those who have not a great deal of time to devote to the garden, the perennial garden is the best idea.

Beds can be planted and grown without too much bother to the busy lover of beauty. With management and forethought a colorful show with perennials can be had the whole year round.

Perennials may be planted over a long period, but the best time is from May to September. They may be purchased from the nurseries in pots, and can then be planted at almost any time, weather and soil permitting.

A cool, moist day is far better for planting purposes than a hot, glaring day. The soil should be of a rich and loamy nature, the bed thoroughly dug. This deep digging is essential as it promotes good root development.

Plenty of well-decayed manure, old litter, bush scrapings, compost, or any other suitable material should be spread over the bed and thoroughly worked into the soil. Blood and bonedust mixed with an equal part of superphosphate will also be of great benefit.

If a border composed entirely of

LISTEN-IN to the gardening talks given by the Old Gardener of The Australian Women's Weekly every Sunday afternoon, at 4.30, from Station 2GB, Sydney.

Next Sunday, May 23, The Old Gardener will talk on "Tomato-Growing For Profit."

perennials is contemplated, extra care must be taken in the selecting and planting to give a bright display each season. Colors must harmonize. Try, too, to have the tallest-growing varieties at the back, then the medium-sized, and then the dwarf varieties. The grouping of colors should be watched, and all colors blended artistically.

Splendid Contrast

PERENNIAL phlox and the tall, beautiful blue delphiniums make a splendid contrast. Penstemons, lupins, and perennial asters are most attractive together, and so on...

Rock gardens, for instance, are ideal for growing these plants, which can be set out so as never to lose their color.

Many perennials give splendid flowers in late summer and early autumn. Some flower best during winter.

Here are some varieties to be recommended:

Achillea, which is a very vigorous grower, with golden flowers, and blooms over a long period.

Aconitum, known as Monkshood, can be had in several varieties, color chiefly blue. Wilsoni and Sparks Napellus are the most interesting varieties.

Alstroemeria, the Peruvian lily, has rich orange and golden blooms. If planted now, flowers will bloom in the early summer. They love the sun, so plant well away from the shade.

BLUE BAGS:

Use the blue bag to clean the inside of a aluminium pans, pots and so on. Also before cleaning the kitchen board rub well with the blue bag, and then rub well over sink and tiles.

USE FOR SPONGES:

Use a rubber sponge when cleaning—for example, when applying liquids, such as turpentine, methylated spirit, and the like. The sponge retains the liquid much longer than cloth or brush.

CLEVER IDEAS

FOR KEEPING MILK:

To prevent turning sour, dissolve a teaspoon of borax in a little hot water, and mix in with the milk or cream. It will not taste at all.

PRESERVING BELTS: To prevent patent leather handbags and belts from cracking and looking shabby, after each use, wipe them clean of all dust with a soft rag and rub vaseline gently into the surface.

Anchusa, the Bugle Flower, has beautiful blue flowers, grows about four feet high. **Aquilegia** (Columbine) makes splendid cut flowers, and at present there are some beautiful varieties on the market. The perennial aster, known as the Easter Daisy, is also an excellent species, especially the new and later varieties, which are on sale now.

Agapanthus are hard, evergreen and the flowers are most beautiful.

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THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

By
Evelyn

Be Good To Your FEET

Regular care is essential for maintaining general good health and beauty.

Fatigue of the feet, fallen arches, and other troubles have an ageing effect on the face and a wearing effect on the nerves—both devastating to good looks. Persistent care and treatment are essential to overcome and prevent foot ailments.

BE good to your feet, for, after all, they are like the foundations of a house. If they are not in good condition the whole house will be affected.

Yet many women suffering from foot troubles will visit a beauty parlor when they should visit a chiropodist. The proper treatment in such cases will do more for their feet than face creams and lotions. The body throws off many poisons and impurities in the blood through the feet. Uric acid, for instance, comes through the feet.

Another thing: in the feet are twenty-six bones, arranged in arches and piers to carry the weight of the body, and woven about them is a network of muscles, ligaments, and nerves, all of which work in sympathy with the whole body.

Which explains why, if you suffer from feet trouble of any kind, you should start with the foundations first, and make a point of visiting a foot specialist regularly. It is not advisable to treat corns

and bunions yourself. The risk of blood poisoning from using unsterilised instruments is great, and the feet particularly are very susceptible to poisoning, especially if the skin is cut, and blood is drawn.

Have these troubles treated by the proper person who uses sterilised instruments, and you will run no risk of picking up germs.

Temporary relief from the pain of bunions and corns can be obtained by the use of plasters, and better-fitting shoes, but the only permanent cure for these is removal by a specialist.

If the arches of your feet are collapsing, the pain and flatness have probably been affecting your feelings from the beginning of the weakness. A fallen arch shows at once in the lack of curve of the instep, between the ball of the foot and the heel.

Simple Matter

ITS correction is a simple matter to the osteopath or orthopaedist, but be sure you go to the best practitioner within reach. It is useless to try to cure the trouble by experimenting blindly with arch supports before you visit the foot specialist.

BEAUTIFUL, well-cared-for feet should be the aim of every woman who values her appearance and health. These pretty feet belong to Dolores Del Rio, Columbia film star.

If you suffer from tired feet, prepare a weak solution of salt and water and soak the feet for about five minutes every day. This will give wonderful relief. Five minutes' massage with the hands, using pure olive oil, also helps to keep the feet in good condition.

A weekly pedicure is also necessary. Use special clippers and trim the nails when dry, straight across the toe, leaving the nail as long as the flesh of the toe for the latter's protection. Smooth rough edges with a file.

It is not sufficient to merely bathe the feet daily. They should be well scrubbed every day in warm water and rubbed hard enough to remove accumulated acids of perspiration and dead skin. Dry carefully and dust with antiseptic foot powder.

When doing your daily dozen, try

a few simple feet exercises. Stand in your bare or stocking feet, place your hands on your hips, and then raise yourself up on your toes as far as you can go. Then lower the feet again to the floor. Repeat several times.

Next sit down and cross the legs, leaving the foot swinging freely, and work the foot round and round from the ankle in a rotary movement. This is excellent for strengthening the ankles and arches of the feet.

Another exercise, and one of the best for the feet, is to try to pick up a marble or pencil from the floor with the toes. You will find it difficult at first, and perhaps even painful, because unused muscles are being brought into play. But persistence with this exercise will greatly strengthen the feet.

FOR Young Wives and MOTHERS

Regarding The Diet Problem

By MARY TRUBY KING

Planning children's meals should not be the worry it is to many mothers who, in an endeavor to give the children the utmost nutritive value, live in a nightmare of vitamins and calories.

IT is as well to get the principles of a normal diet thoroughly fixed in one's mind, and then to forget the whole business, letting the subconscious mind do the rest.

Do not make a boggy of meal times, or you may find your children becoming finicky about what they eat, and in the end neither you nor they will get the pleasure they should out of the normal function of eating.

The essentials for the growing child are perfectly simple—complicated though the food faddist would make them.

First of all, let us take the carbohydrates. The word, "carbohydrate" covers the parts of our food which supply us with energy, such as sugars and starches. Bread, the staff of life, is our chief starch-providing food.

Wholemeal Better

WHOLEMEAL bread is preferable to white, but it is a good plan to use both daily, so that the family does not tire of either.

There is usually no difficulty in getting the child to eat bread. If there is, it may mean that too much stress is being laid on table manners. At the age of five, bread and butter tastes much better when eaten walking round the table.

In fact, the tendency is for children to eat too much, rather than too little, carbohydrate. Do not allow pieces of bread and jam or biscuits and cakes between meals.

Apart from bread, rice, sago, semolina, prepared breakfast cereals and potatoes supply starch.

The word "carbohydrate" also embraces the sugars. These are best taken in their natural state, as found in fresh ripe fruits and honey. The

sugar which is present in milk is very necessary to the young. Cane sugar may be used in cooking, but the child's porridge and puddings, etc., should not be sprinkled with sugar at the table. If the child has a craving for sugar, give barley sugar after the mid-day meal, and dates for the evening meal.

Now let us consider the fats. Be generous with the butter, or, if you cannot afford butter, with the dripping. If you can, give the child cream with his stewed or fresh fruit two or three times a week. Fats furnish energy and strength, and produce about a third of the heat of the body.

Olive oil is a good source of fat. Try this recipe during the winter months if your child is in the habit of catching colds, and note the effect: Mix together, by pouring into a bottle, 2 tablespoons of olive oil, 1 tablespoon of glycerine, and 2 tablespoons of orange juice.

Shake the bottle well, and give the child a dessertspoon morning and night. Start with a smaller dose, and gradually work up. Fat given in the form of pastry or fried foods is not advised. Egg yolk is a very valuable source of fat, but many children cannot take more than two or three eggs a week. The egg is best "coddled." Those children who cannot take eggs should have a daily dose of Karil emulsion, procurable from all chemists.

Some children do not like fats. For these children, disguise the fats. Cook the butter into vegetables and sauces. Give gravies made with meat fats. Give olive oil mixed with lemon juice as a salad-dressing. Give milk jellies or milk puddings daily. Add egg yolk (raw), to the drink of milk, shake it up, and flavor with vanilla, or any flavoring the child likes.

We have not so far discussed the value of milk, as this food falls most

naturally under the heading of "proteins." Every child should have between one and two pints of milk daily. This should be drunk at the end of meals—not between meals.

When a child refuses milk, persevere for a few days, but if at the end of this time he still refuses it whenever it is offered, do not give milk drinks for a short time, introducing them again, very gradually, in small quantities. Meantime, you can put milk into his soup, gravies, and milk jellies, so that he is not altogether without this very valuable food.

It is only very rarely that a child has an incurable strong repugnance for milk. In such cases, do not force the child to take milk at all. Such a child can live better without it.

Physiologically and psychologically, it is a mistake to continue to force any child to eat a food for which he has a marked repugnance. Such forcing interferes with the digestive processes.

Sources of Protein

MILK is one of the best sources of protein. Other sources are eggs, meat, poultry, fish, dried peas, beans, lentils and nuts. Cheese is a very valuable food. A little mild cheese may be given every day.

Give meat only once a day, and not too large a helping. Chicken, beef, and mutton are best. Pork is too rich for children. If the child seems over-stimulated, cut down the meat allowance, and substitute milk. Giving too much protein causes the kidneys to become over-strained.

Mineral salts are necessary for good nutrition. These are provided by green vegetables, apples, pears, oranges, raisins, lettuce, celery, cabbage, spinach, tomatoes, green peas, and beans.

Vitamins will take care of themselves if you have a well-balanced diet as outlined in this article.

One important vitamin comes to you in egg yolk, cream, butter, and fat meat. Cod-liver oil and halibut-liver oil are specially rich in this vitamin.

Another important vitamin comes to you in oranges, tomatoes, and most fresh fruits and vegetables in general.

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

By A DOCTOR

PATIENT: Do you think that constant striving for success, with little relaxation, is likely to bring on a nervous breakdown?

SUCCESS is something we all want. The business man measures success in terms of more sales, a larger plant, greater power.

The mother believes she has succeeded when she has conserved the health and happiness of her growing children and has established an adequate home.

If you strive hard enough you can succeed. Striving hard, however, should not mean slavish devotion to an ambition, to the total exclusion of all other interests.

Strange as it may seem, you must broaden your interests if you would achieve signal success in any special field.

If you keep using one set of brain cells over and over again, without resting and without using other brain cells as a counterbalance, you invariably deplete your nervous energy and work your cells to exhaustion.

The brain and nervous systems are the toughest structures we possess. The amount of insult they will stand is greater than that of any other living tissue.

But, when they finally do give way, it takes months, and sometimes years, to bring them back to normal again. Only people who actually suffer with "nerves" can tell you what this means—what real torment it entails.

Therefore, strive for success; but be careful you do not gain it at a price far too expensive. No degree of success, no variety of success, no achievement, of whatever kind, is worth a nervous breakdown.

"I PICKED THE GIRL WITH THE MOST KISSABLE LIPS"

SAID

TULLIO CARMINATI



HERE'S WHAT TULLIO CARMINATI SAW



How famous film star picked the loveliest lips in Hollywood test

We asked Tullio Carminati what kind of lips men prefer. One girl wore no lipstick, the second ordinary lipstick, the third Tangee. Instantly he picked the Tangee girl. "Her lips are kissable, because they look natural," he said.

Most men agree with him. They like lips that are soft and natural. You avoid that painted look with Tangee, because Tangee isn't paint. It intensifies your own natural color... makes your lips lovely and alluring. If you prefer more color for evening wear, use Tangee Theatrical.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

Insist on Tangee products only, for all your make-up essentials



Aust. Agents, Turnleys, Melbourne & Sydney



I tried them all... but now only Daggett & Ramsdell Creams will do!

Your first jar of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream will be a revelation. No cream you have ever used will cleanse your skin so thoroughly... will penetrate into your pores so deeply... will remove every trace of grime and make-up so quickly. Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream will leave your skin so clear, soft, and youthful that you will never again be without it. Start using Perfect Cold Cream... and watch your complexion grow lovelier every day.



Daggett & Ramsdell

Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern

Lovely, Individual Styles . . . Reliable Patterns

TAILORED!
WW1606.—Contrast collar, front, and cuffs are smart in this tailored afternoon frock. Cut in sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

AFTERNOON FROCK

WW1607.—Unusual afternoon frock for informal occasions. The buttoned skirt with awing to the back is new. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required for 36-inch bust: 2 7/8 yards, 54 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**



ww1607

ww1608

ww1609

ww1610

INDIVIDUAL

WW1608.—Black velvet is suggested for this uncommon afternoon frock. The high collar is very new. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 1/8 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

SUIT DE LUXE

WW1609.—Snappy style modern suit for afternoon wear. Cut in sizes 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

Patterns for Three Delightful Winter Suits Cost 3d.

(See Left)

IMPECCABLE in style and delightfully simple to make, the three styles shown at left may be made from this week's three-in-one concession pattern. Pattern is cut in three sizes, 32, 34, 36-inch bust, and in each one size costs 3d.

Material required, 36 inches wide, for each style, 4½ yards; for No. 2, ½ yard astrachan, for No. 3, 3-8 yard fur fabric.

To obtain, fill in coupon below, enclose 3d. in stamps, and send to our offices.

CONCESSION PATTERN COUPON

THIS coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at left, fill in the coupon and post it, WITH 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. AN EXTRA CHARGE OF THREEPENCE WILL BE MADE FOR PATTERNS OVER ONE MONTH OLD.

ADLAIDE—Box 288A, G.P.O.
BRISBANE—Box 489F, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE—Box 185, G.P.O.
NEWCASTLE—Box 41, G.P.O.
PERTH—Box 491G, G.P.O.
SYDNEY—Box 4269Y, G.P.O. If calling, 168 Castlemaine Street.

Tasmanian readers may obtain patterns by writing to our Melbourne office.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please use address of our office, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name

Address

State

Size

Pattern Coupon, 22/5/37.

All patterns featured in previous issues still available.

PLEASE NOTE!

TO ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should:

- (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters.
- (2) State size required.
- (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child.
- (4) Use box numbers given on concession coupon.
- (5) When sending for concession pattern enclose 3d. stamp.

CHILD'S FROCK

WW1610.—So warm and comfortable for school days. Cut in sizes 4-10 years. Material required: 11 to 21 yards, 36 inches wide, and 3-8 yard contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

DRESSING-GOWN

WW1611.—Warm, comfortable style for winter evenings. Cut in sizes 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required for 36-inch bust: 5 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

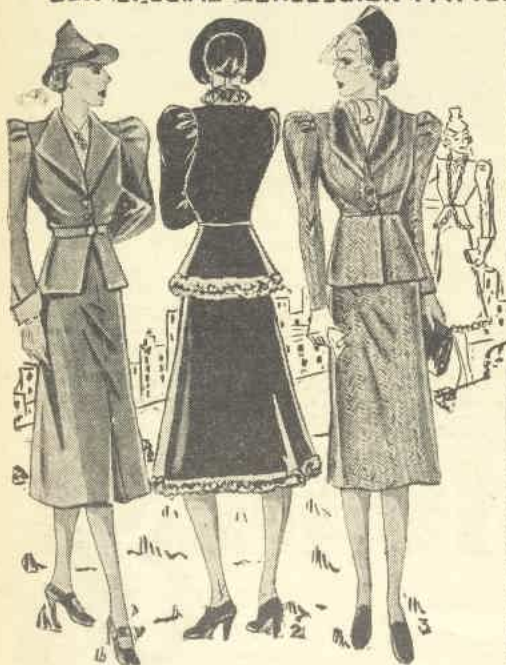
GLAMOROUS GOWN

WW1613.—Tunic gown for evening wear, with all the fullness of the tunic to the back. Bust sizes, 32 to 36 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 6 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WELL-CUT

WW1612.—Useful, well-cut skirt, with inverted pleats and smart pockets. Sizes, 36-inch to 42-inch hips. Material required: 2 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN



ww1611



ww1613



ww1612

KNITTED Jumper BLOUSE

Made in Novel Knot
Pattern in Crepe Wool
with Contrasting
Wool Tie

MATERIALS: 7oz. crepe wool, 1oz. of contrasting wool for the tie, 1 pair of No. 11 needles, 1 button.

Measurements: Bust, 35 inches; length to underarm seam, 13½ inches; sleeve at underarm seam, 54 inches.

Tension: About 7½ stitches and 10 rows to 1 inch.

Abbreviations: K., knit; p., purl; n., nopp or knot.

FRONT

Commence at the lower edge by casting on 118 stitches and work the lower border in k. 2, p. 2 for 2½ inches. In the last row cast on one more stitch so that there are 119 on the needle. Change to pattern as follows:

1st Row (right side of work): * p. 29, n. (this is done as follows: Insert the right needle from left to right into the front of the stitch and draw out a loop, insert the needle from right to left into the back of the same stitch and draw out another loop. Repeat this process until you have 6 new stitches on the needle; then slip them onto the left needle and work them off from behind together with the original stitch). Repeat from *.

2nd Row (wrong side of work): Knit. **3rd Row:** P. 28, * n., p. 1, n., p. 27. Repeat from *. **4th Row:** Same as 2nd row. **5th Row:** P. 27, * n., p. 3, n., p. 25. Repeat from *. **6th Row:** Same as 2nd row. **7th Row:** P. 26, * n., p. 5, n., p. 23. Repeat from *. **8th Row:** Same as 2nd row. **9th Row:** P. 25, * n., p. 7, n., p. 21. Repeat from *. **10th Row:** Same as 2nd row.

11th Row: P. 24, * n., p. 9, n., p. 19. Repeat from *. **12th Row:** Same as 2nd row. **13th Row:** P. 23,



ATTRACTIVE JUMPER-BLOUSE knitted in white wool with a black wool tie. Directions for making are given below.

* n., p. 11, n., p. 17. Repeat from *.

14th Row: Same as 2nd row. **15th Row:** P. 22, * n., p. 1, n., p. 1, n., p. 1, n., p. 1, n., p. 1, n., p. 15. Repeat from *.

16th Row: Same as 2nd row. **17th Row:** Purl. **18th Row:** Same as 2nd row. **19th Row:** Same as 17th row. **20th Row:** Same as 2nd row.

Commencing with the next row the pattern is reversed, as may be seen from the illustration. For the sake of clearness we give the 21st row.

21st Row: P. 14, * n., p. 29, repeat from *. Increase 1 stitch at the beginning and end of the needle.

Work 9 rows.

Repeat last 10 rows until there are 135 stitches.

Work on without further shaping until front measures 13½ inches.

Shape armholes. Cast off 5 stitches at the beginning of the next 4 rows; cast off 3 stitches at the beginning of the next 2 rows.

Work on without further shaping until armhole measures 3 inches.

To make the slit at neck, divide the stitches into two equal parts and work separately.

Cast off 4 stitches at the beginning of the next 2 rows at neck edge; cast off 2 stitches at the beginning of the next 5 rows at neck edge.

When armhole measures 7 inches, shape the shoulders by casting off 6 stitches at armhole edge every alternate row 6 times.

BACK

Work as far as the beginning of the shoulders in the same manner

as the front, except that there is no slit at the neck.

When armhole measures 6½ inches, cast off 6 stitches at the beginning of the next 6 rows. Divide the stitches into two equal parts, and work each one separately.

Cast off 9 stitches at the beginning of the next 2 rows at neck edge; cast off 6 stitches at the beginning of the next 2 rows at armhole edge.

Join wool at neck edge and work other shoulder in the same way.

SLEEVE

Cast on 78 stitches. Knit into the back of each stitch and work in pattern. Increase 1 stitch each end of the needle in the 16th row and every alternate row, until there are 118 stitches. When sleeve measures 5½ inches, shape top. Cast off 3 stitches at the beginning of the next 6 rows, decrease 1 stitch at the beginning of the next 28 rows, cast off 2 stitches at the beginning of the next 6 rows.

Cast off the remaining stitches. **COLLAR:** Cast on 128 stitches, which should measure 16½ inches, and work 28 rows (2½ inches) in k. 2, p. 2. Narrow by 1 stitch on each side of every 3rd row.

TIE: It is knit with contrasting wool. Cast on 9 stitches and work in k. 1, p. 1 until it measures 39½ inches.

TO MAKE UP: Dampen all the pieces, pin them out to measurements and allow them to dry thus. Release them and sew up seams. The slit at the neck is fastened with a button and loop.

If You Love Beautiful Stockings You'll Love HOLEPROOF SHEERS

You'll be thrilled with them . . . they are a subtle compliment to lovely legs . . . the stockings you have dreamed of . . . Come on, you lovers of good things. Join the ranks of the millions who say they look grand . . . feel grand . . . they are grand! HOLEPROOF SHEERS are as clear as a cloudless sky and as transparent as moonbeams. They're marvellous!—This variety of plums from the hosiery fashion tree . . . and yours for the picking.

BLACK MAGIC—The gloriously bewitching chiffon—25% sheerer and 100% lovelier—to wear for your more glamorous moments.

GAY DECEIVER—gay, alluring aristocrat, with cunningly concealed long-wearing features—correct to wear at any tick of the clock.

SHEER LOVELINESS—Australia's best long-wearing sheer—just right if you are hard on hosiery.

Then there's **ALL-IN-ONE**, a luxury sheer crinkly crepe with two-way stretch that gives knee action, and twice the wear of ordinary sheers.

Of course, all are manufactured under genuine Ringlen Patent.

If you prefer service sheers, ask for **JOY**—the famous happy medium weight. Rich silk from top to toe, it "just wears forever"

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY
The Loveliest in the World

CALL AT THE CHEMISTS, JOAN, AND ASK HIM WHAT HE CAN DO ABOUT YOUR BLOTCHY SKIN.

THE CHEMIST ADVISED REXONA

—and with good reason—Rexona Soap's medicated lather cleanses deep down into the pores where waste matter accumulates causing muddy skin, blackheads, unsightly blemishes. By thoroughly cleansing the skin from all impurities, by soothing and by protecting against germs—Rexona will quickly bring your skin back to clear, glowing health. For blemishes that persist—use Rexona Ointment together with Rexona Soap and even the most painful irritations will be promptly relieved. The Rapid Healer destroys germs, heals quickly the tissues already affected, and leaves your skin smooth and healthy.

REXONA HAS WORKED WONDERS. YOUR SKIN IS BEAUTIFULLY CLEAR ALREADY.

Rexona
Soap, 9½ Tablet. Ointment, 1.6 Tin.
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Help Kidneys

Don't Take Drastic Drugs

Your kidneys have nine million tiny tubes or filters which are endangered by neglect or drastic irritating drugs. Beware! If kidney trouble or bladder weakness makes you suffer from Getting Up Night, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Disinclination, Burning, Itching, Smarting, Acidity or Loss of Vigour, don't delay. Try the Doctor's new discovery called Cyster (Blue-tek). Soothes, tones, cleanses and builds sick kidneys. Starts work in 15 minutes. Brings new health, youth and vitality in 48 hours. Cyster costs little and is guaranteed to end your troubles in 1 day or money back. At all chemists.

New Garments for Old

WHEN old jumpers, cardigans, scarves and other garments have outlived their usefulness, don't discard them. Unravel the knitting or crochet work and wind the wool into a skein—not a ball.

Dip the skein into hot water, give it a quick shake, and hang to dry in the open air.

Now you have some useful skeins of wool ready to be reknitted into all sorts of odds and ends.

A frock for a tiny tot, for instance, is quickly and easily made.

For an 18-inch frock, use a pair of knitting needles size 8 and cast on 80 stitches. Knit in stocking-stitch (one row plain, the next purl) until you have done 9 inches. This is the bodice part. Increase by knitting twice into every other stitch, which should make a total of 120 stitches.

Change from stocking to garter-stitch (every row plain) and con-

tinue until you have done 9 inches. Cast off loosely. This makes a little skirt.

Knit another piece exactly the same. Place the two together and sew up the sides, leaving 3 inches for sleeves and shoulders. To join the shoulders you could crochet with another color wool an inch on top of front and back, leaving sufficient space in centre for the neck. The neck can be trimmed with angora wool.

For the sleeves, cast on 50 stitches. Knit one row plain, next row 2 into every other stitch, next 2½ inches in garter-stitch. Next row knit 2, knit 2 together to end. Next 8 rows, garter-stitch, casting off 3 stitches at beginning of each. Cast off the remainder.

Press parts well with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up sleeves and sew into dress. Press all seams on wrong side.

The Protection You Want
at Lowest Price

MODESS

Modess is the finest Sanitary Napkin made. Softer . . . Safer . . . Yet costs you less.

Product of Johnson & Johnson—World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings.

PRICE THROUGHOUT WEST AUSTR. 1/2.

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SILVO

The kindly care your Silver should have is provided by this safe, gentle polish. Silvo is so considerate of the lovely surface... keeping it radiant through the years.



Only the best is good enough for your Silver. That is why SILVO, which contains no mercury or acid should be entrusted with its care and keeping.

SILVO

LIQUID SILVER POLISH

Made in Australia by the
Makers of Rockitt's Balm

"So that's what causes CONSTIPATION"

There is nothing mysterious about the reason why some people suffer from constipation and others don't. It all depends upon the proper working of the muscles of the intestines—and that depends upon their supply of Vitamins.

So deficient is modern diet in Vitamins that doctors tell you that, to remain fit, you need an additional 200 units of Vitamin B₁ every day. A tablespoonful of BEMAX supplies you with this.

Do not be lulled into a false sense of security by statements that this or that food contains an "adequate" supply of Vitamin B₁; the actual quantities vary enormously. For example, Wholemeal Bread and "Malt" Foods contain only 10 units of Vitamin B₁ per ounce, Bran and Milk only 12 units, whereas BEMAX contains no less than 400 units.

Be on the safe side, then, and take BEMAX regularly. It is definitely the safest and most agreeable way of obtaining the extra Vitamins your system needs.

You're bound to benefit from

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THE HIGHEST NATURAL VITAMIN TONIC FOOD

From Chemists and Stores.
3/6 a tin—a month's supply for an adult

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS GUEST TOWEL BEAUTY

Exquisite
cutwork transforms
these homely articles
into things of joy...

THREE new and exclusive designs, the daffodil, the apple, and the iris, created specially for working in cutwork, are responsible for turning humble guest towels into fine linens that would be the joy of any bride.

These towels are obtainable all ready stamped with the lovely designs for working from our Needlework Department.

The price of these towels, size 15 by 24 inches, stamped with daffodil, apple, or iris design, on white or cream linen, or on blue, green, or lemon silk huckaback, is 2/3 each, from our Needlework Department.

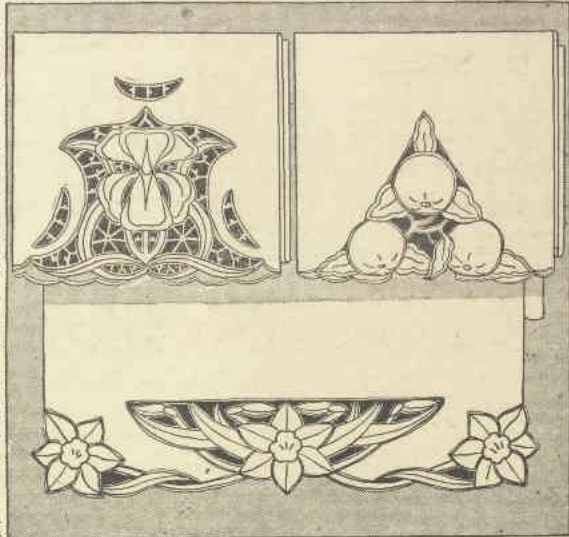
EMBROIDERY

DAFFODIL DESIGN.—Work a running stitch around the outlines of leaves and flowers and buds, and then buttonhole over this. The veins of the leaves and petals may be stem-stitched, or worked with a darning thread. Outline the trumpet of the daffodil in buttonholing, with stem-stitched stamens. The stems are worked in a double row of buttonholing.

Buttonhole the scallops, then when work is completed press on wrong side with a hot iron and damp cloth.

Cut away material with sharp scissors.

APPLE DESIGN.—Green silk huckaback is suggested for this beautiful cutwork apple design. Work in two shades of green with light brown. Work the leaves in



THESE GUEST TOWELS, adorned with exquisite cutwork, would be the pride of any housewife. The towels in linen or colored silk huckaback are obtainable stamped ready for working.

dark green buttonholing; veins with stem-stitching. Then with light green stranded cotton, buttonhole around the apples.

Satin-stitch the lines radiating from it in light brown. Work the twigs supporting the fruit and leaves in two rows of buttonholing in light brown, with the two rows of stitching meeting, so that no green material shows through.

Work the scallops in the same green as the leaves. When the stitching is completed, iron on the wrong side with a hot iron and

damp cloth, then cut away the material.

IRIS DESIGN.—Pad the edges of the design, leaves, and flowers with lines of running stitches; buttonhole over this.

Satin-stitch the veins of the flowers, and work the stems of the leaves in stem-stitch. The bars are buttonholed over three threads. The stems are worked in two rows of buttonholing. When the stitching is completed, iron on the wrong side with a hot iron and damp cloth, and then cut away the material.

ADORABLE Baby WEAR



HERE is a perfectly charming set of tiny garments for baby—frock, coat, coatee, petticoat and bonnet.

An extra touch of daintiness is added by the pretty little touches of embroidery done in delicate pastel shades.

Paper pattern for the four articles in infants' sizes to 18 months, together with complete instructions for cutting and making, may be obtained from our Needlework Department for 9d. each, or for 2/6 the complete set of four garments.

The transfer No. 312, a large sheet containing the floral motifs ready to be cut out and stamped just where you desire on the tiny garments, is priced at 1/-, from our Needlework Department, Australian Women's Weekly, 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. (Interstate postal addresses on pattern page.)

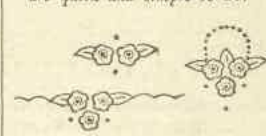
Fine voile, muslin, crepe-de-chine, georgette or other suitable fabric is suggested for making the baby wear, while the embroidery could be done in pale blue or pink with touches of pale green if liked.

The edges may be finished, as in the case of the petticoat, with fine lace; the frock with dainty scalloping; the coatee with a self-toned binding; and the coat with an ordinary hem.



Larola
A. Chemist and Stores
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M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENG.

THIS DELIGHTFUL set of baby wear is embroidered with dainty floral motifs in pastel colors which are quick and simple to do.



A CLOSE-UP of the floral motifs obtainable in transfer form.

Brasso

METAL POLISH

The easiest way to keep Brass and Copper bright is to use Brasso regularly. Remember, Brasso for speed and economy.

A. Reckitt's Product.



WHO IS THIS 9TH WOMAN?



...and how

is she easy to identify?

Most people know at least one girl who never has "quiet" spells—who never breaks engagements—who never declines dances, parties or games (unless she wants to) and whose spirits never seem to droop during even the hardest day's work.

She is apt to be that "ninth" woman who uses Myzone... that intelligent girl who never allows the charms of her femininity to be dimmed by needless suffering! She is always poised—masterful of herself—confident of her vivacious smartness—bright-eyed and alert.

For Myzone's amazing new anti-spasmic active compound spaces all that pain so often suffered by many women! Yes, even when distress and headache is most severe, or prolonged, two tablets with a cup of tea (or drink of water) brings complete relief in 7 minutes!

Specialists say this is now the most harmless, swift and certain way to relieve pain—and stay relieved—without "doping" after-effects. Get a box to-day, 2/- at every chemist. Try it on your very next headache!



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with transparent South Sea red, as the tropic enchantress does!



Makes lips moistly soft... gives them new youthfulness

Pasteless, transparent, highly indelible colour for lips... instead of pasty coating. That's TATTOO! Put it on like lipstick... let it set a moment... then wipe it off, leaving nothing on your lips but clear, lustrous South Sea red that only time can remove... and that will give your lips a touch-thrilling softness, smoothness and moistness they have never had before. Five tempting shades... each attuned to the spirit of reckless adventure! Make your choice at the Tattoo Colour Selector by testing all five on your own skin... at your favorite store.

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Send 1/- for Introductory size, starting shade desired, to the Australian Agents: Downard & Co., 126 Flinders Lane, Melbourne, C. L.

TATTOO
South Sea Colour for Lips

You have NO EXCUSE for being SO THIN

Replenish your Blood: you will gain in weight, in health, in beauty.

All thin women, all thin men too, whatever their age, can regain their proper weight rapidly, and become strong and well, by taking a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

At the root of this trouble of being "too thin" is anemia, which means a scarcity of red corpuscles in your blood.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, because of the vital elements they supply to your blood, help to create new red corpuscles of full health. Your blood, now rich and red, carries new life to every part of your system: your body develops firm, supple flesh without adding ugly fat, you gain in weight, and with your health renewed you feel well (and are well).

Try a course now of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and notice the surprising change for the better in you within a few weeks.

All chemists and stores sell these pills. Price 2/- a bottle.

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies free if 3d. sent for postage in Stamp. "A." Mrs. Currier, 40 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.

"I've had this two years," said Mimi.
"You look pretty in it, nevertheless," said her father. "With that burning bush of yours." He reflected for another space. "Family calmed down yet—about your coming in?"

Mimi said, "Granny still tears her hair. Mother has dropped the subject."

"Your grandmother," said Swift with an appreciative grin, "could never bear to be outsmarted. Your mother—" He stopped.

"Mother can take it," said Mimi briefly.

"Kids are hard to-day!" said Swift. "I'll bet you give Mes a tough time of it."

"We're no harder than we have to be," said Mimi, "to get what we want after our elders and betters have finished messing it up for us."

Swift said, "Youth's always been hard, of course. It's only that to-day you've left off the romantic pretence of being anything else. Out in the open—that's where you are—with a knife instead of a rose between your teeth."

Mimi looked at him and laughed, insolent but suddenly sweet. "If you love me as I love you," she pointed out to him, "no knife can cut our love in two."

"Bless you!" said Swift. He added thoughtfully, "I'll have a drink on that, if I may."

"Darling, it's your Scotch," said Mimi.

He rose and wandered over to the table where the typewriter stood, accompanied now by a siphon, a bottle of whisky, and cracked ice in a small green bowl. "This," he mused, "is very pleasant. I can remember the time when your grandmother raised unshirred Sheol because I called one evening when I was the merest touch—the merest touch, mind you—"

"Cockeyed?" said Mimi, interested.

"Well, so to speak," said her father. "You say that you won't have anything at all?"

Mimi shook her head.

"That's another curious thing," said her father. "Kids don't seem to be wearing vine leaves in the hair any more. Now, in my day

He strolled back to his chair, let himself down into it with a comfortable sigh, set his glass on the floor beside him, and reached for a cigarette.

Mimi had been looking at her watch. She said abruptly:

"Look, angel—I've got a date at five. I'm going to have to throw you out in ten minutes."

"WELL, upon my word," said Swift. He threw back his head and laughed. "Being a father to you, Mimi, is a liberal education in the manners of the day. Who is this dark unknown?" His look had changed subtly. Sharpened a trifle, but he still smiled.

Mimi looked at him out of her curious eyes, hung fire a moment in reluctant silence, then answered him honestly: "Alan Wythe." She made no further offer of enlightenment.

"H'm-m," said Swift. After a moment he commented impersonally, "Married the Dent girl from your mother's house this summer, didn't he? That the one you mean?"

"That's the one," said Mimi.

"Expecting his wife as well?" her father asked.

"I am not."

"You interest me," said Swift. "Are you in the habit of seeing him here—alone—if I may ask?"

"He's been back only a few days and he's never been here before." Mimi's eyes began to burn. "Do I have to answer any more questions about my personal affairs?"

"Well, good heavens, girl," said her father, deeply exasperated, "don't you realise what a fool thing you're doing?"

"I know what I'm doing."

"He's a married man. A newly married man, at that. First thing you know you'll be up to your neck in a nasty scandal."

"You don't understand," said Mimi. "I wouldn't expect mother to understand, but I thought that I could count on you. I thought that at least you would trust me." She looked at her wrist watch again.

THE Four MARYS

Continued from Page 6

He put out his cigarette in an ash-tray with a quick, angry gesture. "Is that why you wanted this place?"

"Dad!" she cried out with an anger no less fierce than his own. "That's a rotten thing for you to say! I wanted to get away sometimes—that was all I got so sick of things at home. Granny always-beefing about what I spend—always snooping. Mother—"

She stopped, shut her teeth. She had been going to say something about her mother and Brook Avery. She choked it back in defiant and bitter silence.

"All right," said Swift, suddenly controlled and quiet. "I'll take your word for it. You say you know what you're doing. I won't question it further. But you watch your step—that's all. I'm no Puritan, but I don't want you mixed up in any divorce case. Get me?"

"I get you," said Mimi. "I've got some sense of my own." She added stubbornly.

"Then see you show it!" said her father. He kissed the top of her head and slapped her cheek gently.

It was ten minutes after her father had left when Alan rang the doorbell.

She let him in with a light word and a smile. "Hello! Is it five already?"

"Something of the sort," said Alan.

There was a strained wordless moment when he seemed about to kiss her and she drew back.

"Come and sit down," she said.

He dropped his hat on a chair. She went over to the window and pushed the curtains back as far as they would go. "Have a look. It's rather swell this time of day."

"That the same old blue garment?" said Alan, not looking at lights in tall buildings against a sky waning into darkness.

"Remember it, do you?" said Mimi. She leaned against the side of the window, gazing out at the view which he ignored.

Alan said, "If you don't want to see me, why did you tell me to come?" He took out his cigarette case and put it back unopened. His dark eyes were restless and moody. "When I telephoned, you said I could come, didn't you? You said you'd be in at five. Well, here I am. And there you are, looking as if you'd let in a peddler by mistake."

"I didn't mean to be like that," said Mimi.

She turned to look at him full. Her own mother would not have known her. The vulnerable young sweetness of her unsteady smile.

"I'm glad to see you—you know I am. It's just that—"

"I'm married now and it makes me a different person, is that it?" said Alan. "If you think so you're crazy." He put his hand on her arm.

She moved free of his touch abruptly; went over and sat on the arm of the chair in which her father had been sitting. She might almost have been seeking some sort of reinforcement there.

"Why did you want to come?" she said.

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HINDS
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Sooner!



For 61 years Hinds has been fairy-godmother to hands that must work by day, yet look lovely at night. Just a touch of this rich, creamy lotion smooths away all trace of roughness and redness caused by housework or weathering. Let Hinds work its magic for you. Its deep-soothing ingredients go in quickly, soften and enrich the skin immediately—without the least trace of stickiness.

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When fatigue gets you down, you can always rely on Tea to pick you up—its gentle stimulation never fails. Tea quickly lifts vitality, restoring your energy, raising your spirits—giving you a fresh start. And Tea is the safe vitaliser. Its benefits are lasting, are never followed by depressing after-effects. You can't drink too much Tea. At any time of day or night, whenever you feel your energy lagging, you can safely let Tea revive you.

ALWAYS MAKE TEA THIS WAY.

1. SELECT A GOOD QUALITY TEA.
2. Boil fresh water.
3. Warm clean teapot.
4. Put in one teaspoon of tea for each person and an extra one for the pot.
5. The moment the water boils, pour it on the tea.
6. Let the tea brew for 5 minutes.

ISSUED BY THE TEA MARKET EXPANSION BUREAU

WT-43



"Constipation is his trouble, or I'm much mistaken."

A healthy boy should be full of fun, skylarking with the others; but when I see a child moping alone I know that what is wanted is 'California Syrup of Figs' to put the stomach right and cleanse the system.

Give children a weekly dose of 'California Syrup of Figs'—'Calfig'—and you'll never have this trouble with them. It keeps them regular and healthy, and then they're bound to be happy.

Safe? You're wise to ask that. Some mothers are too ready to experiment with cheap and drastic preparations, not realising the danger. Take my advice and give the children 'California Syrup of Figs.' Doctors recommend it and give it to their own children. We Nurses swear by it.

Send to the chemist and get a bottle. Give Bobby a dose to-night and he'll be fit as a fiddle in the morning. Wait till you taste 'California Syrup of Figs,' Bobby. It's simply delicious.

'California Syrup of Figs' is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 or 2/3 the quantity for 2/10. Be sure to say 'California' and look for 'Calfig' on the package.

'California Syrup of Figs'

NATURE'S OWN LAXATIVE

THE Four MARYS

Continued from Page 49

"WHY did you let me?" he countered. He came and stood before her with his hands thrust deep in his trousers pockets, staring down at the top of her shining head. "You hadn't forgotten—that's why," he said. "You can't—well, neither can I." He turned jerkily away from her. "Serves us both right, I suppose, for a couple of bad-tempered fools."

Mimi said, "You knew I had a rotten temper, but you knew it didn't last. You might have given me time to snap out of it." She locked her hands together hard. "This is why I wanted to see you. I thought if we could only get it all talked out just once—then maybe I could go on to something else."

He wheeled sharply, jealousy blazing up in him. "Somebody else, you mean?"

"Not in a hurry, thank you," said Mimi. "Not such a fool."

He went down on one knee in the chair beside her, brought his eyes to a level with hers. Forced her to meet them. "Mimi," he said, "you did love me, didn't you?"

She answered, starkly honest. "You know I did. That's why, after that last horrible fight of ours, I went away—we were getting so we fought all the time. I thought that when I came back we'd both have had a chance to cool off. It might be different... it was." She managed a laugh, not a very good one, but at least enough to keep her pride alive. "Your engagement was in the 'Times' the morning I got home. Lucky nobody had ever known about us. Your announcement hit me in the

face first thing when I opened the paper."

"Darling Mimi!" He put his arm about her with a groan. "I swear to heaven, I wouldn't have had it that way."

For one tormented moment she dropped her head on his shoulder with a strangled sob. "I know. Things just happen, I guess. I don't blame anybody but myself, really."

When he stooped to kiss her, she tore herself away.

"No—I didn't let you come here for that." She went back to the window, doggedly wiping her eyes with the tips of her fingers. "I just want to get everything straight between us."

WHEN he followed and stood beside her she faced him with the agonised simplicity of a child who has been unjustly punished and wants only to know why. "You did love me, didn't you, Alan? We did have the sweetest thing in the world, and we lost it. It's all over now—that's understood. But we did have it once. You did love me?"

He began to answer her, but she had seen tears come into his eyes



"I call him Debtor because he runs away when I call."

before he could speak. She put her hand up over his mouth. "It's all right. That's all I wanted to know."

He kissed her palm almost humbly. "There's only one Mimi," "Shut up," said Mimi. "The books are closed."

They sat on the couch for a while, saying nothing, then hesitantly drifted into talk of inconsequential things. They had always been natural intimates. Sensing each other's moods, amusing and interesting each other without trying.

When it was almost six, Mimi sent him home. "You'll be late for dinner or something. Tell Elizabeth you were here."

At the door he stood looking around the room, reluctant to go. Mimi had lit the lamp on the stand beside the couch. The place had a half-shadowy, friendly look. "I'm coming again," he said.

"I don't know," said Mimi slowly. She was so happy—after months of torturing unhappiness—to have, as she had said, things straightened out between them. . . . What possible harm could there be?

While she hesitated, Alan said, "Next time I'll bring you a gadget I got for you in Venice. Nothing much. Just a little bunch of glass flowers to wear on your coat."

He had thought of her in Venice. In spite of herself her heart began to throb heavily. "You watch your step," her father had said. And she had said she could take care of herself. She remembered that. But when Alan, his hand on the door-knob, said, "See you soon," she only looked back at him and could not speak.

Molly was casting up accounts. She sat in her flower-papered, orderly bedroom in the house in Connecticut, before her roomy, rather squat old desk, and shuffled bills and delivery slips between strong tapered fingers which from time to time she stopped to clench and unclench, because nowadays they stiffened if they held a pen too long.

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Stomach Distress and Acidity

NEW TREATMENT ENDS CAUSE

Stomach distress, acidity and constipation are at last being successfully overcome by a new method that is simple, natural and scientific. Specialists now say that acid stomach does not result from just indigestion, for this too, is only a condition arising from a real cause. Stomach acidity is actually due to self-poisoning—i.e., a clogged colon. That is why "stomach medicine" fails to give lasting relief. As a result of inactivity of the colon (large intestine), all the food refuse is not passed out of the body. Instead, it accumulates in the colon walls and there ferments and putrefies. Virulent poisons and acids seep into the bloodstream and are thus carried throughout the body, making the whole system acid.

These fermenting, irritating poisons in the colon develop gas and acids which overflow to the stomach and inflame its delicate lining. Food—instead of being digested—"poisons," causing indigestion, bloating, belching, soreness and burning, sickness, heartburn, acidity, ulcers and constipation.

To get rid of stomach acidity for good, you must first cleanse away the fermenting, acid-developing waste from the colon. Ordinary bowel movements cannot do this—the walls of the colon become too weak and sluggish. Opening medicines only purge the lower end of the bowel. So drink warm water and 'COLOSEPTIC' every morning. This cleanses the stomach and colon of all irritating waste, tones up the colon walls, giving them back their full normal action. It corrects all acid conditions in the stomach and bowels, soothes inflamed, irritated tissues and restores the body's alkaline reserve. 'COLOSEPTIC' also activates the action of the kidneys, sweeps out the acids and the lungs—other vital organs which eliminate acids and poisons from the system.

'COLOSEPTIC'—the better intestinal cleanser—builds a new kind of stomach health. It checks self-poisoning, thus enabling your food to nourish you and add fire, flesh and muscle. At all chemists. Individual size, 2/9; economy size, 5/6. FREE SAMPLE.—Send 3d stamps for postage. A liberal Free Trial Sample and interesting literature sent will be sent you—'COLOSEPTIC' (Aust.) Ltd., 38 O'Connell Street, SYDNEY.



Walter's great ambition was to be a jockey. He seemed a strong lad, and the life of a training stable appealed to him. And then somehow things seemed to go against him.



Well, young feller, your father worked for me, and you ought to know one end of a horse from tother. You'll have to rough it with my lads here—but you look tough enough I think you'll do!



BUT—NEXT YEAR
Let go that saddle, you young ass, and let him have his head! What are you afraid of?

Golly! Look at Wally funkling it! And he talked so big when he came.



So you can't take it?

Go home and play with your rocking-horse!



A VISIT FROM WALLY'S FATHER
Look here, Wally—I got you the job with Mr. Joseph, and now he says you're slacking. And you can't stand up to the other lads! I've a good mind to...

Don't slate the kid, Alf! Praps it ain't his fault. He's crazy on horses—but he's not done growing yet. I was a bit weedy myself at his age.



I'm going to try Wally on that Horlick's I read about...

Well, he certainly needs something.



6 MONTHS LATER
The lad's got a good seat now, and a nice pair of hands. Got his nerve back, too—he's been badgering me to give him another try-out over the jumps. We'll make a jockey of him yet!

He's picked up a lot lately. Sic

WHEN your boy tackles the serious business of fighting his way into a man's job, there's an extra strain thrown on him before he's done growing. At that critical time, he will certainly need extra nourishment.

A cup of Horlick's every night will give him the extra energy he needs in his new sphere, and keep him fit and up to the mark. He'll like it. It's economical, too—just add water—the milk is in it. Prices from 1/6—economy size, 2/9. Also the Horlick's Mixer, 1/6.

★ SPECIAL OFFER! — 1 lb. tin Horlick's — Mixer — Measuring Spoon — all for 2/6.

HORLICK'S GUARDS AGAINST

THIS MEANS YOU SLEEP SOUNDLY, WAKE REFRESHED, AND HAVE EXTRA ENERGY ALL DAY.

NIGHT-STARVATION

WHAT A DIFFERENCE a good night's sleep makes

NATURE'S supreme gift of peaceful sleep is not appreciated until it is taken from us. Innumerable broken rest and tiring wakefulness plays havoc with nerves and the entire system. Sleeplessness arises from a disturbed condition of the nerve centres. Until those centres are soothed and relaxed sleeplessness will continue.

NYAL ESTERIN ensures health-giving sleep, because it acts directly on those centres. NYAL ESTERIN does not drug the system. Soothing in its action, the wonderful new relative, the re-educator of NYAL ESTERIN (Esterin Compound) brings immediate rest to excited nerves, takes away pain and enables you to find natural sleep and rest.

All chemists sell Nyal Esterin in handy, flat tins of 24 tablets at 1/3d. Or in the new large size of 500 tablets at 2/- per bottle.

FREE SAMPLE OFFER

For this coupon for FREE SAMPLE of Esterin to the Nyal Company, 413B, Gt. Rd., Sydney, N.S.W.
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ADDRESS _____ W.W. 22.5.37

Recipe to Darken Grey Hair

Sydney Hairdresser Tells How to Make Remedy for Grey Hair

Mr. Len Jeffrey, of Waverley, a hairdresser for more than twenty years, recently disclosed the following:—Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair without use of 'brute' dyes and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Glycerin Compound, and 1/4 oz. Glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. The colour made is a grey-brown, and does not wash out. It does not discolour the scalp; is not sticky or greasy; does not rub off, and cannot affect waving of hair.

THE MOVIE WORLD

May 22, 1937.

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

Calling Australia!

Moviedom News As It Happens

By JOHN B. DAVIES and JUDY BAILEY
from Hollywood and London

Coronation Contingent

A BOUQUET from one of the prettiest girls on the staff at Elstree for the Australian Coronation contingent, who visited the studio:

"I've seen most of our famous movie stars here," she told me, excitedly, "but none of them is as handsome as your Australian

When East Meets West End

• The most dazzled young man in England at present is Sabu, a 13-year-old Indian boy who spent his youth in the elephant stables of the Maharaja of Mysore. Now he lives in a modern London flat and earns a three-figure salary.

Robert Flaherty chose him for the name part of "The Elephant Boy," which took two years to make in India. Sabu has absorbed Western ways like a piece of enthusiastic blotting paper.

men. All the girls were dumb with admiration.

"Are they likely to be offered screen contracts? I hope not. It might spoil them."

The men also met Bertha Belmore, who keeps a warm corner in her heart for all Australians since she appeared on the Australian stage.

As none of the men had been in a film studio before, the Australians were completely spellbound, especially by the bevy of lovelies on the set for "Radio Revue of 1937."

Wedding Party

THROUGHOUT the year the Basil Rathbones have a series of small dinner parties, and once annually a super-colossal affair with hundreds of guests, etc.

This year, to celebrate their wedding anniversary, Basil and Ouida are taking over one of Hollywood's most exclusive restaurants, the Victor Hugo, having it redecorated, and will entertain several hundred friends at a huge wedding party.

All the guests must wear bridal costumes of some period in history and the little movie stars are just too excited. Even some of those who have been married several times will be wearing really fancy wedding gowns for the first time—for most of them elope by plane in an old dress and coat or a practical suit.

Daring Kouka

PRINCESS KOUKA, exotic Sudanese beauty who plays opposite Paul Robeson in "Jericho," is feeling very daring and immodest. She has abandoned the colorful native draperies which startled London when she first arrived, and is wearing English tweeds, which expose her ankles.

Because of her daring behaviour, the Princess fears her father's wrath, and carries an amulet containing verses of the Koran to keep away the evil eye.

She does not explain whether the evil eye is or is not her father's, but she's taking no chances.

GALLERY OF STARS

Greta Garbo

to be seen in "Camille"

Struck Oil!

ANN DVORAK has struck oil. The golden fluid has been discovered right under the garden of her home in San Fernando Valley.

But she and her husband, Leslie Fenton, have decided not to set up any derricks until autumn, when their flowers will die, anyway.

Jewellery Fads

THE most exciting piece of jewellery of recent acquisition in Hollywood is Dolores Del Rio's ring. With a setting 2½ inches deep, it is ornamented with six tiny bells which tinkle prettily as she walks. It is a replica of the ring worn by the last Aztec emperor.

While on the subject of jewels, they are not confined to humans alone in Hollywood. Suzanne Kaaren's wire-haired terrier actually wears earrings.

The dog doesn't seem conscious of his new dignity, but Suzanne sees that the baubles are seen by all.



THE DEADLIEST of Hollywood SINS

Success the One Thing Hard to Forgive

THE deadliest sin of all, in the eyes of Hollywood, is the sin of Success. That, of course, is true of every community. But in Hollywood—where the stakes are so high, the play is so fast and the competition so bitter—it is worse than in most other places. Hollywood will be kind to you when you are down.

That is if you haven't previously been up and tumbled, making Powerful Enemies as you fell! In that case, of course, you are practically quarantined.

BUT if you are young and struggling—or even if you aren't very young and aren't struggling very hard—Hollywood will tolerate you and speak kindly of you and even—sometimes—lend you money with an easy generosity.

If you show any symptoms of achieving success, you find yourself suddenly just frightfully popular. People ask you to dinner and coo at you and send you presents with the most astonishing display of friendly feeling. This, you understand, is just on the chance that, on your way to the top, you may be able, one way or another, to pull some of your friends along with you. The old Hollywood custom of axe-grinding.

But—just try arriving on that top rung and trying to perch there for a while! Just try it! And see what happens to you! And if you think it's worth it!

Objects of Fawning

THERE is nothing that Hollywood resents so much as the person on top. This is more apparent in the case of an actor than in the cases of executives and directors and other people who can do things for their friends. They are still the objects of much fawning. But—ooh! They should hear the things the fawners say about them behind their backs. And if they imagine that there is a single fawner who would not assist promptly and happily in their downfall, then they are pretty naive.

It is the actor who is punished most for succeeding. He isn't in a position to give people jobs. It is important to no one to get along with him. And, boy-oh-boy, what they do to him!

Take Mae West, for instance. She is an intelligent, friendly and most interesting woman. Any other community would have welcomed her with lots of huzzahs. But—she committed the unforgivable sin. She succeeded. And Hollywood draws aside its skirts and shuns her, averting its eyes.

You might ask Robert Taylor some time how Hollywood treats a successful star. Bob knows. Of course, besides committing the sin



ABOVE: Ida Lupino, whose success in Hollywood has made her an object of envy and censure. "I am mad," they say," she told the author of this story.

LEFT: Gene Raymond. They whisper about him, too. Success plus good looks is too much for the film colony to take.

of Success, Bob suffers from the additional disadvantages of being handsome and attractive to women. That makes it pretty bad. Hollywood will forgive a Wallace Beery, a Paul Muni, or a May Robson much, much sooner than it will forgive a Taylor, a Gene Raymond or a Margaret Sullivan.

It is easier, somehow, to overlook the shortcomings of mature and—er—not-so-very decorative people than it is in those of young and romantic ones.

Taylor, being an outstanding example of spectacular success, plus personality, plus romantic appeal, has had more malicious stories circulated about him than almost anyone else. He is a kindly, boyish and quite simple person. I never heard of his boasting or taking his stardom with any pomposity. Yet—Hollywoodians rumble with rage when he is mentioned. The Press goes out of its way to dig up unpleasant stories about him. No one makes any real charges against him. They just call him names.

So I have concluded that his chief sin is that of Success. Charles Chaplin knows. Even after all these years, that lonely little figure with the tragic eyes—he knows how they punish a man for Success!

Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone know. Trying to be simple and decent and to maintain an unostentatious dignity. Trying to be

the course of a recent interview Ida said:

"I don't kid myself. I haven't any real friends in Hollywood. There isn't a soul in this town, outside of my own family and Louis Hayward, who would lift a finger to help me. I know that. As a matter of fact, I have made it a point to find out and think about me. They don't know anything about me really, because I stick so close to home, so they make up lovely fantastic lies."

"Half the nights I spend working at the piano, composing; sometimes with Harry Mann, who is doing my arrangements, more often alone. But the light burns on up here in my house on the hill, so they figure it must be burning at both ends."

"If the reputation of an actress rests on such little things, then I say it's not worth while being an actress. I am 'mad,' they say. I am temperamental and dizzy and disagreeable. Well, let them talk. When I have got what I want; when



I am sure my father and mother and sister are safe and free for the rest of their lives—then I shall pack my bags, go back home to England, write music and songs, say to them 'Good-bye, now kick somebody else around!'"

Daringly outspoken, but true!

Once you have attained the top in Hollywood your simplest actions become open to misinterpretation. Just recently Francis Lederer, who is incidentally one of the most brilliant, the most misunderstood, the most worthwhile and charming men in Hollywood, raised a fine crop of cabbages on his ranch. He was so proud of them. And he sent some of them, all nicely wrapped in paper bags, to his friends and others. And they said to him, "A swell publicity stunt, old man." Francis was bewildered and hurt.

Resentful Company

WISE, wise Garbo and Hepburn, condemning themselves to loneliness and solitude in Hollywood. Refusing to become a part of this resentful company whose vengeance is so swift and so thorough.

The consequence of all this, of course, is that once an actor attains success he is forced to withdraw, and to become aloof. Then they say he is snooty and high-hat. But he just has to put up with that. It is a lot better than letting them get at him!

It is no accident that they become shy in direct ratio to their success. It is no accident that Important People seek other Important People for their friends. They are pariahs, getting together to shiver in concert.

The Ronald Colman-William Powell combination. The Astaire-Scott friendship. The inevitable foursome of Taylor, Stanwyck, Crawford and Tone. All these people have endured success in Hollywood.

Hollywood says that John Barrymore doesn't bathe very often. It reports wild stories of the diodes he performs. It rarely discusses the performances he gives . . .

Oh, well—he is just another poor sinner.

By GRACE ARMOUR

two married people, pursuing their separate, and yet allied, careers. Surrounded by prying eyes and gossiping tongues. Forced to deny, over and over, that they are about to separate. Beseet by a watchful, envious and resentful throng, waiting for the slightest opportunity to tear down all that they are carefully building.

Ida Lupino knows. This talented young English girl, who is fast nearing the upper rungs of the ladder, is nothing if not frank. In

AND NOW the STARS GO SOCIAL

Blueblood Titles Stir Movie Great

HOLLYWOOD has gone social!

I should have wakened up to it long ago, but I've been so busy mixing with the common herd, hobnobbing at Carole Lombard's crazy parties, trying to catch Garbo off her guard, and stalking the latest romances in this non-stop town.

Perhaps it's a passing fad, a new pursuit to take the place of roller skating, golf, or polo, but whatever it is this crazy town has been severely bitten by the social bug.

Wherever you turn these days it is to come face to face with a title or less.

ALL the best people in Hollywood are digging up their family trees to see if there isn't at least an earl, a duke, or something hiding among the roots.

Of course the film folk always were a lot of social lionesses and title hunters. Time was when a mere knight or baron was not sufficient to satisfy the glamorous beauties of cinema land.

Pola Negri and Mae Murray set a rather stiff precedent by marrying off to the Princes

via the divorce courts. Hank, as he is familiarly known around the town, was not on the outer for very long. Connie Bennett, having discarded Phil Plant, immediately pounced on the Marquis and made him her own.

In the meantime Mary Pickford, self-appointed Queen of Hollywood, finding herself unable, because of the fact that she already possessed a better half, to annex a legitimate title for herself, adopted the next best measure by throwing open her home to the elite of the world who visited the film city. Mary can claim to have entertained everybody of note who has ever come to town, ranging from Royalty right down the social ladder. One of her greatest

★ EVEN Hollywood can't resist a title. If you don't believe it, read this story.

By MARY OLIVIER



ABOVE: Connie Bennett—to you. But in private life she is Madame la Marquise de Falaise de la Coudraye. Certainly a title by marriage, but who cares about that?

LEFT: George Raft. No beauty ebbs and flows for him. As soon as his divorce is through he weds socialite Virginia Pine.



SOCIETY invaded Hollywood with a vengeance when Rosalind Russell took to acting. She is a Connecticut Russell—a family terribly social and dripping with riches.

Serge and David Mdivani respectively, bringing them back to Hollywood with a triumphant flourish to flaunt their spoils proudly before the envious eyes of their sister stars.

Not to be outdone by Pola and Mae, who, at the time, were bitter rivals, Gloria Swanson went out and netted herself the Marquis Henri de Falaise de la Coudraye. Whether the Marquis was too much of a handful or his title too much of a mouthful, you and I will never know, but Gloria eventually dispensed with the company of the handsome fellow,

friends was, and still is, the Countess Dorothy Di Frasso, the lady of whom Gary Cooper was once said to have been enamored.

Among some of the noted people Mary and other stars have entertained of recent years are the Prince and Princess of Siam, President Roosevelt, Countess de Maigret, Princess Vasil Romanoff, Lady Castelrope, Lady Guernsey and Lady Mendi, who startled the natives at a special party thrown for her by Sam Goldwyn by appearing with green hair just by way of matching the emerald-encrusted accessories she wore.

These people were satisfied to come, look, play a little, and depart the better or worse for having had a glimpse of life on the other side of the screen. There were others, however, who were a little more

ambitious. Daughters of wealth, bored with the daisy social round and the superficial members of their own set, saw in Hollywood a new toy, and in picture-making a fresh and interesting game to play.

They Bought In

It was somewhere around this time that the depression hit the world in general and Hollywood in particular. Big companies, with the rocks looming ahead, invited investment by some of the local millionaires. And with the new money came new faces. Big bankers and wealthy meat merchants with daughter, pretty and otherwise, offered their financial assistance with their spoiled offspring thrown in, and the studios became inundated with young hopefuls with

nothing to commend them except father's bank-roll. In many cases the producers just had to take it and like it.

Fortunately for our entertainment it didn't last long. When the novelty had worn off, the girls packed their bags and went for another world cruise or something. A case in point was that of Doris Duke Cromwell, who has a bare 30,000,000 dollars to her name. Doris tried her fist at pictures, found she looked a fright on the screen, decided she could not face the catty remarks of her friends who might see her thus, and went on her way.

Counts and Others

ANOTHER social celebrity, Elizabeth Young, had a little more success. Elizabeth, who is a wealthy New York debutante, and very pretty at that, made a couple of brief appearances, didn't catch on with the public, and slipped out of Hollywood about half as quietly as she entered.

After about twelve months of social gate-crashing, Hollywood settled down to normal again and, seemingly, was content to let the big wigs go merrily along their own gold-lined paths, until recently, when up cropped the aristocracy once more, rearing their blue-blooded heads. So Hollywood has gone a-hunting again!

Somebody discovered that Tullio Carminati, who has been hanging around the studios jobless for years, is a real live count—his full name and title Count Tullio Carminati de Brambilla, of Dalmatia, if you please—and hey, presto, Tullio found himself the possessor of a nice fat contract and a long list of friends.

Then Fred Astaire, with a certain amount of his sister's reflected glory shining halo-like around his head, burst upon Hollywood anew (he tried, unsuccessfully, to break into movies some time ago), and was at once the big sensation. Fred now moves in the best of cinema circles, helped considerably by the rumor that Adele Astaire, now Lady Cavendish, may come over to make a picture soon.

Note also the sudden rise to social popularity of Sir Nigel Bruce, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, and the late Sir Guy Standing. Great actors, all of them, but greater still because of their illustrious titles.

Not content with a few knights about the place, one company has gone a step further and under the romantic pseudonym of Michael Brooke smiles none other than the youthful, handsome Earl of Warwick, no less.

We always knew, of course, that Elissa Landi is the daughter of the Countess Zanardi-Landi, of Venice, Italy; that Rosalind Russell is one of the Connecticut Russells, terribly social and frightfully wealthy; that Douglas Fairbanks is now one up on his fellow actors after acquiring, for his wife Lady Sylvia Ashley, that our own Joanie Crawford carried off a prize by marrying into the very tony Tone family.

But we were completely shaken off our social register when Henry Fonda and Randolph Scott hopped off recently and drew a couple of pints of blue blood for themselves. "Randy," as no doubt you know, married the former Mrs. Marion Du Pont Somerville, heiress to the Du Pont millions, and owner of one of the country's biggest racing stables. What Mrs. Scott lacks in beauty she makes up for in cash and social prestige, so who is "Randy" to worry?

American Socialites

HENRY FONDA fared somewhat better by winning the former Mrs. Frances Brokaw, who not only has more money than she can use, and mixes with the naicest people, but is a good-looker as well.

Hal Rosson, Jean Harlow's camera-grinding ex., won his place in "Who's Who" by marrying Mrs. Yvonne Crellin, Paris and Beverley Hills socialite; and George Raft is only waiting for the shackles of a previous marriage to be removed before he weds lovely Virginia Pine, who has been faithfully waiting for him these many moons. Virginia is one of New York's richest girls.

HERE'S Hot News FROM All the STUDIOS!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, BARBARA BOURCHIER, and JUDY BAILEY, Our New York, Hollywood, and London Representatives

JOHN BARRYMORE'S latest problems are not of the romantic type. He is back in court, this time seeking a debtor's extension of time to meet his financial obligations.

The former great lover of the screen owes about £35,000. The debts consist chiefly of alimony due to his former wife, Dolores Costello, and Government taxes.

Barrymore reports that his bills have piled up ahead of his earnings.

There is a mortgage of £200 on his yacht, the *Infanta*.

THE Screen Actors' Guild has given birth to an idea that may do a lot towards curbing the menace of rushing mobs of autograph hounds who besiege the stars whenever they appear in public. The system will be to charge a shilling each for the desired signatures, proceeds to go towards building a home for aged and disabled members of the acting profession.

So there could be no suspicion of monkey business, the Guild would issue books of stamps worth a bob each, to be sold at news stands and other spots. The autograph seekers would buy the books and affix a stamp to the letter requesting an autograph or to a page in an album. Stars would agree to grant autographs to all who presented the sheet with the stamp, and to refuse otherwise. Thus the autograph racket would change from a frenzied scramble to a worthy charity.

THE screen's champion "dumb blonde," Marie Wilson, has decided that a major operation, a fractured skull, broken collarbone, slight concussion and bruises and cuts are worth ten thousand pounds.

Marie was driving home from Warners the other evening when her car was side-swiped by another and completely demolished, leaving Marie with the aforementioned injuries. The pert little comedian was rushed to a hospital, where doctors operated to remove a sliver of metal that had penetrated her skull.

The operation was successful, but it will be many weeks before she can act again, and even so she may have bad face and head scars. So her attorney filed suit for ten thousand pounds damages against the driver of the offending car.

DOTS... and DASHES

● Guy Kibbee, comedian, leaving Warners and signing a long-term contract at Metro ● Clark Gable asking hunters in Arizona to watch for a baby cougar wearing a dog collar... he roped two cubs on a recent hunting expedition there and brought one to Hollywood, but its brother escaped, wearing the collar ● Jimmy Stewart nursing a sprained ankle acquired while skiing and dying for it to heal so he can get back to the snow ● Jean Harlow anxiously eyeing Jeanette MacDonald's suntan.

AMUSING are the pictures of Mary Astor and her new husband, Manuel del Campo, young Mexican aristocrat. Mary is very much the movie star with her "camera smile," while hubby seems surprised and not a little put out by the sudden onrush of publicity.

Onlookers report that del Campo was definitely embarrassed by his bride's effusive greeting before the cameramen at a Mexican airport recently. However, he'll have to get used to the Hollywood spotlight, for it never ceases to glare.

NOT storm and strife, but sustained peace and quiet have finally torn asunder Johnnie "Tarzan" Weissmuller and Lupe "Red Pepper" Velez. This time it means divorce, says the petite Mexican actress.

"We don't fight any more," she explains, "and that's the trouble. This time it's different."

The domestic life of the Weissmullers since their marriage in 1932 has been punctuated by violent rows and appeals for divorce, which each time were withdrawn. The last time Lupe filed petition for divorce, she accused the movie jungle man of throwing the furniture at her. He denied it. He said he just threw it.

Every time they went to a night club the other guests would crowd round, hoping for a fight.

If Lupe and Johnnie had held the fireworks for just another month, they would have celebrated their fifth wedding anniversary.

Tyrone Power is not one whose head is so turned by the glory of fame and success that he forgets his old friends. Thomas Noonan, who was his pal when the young actor was an usher in a theatre, is now his stand-in. Also William Gallagher, who was his close companion during those anxious days of job-hunting in New York, is now Tyrone's secretary.

INDEPENDENT producer, Walter Wanger, seems to be headed for big things. Following his elaborate "Vogues of '37," he'll make "Stand-in." You know, of course, that a stand-in is the girl or fellow who is roughly of the same height and weight as a star and who resembles the star sufficiently to put on a duplicate of her costumes and stand in position on the set while lights are set and camera focused.

Every important star has a stand-in, to save him or her from getting too hot and tired during the weary business of preparing for a scene.

Wanger will make a film dealing with the life of a girl, stand-in to an important star. Tay Garnett will direct, with Joan Bennett and Leslie Howard starring. It has been rumored that Joan's sister, Connie, would play the star, as she and Joan resemble each other more or less. But Wanger says the star role is a heavy and he'd never dare ask Connie to play villainess to her sister's heroine.

BOTH of Victor Moore's children will make their screen debut in R.K.O.'s "Missus America," featuring their dad and Helen Broderick. Robert, 15, will play a bellboy, and Ora, 18, will also have a small part. The proud father says:

"I'm very happy about their ambitions, and hope they have talent."

FRANCHOT TONE has stopped all reports that he and Joan were throwing things at each other. He telephones his wife from the studio six times every day and addresses her affectionately in honeyed tones.

AN eager spectator at the Teddington Studios has been Miss Ruth Tuck, daughter of Sir Raphael Tuck, of picture post-card fame, and niece of Noel Madison, who plays the lead in Warner Bros. film, "The Man Who Made Diamonds." Miss Tuck, who is still in her teens, is very keen to make a name for herself in films.

"Uncle" Noel (Nat to Australians) has promised to help her, and that's a promise worth having. Her mother, Lady Tuck, and Mrs. Noel Madison are sisters, both being daughters of the late Mr. Alfred Nathan and Mrs. Nathan, of Auckland, N.Z.

In the two weeks that Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck have been working together at 20th Century-Fox in "This Is My Affair," they haven't been seen once in the studio's lunch room.

They have their meals served to them in the privacy of Barbara's dressing-room. This is their first co-starring film since "His Brother's Wife."

MARTHA RAYE complains that the lot of a comedian is a hard one. For one thing, she doesn't get a chance to rest up between pictures. No sooner was she through with "Hideaway Girl," than she was hustled on to the set of "College Holiday," where she was nearly driven frantic by Gracie Allen, Jack Benny, Mary Boland, and Ben Blue.

She barely came out of that mess alive, says the girl with the elastic face, than she found herself started in "Waikiki Wedding." But Bing Crosby was there, and that cheered her up. Just as she got all set to do a love scene with the crooner, they told her that her lover was to be that hog-calling, bazooka-blowing Bob Burns.

What a life! Maybe it excuses a lot in Martha.

Director of Warner Bros., Irving Asher, who has such a reputation for finding stars—Errol Flynn was one—has just signed up a young Canadian on a long-term contract—Ross Lamden.

After two years experience in repertory in Canada and Massachusetts, Lamden, who has been rechristened London, came to England to try his luck last September. A film test then netted him his contract.

SCRIPT girl Peggy was the star of the Capitol Company's outfit which has just returned from Egypt where they were making the film, "Jericho"—at least so the sheikhs thought.

She was the only white girl with the company—Sudanese Princess Kouka is starring—and as she sat day after day beside the set tapping away at her typewriter she was always surrounded by a crowd of children and a bevy of aristocratic Arabs.

Presently gifts began to arrive for her—lovely carpets, wonderful hand-woven shawls and scarves, leather goods in quaint design, and at last one young sheik plucked up courage—contrary to common belief, Arabs are very diffident about talking to English or French girls—to ask Paul Robeson, the real star of the film, for her hand in marriage.

The sheik offered £1000 in exchange for Peggy, but pretty Peggy was quite unimpressed. What struck her most in the desert was not romance, but the horrible squalor of the villages.

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AND THE DOG



• Bill Powell, Myrna Loy, and the dog—remember "The Thin man"?—appear once more in "After the Thin Man," M.G.M.'s sequel to the comedy-mystery that really put both Powell and Miss Loy on the map. Above are Bill Powell, Myrna Loy, the dog, and (bottom right), wearing the hat, gangster Calleia.

★

★ FIRE OVER ENGLAND

Flora Robson, Laurence Olivier.
(United Artists.)

THERE are two fine achievements in this picture: its excellent historical atmosphere and Flora Robson's acting as Queen Elizabeth. These two things alone make it well worth seeing.

For the rest, this latest of Korda's offerings has a story which does not lack action—which is, in fact, full of movement and excitement—and a supporting cast which, with one noticeable exception, is remarkably good.

While the clash of interests between Elizabethan England and the Spain of Philip is the major theme of the film, there is, of course, a romantic sub-story, handled by Laurence Olivier, Vivien Leigh and Tamara Desni. These three play out the situation engendered when Oliver, as Michael, is captured by the Dona, escapes death through the friendship of a Spanish

PRIVATE VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

admiral and his lovely daughter, returns to Spain as a spy for Elizabeth, and escapes again to fight against the Armada.

If Flora Robson's acting is excellent, Olivier's is correspondingly weak. In highly emotional scenes he is unconvincing. His weaknesses are all the more apparent when seen side by side with the performances given by Leslie Banks as Leicester and Morton Selten as the ancient Burleigh.

Olivier and the ending of the picture are the factors which make the opus just miss a three-star grading. The final sequences, indeed, give the impression that Michael (Olivier) has destroyed the Armada virtually single-

handed, a poor climax to an otherwise fine piece of historical work.—Embassy; showing.

★ STOWAWAY

Shirley Temple, Alice Faye, Robert Young. (Fox.)

THE usual warning goes with this review; it is written for Shirley Temple fans; others had better disregard it—they won't go to see the picture, anyhow.

Coming down to our mittens, in its class this offering is good entertainment. The story moves on greased wheels right up to the final sequences, and if the Divorce Court scene at the end is ludicrous, Shirley admirers will pass it forgivingly.

The World's Sweetheart, this time, is cast as an orphaned youngster whose story opens in China. Wandering around adrift in Shanghai, she meets alcoholic playboy Tommy Randall (Robert Young), and, by accident, stows away on the boat on which he is travelling. From this point on, her mission in life, apart from singing and dancing, is to bring together a reformed Tommy and lovely Susan Parker (Alice Faye), who possesses a female crooner's voice, a pedantic, boring fiancé, and the worst imaginable prospective mother-in-law.

Baby hands and childish cunning prevail in the end. Tommy and Susan clinch in the last scene, while, in the background, Shirley and a conviving divorce judge chuckle delightedly.

There is much to entertain and nothing to offend in this offering.—Regent; showing.

★ MIDNIGHT TAXI

Brian Donlevy, Frances Drake. (Fox.)

A WELL-TURNED-OUT little crime story that stands right at the head of the one-star class. The story concerns the efforts of a Federal agent to bring to book the members of a counterfeiting gang. Having gained the confidence of a minor head of the organisation, the detective's discoveries come with quick-fire rapidity.

Week's Best Release

FIRE OVER ENGLAND.

United Artists' Feature. A good offering up against poor competition.

although the course of justice seems to be threatened at moments by the investigator's unofficial interest in a feminine member of the lawbreakers, Frances Drake.

All is well in the end, but not before the audience has been given their money's worth in thrills, clever situations, and natural dialogue.

One of the best unambitious crime stories I've seen for quite a while.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

★ TARZAN ESCAPES

Johnny Weissmuller, Maureen O'Sullivan. (M.-G.-M.)

PEOPLE who like jungle pictures will think this offering good; people who dislike this type of thing will hate it in advance. Being neutral I rate it as average entertainment. It didn't awaken cheers in me, but I definitely wasn't bored.

Tarzan and his lovely mate, in this opus, find their idyllic happiness threatened by visitors—coons of Jane (Maureen O'Sullivan), who have come to attempt to get her to return with them to civilisation. The position is made even worse by the presence in the party of a villainous hunter who plans to capture Tarzan and carry him off for exhibition purposes.

All is well in the end, but it takes a herd of elephants to rout the forces of evil. Proceedings are enlivened by Herbert Mundin, in a comic cockney role, and by a trained chimpanzee. The latter could teach many human funny men a few tricks.—Mayfair; showing.

★ THE HOLY TERROR

Jane Withers. (Fox.)

HERE we have Jane Withers as we have learnt to expect her: cocky, popular with soft-hearted bachelors, and, as usual, dogged by trouble.

Planted in a naval air-base, little Miss Withers has plenty of opportunity to get into scrapes. She doesn't miss the chance. In between getting out of punishment for her escapades, she finds time to train a sailors' ballet, produce a show, guide the love affairs between Anthony Martin and Leah

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—excellent.

★★ Two stars—good films.

★ One star—average films.

No stars . . . no good.

Ray to a happy conclusion, and bring about the capture of a gang of spies. Not bad even for a screen prodigy.

This, like most juvenile pictures, is very definitely fare for those who like this particular dish.—Plaza; showing.

★ THEY WANTED TO MARRY

Betty Furness, Gordon Jones. (R.K.O.)

TYPICAL of many Hollywood comedy supports. Telling a poor, improbable story, lacking in smart dialogue and original situations, nevertheless its speedy action and its peppy American atmosphere make it quite bright entertainment.

Once more on the screen we encounter the exciting inside of a newspaper office—the harassed city editor, at his large, imposing desk; the hard-boiled reporters. Betty Furness plays a rich society girl who falls in love with a crack newspaper cameraman, Gordon Jones. Her camera-shy father consents to their marriage if Gordon will give up his job and never touch a camera again. This he promises to do, is getting along very nicely writing copy for an advertising firm, when his girl learns that he has been taking pictures! However, our hero is able to explain all and is taken back to the fold—but not before making one really funny faux pas.

All this is done brightly enough. Betty Furness is adequate, Gordon Jones, despite immaturities, has a really likeable personality.—Embassy; showing.

★ TIME OUT FOR ROMANCE

Michael Whalen, Claire Trevor. (Fox.)

ANOTHER of those little pictures which have no distinction of their own, but which while away a pleasant enough hour.

In this offering Claire Trevor, deserting her titled husband immediately after the wedding, falls in with Michael Whalen, who is one of a party formed to drive a fleet of cars from New York to California. From this point on, the picture becomes a comedy of misunderstandings, with Claire's millionaire father arriving in time to clear up all misapprehensions and thus allow Mike and Claire to go into a clinch for the final few feet of celluloid.

A harmless and fairly amusing trifle.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

★ ESPIONAGE

Edmund Lowe, Madge Evans. (M.-G.-M.)

AN fa.q. adventure-romance film, lightened by Mr. Lowe's airy manner and a directorial approach which has resulted in a fair measure of comedy.

Everything starts when a munitions king (Paul Lukas) makes a mysterious exit from Paris. The representatives of two American news agencies are to follow him and find out his plans. These two newshawks—Lowe and Miss Evans—meet, go through the usual adventures together, and, finally . . . Well, what do you think?

As fair a little support as you're likely to get on any average programme.—Mayfair; showing.

SPRING PARADE

Franks, Gaal, Wolf Albach-Retty. (Universal.)

THIS is the Continental equivalent of a cheap English "quickle" with the most threadbare of threadbare plots, fourth-rate voices, and undistinguished numbers. It is the worst possible advertisement for European films. This is a tremendous pity, since Australia could well do with a leavening of good German and French productions, just by way of contrast to the eternal Hollywood and English offerings.

The unwary may be duped, when watching this story of the pretty little shop assistant and the corporal-drummer of pre-war Vienna, by the German dialogue. There is always something exotic about a foreign language; even although one doesn't understand it, it seems as if it must be much more witty and profound than one's native tongue. But, according to the translated captions, the dialogue of this film is just as dull as the rest of it.—Liberty; showing.



SONGS IN "ON THE AVENUE" TOO TEMPTING FOR DICK POWELL

THE magic phrase, "Words are music by Irving Berlin," proved to be the deciding factor in inducing Dick Powell to star in the Twentieth Century-Fox production, "On the Avenue."

When he heard that the Berlin melodies would play an important part in the new picture, his choice was practically made. Dick admitted frankly he was all for doing the film before he even read the script or heard who was going to be in the cast with him.



"I didn't even hear the songs or their titles," Dick said, "when I decided that I wanted to do the picture. As long as I can remember, Berlin's songs have always appealed to me. Later, when I heard the numbers, I knew that the score was practically made to order."

With Madeleine Carroll as co-star, and such prominent players as Alice Faye, The Ritz Brothers and George Barbier featured, the cast of "On the Avenue" more than fulfilled all requirements and the unusual nature of the story and the splendid opportunity it offered the star proved more than satisfactory.

In choosing Roy Del Ruth as director, Darryl F. Zanuck clinched the matter. It was Del Ruth who made such big musical hits as "Born to Dance," "Broadway Melody of 1936," and "Thanks a Million." And it was in "Thanks a Million," moreover, that Dick Powell once before made a sensational musical success for Twentieth Century-Fox.

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THE Four MARYS

Continued from Page 50

"IVORY and brilliant lipstick—five dollars," she read and snorted. There were other items on the same sheet which provoked her no less. "Six pairs of Spiderweb stockings at three dollars and fifty cents. One pair evening sandals at eighteen dollars and seventy-five cents. Sicken!" Molly muttered to herself. "Insufferable! I don't know what Meg is thinking of to put up with it. And on top of that, her allowance."

"Her" was, of course, Mimi. Mercifully absent while the monthly checking of her expenditures went forward. "Good heavens!" said Molly, half aloud and groaned deeply. At which, after a soft, casual tattoo of fingers on the door leading into the hall, it opened and Meg came into the room. "Mother," she cried, barely over the threshold, "do you want to put your eyes out? Writing in that light!"

While Molly worked, twilight had come on. She had lit a small silk-

shaded lamp on the desk, nothing more. Meg clicked a switch that lit the whole room from an inverted bowl of clouded glass overhead.

"I'm tired," she said simply. "Are you doing the bills, darling? Let 'em go. There's no hurry."

"I'll do nothing of the sort," said Molly. She swung about in her armchair, facing her daughter with keen eyes tenderly squinting. "I'm going to get them out of the way right now while I have time to myself. Your brother Freemantle has gone to the club to play golf."

"Mimi?" said Meg. She took off her hat and threw it on a chair. Ran nervous fingers up through her silken dark wave.

"Mimi," said her grandmother, "vanished right after luncheon. She didn't say where she was going or if she'd be home for dinner."

Freemantle and Judy had been, by virtue of a second shift in Freemantle's plans, for more than a week Meg's guests. She sometimes wondered if she were losing her sense of time, because they seemed to have been with her forever.

Freemantle was middle-sized and greyish blond, with an air of almost boyish friendliness concealing a boundless capacity for prejudice. Judy was short, plumply fluffy, not unsuggestive of the whipped cream and mayonnaise she so avidly consumed. Her meticulously waved hair, of which she was inordinately proud, was a natural yellow. Not that Nature had outdone herself in the matter. And Judy's eyes were shallow, blue and oddly inquisitive.

Molly's room was growing rosy with firelight. Sanctuary, with icy dusk deepening outside the windows.

"Oh, I'm tired!" said Meg.

"Anything wrong, my child?" said Molly.

She took off her glasses and laid them down. She was not given to easy endearments. When she said "my child," Meg's heart opened like a flower to strong sunlight.

"No, mother, nothing worth talking about."

"Get the column done for this week?"

"Put the last word on it to-day. And am I sick of books on the greathearted denizens of the coast of Maine, all going down to the sea in ships; and am I sick of books on dictators by people who will never do anything about it beyond taking dictation!"

"THAT'S enough now," said Molly shrewdly. "Save your smart alecks for print. Feeling all right are you?"

"I'm feeling fine," said Meg bitterly. "All I need is a little sleep and a little quiet and a little privacy in my own house—"

Molly said, "I don't think you ought to talk about your own brother that way." She stiffened proudly. "Freemantle told me this morning they will have to leave the day after Thanksgiving."

Meg pulled up a straight-backed chair and sat down beside her mother with a half-laughing sigh of defeat.

"All right. With freedom in sight I can stand anything. I know I'm edgy, but you don't know how hard it's been, sleeping with Mimi. I'm so used to sleeping alone."

She had moved in with Mimi the day Freemantle and Judy arrived, leaving her own quiet white-curtained room to them. And as she said, she had been for so long accustomed to sleeping alone that the mere consciousness of Mimi's slender body between the same sheets had kept her wakeful night after night in the dark—unstirring, because she would not for worlds have disturbed Mimi's childishly deep slumber. Tormented by memories and apprehensions—all the eldritch crew of phantasmal inquisitors that enslave the night mind—every evening had been a fresh resentment, every morning a wearied release from prison.

"You're getting to be a regular old maid," said Molly reprovingly. "Now do you remember having had veal twice week before last? Seems to me there's some mistake here."

The butcher's bill was not yet entirely straightened out when Freemantle came in, with Judy close behind him. He did not knock; it would not have occurred to him that between members of the same family such formality was either necessary or pleasing.

Please turn to Page 58

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THE Four MARYS

"WELL, mother," he said briskly, "here we are back again. Had a delightful afternoon. You ought to get out to that club of yours more, Meg. Do you a world of good."

He sat down solidly in the rocking-chair near the fire, and Judy perched herself somewhat precariously upon the arm of it.

"Oh, Meg," she drawled impressively, "Freemantle went round in eighty-nine. He was just too marvellous."

"Getting pretty late, isn't it?" said Molly. "Mimi is apparently not coming home to dinner."

"Oh, that reminds me!" cried Judy girlishly. She got to her feet, not without effort. "We saw Mimi at the club, didn't we, precious?"

With a frightfully good-looking man. Dark—with one of those smart thick moustaches and awfully romantic eyes. She paused to let iniquity sink in. "I waved to her, but I don't think she saw us."

"Sounds as if it might have been Alan Wythe," said Molly to Meg.

"Alan and Elizabeth?" said Meg.

Molly said to Judy, "There was a rather pretty blonde girl, too?"

Freemantle began to answer in his heavy-footed way something about hoping he hadn't missed any pretty blondes.

Judy interrupted him, unexpectedly shrewd. "They were alone. I'm quite sure. Why? Is the man married?" Her eyes, like bits of blue enamel set almost flush in her smooth pinkish face, glinted first on Molly's immobile accept-

Continued from Page 57

ance of her answer, shifted to Meg's deliberate disinterest. "Don't be cross with poor little me!" Judy implored them watchfully. "Have I let any cats out of bags?"

"Don't be ridiculous," said Molly.

Even Freemantle felt the iron in her voice. Meg had a moment of feeling almost sorry for her brother—a decent, even if somewhat tiresome, male breathing bravely the cross currents of female antagonism which he sensed swirling about him.

He cleared his throat dominantly. "Who's this pretty blonde you're all so down on?"

"I'm sure," pleaded Judy. "I hadn't the least idea—"

Molly rose, closed her inkwell with a snap. "I'm going to see what's holding dinner. Freemantle, you must be starved."

Someone knocked clearly and gaily. "Fat-rat-tat-tat-tat—rat-rat-tat-tat!" "Where's everybody?" called Mimi. She came in like a singing wind. Her cheeks burned and her eyes blazed. On the collar of her leopardskin coat was pinned a spray of green orchids. She swung her hat in her hand. Her bag was under one arm. "I walked all the way home from the club," she said. "That's a good three miles, granny. You never saw such a sky. Like dark ice—and the sweetest new moon. Saw it over my left shoulder and everything!" Happiness beat about her like almost visible wings. Made her voice shake in her throat.

Curiosity whetted Judy's bland, sweet stare. "I didn't know you were so fond of walking, Mimi."

Meg moved a few steps and put her arm around her child, turned that flame of unconscious radiance away from those older eyes so critically and cruelly, because so enviously, watching.

"You've kept everybody waiting long enough, Miss Swift," she said, laughing with convincing gaiety. "We'll take your word that the new moon is still new."

THANKSGIVING rolled around in its appointed time and brought with it complications of the sort to which any family feast is subject.

Elizabeth, by means of a brief but most affectionate note, invited Mimi to "turkey and all that" with the Wythes. "I'm having mother and dad, of course. Tommy Gaunt for you, darling, unless you'd rather have somebody else."

Mimi wrinkled her nose over Tommy Gaunt but realised that he would do as well as another for a firebrand. What she did not at first realise was that she was by no means to be allowed upon such an occasion to desert her kith and kin.

Molly, at the first suggestion of Mimi's accepting Elizabeth's invitation, gave battle like a war horse. "Go out to dinner on Thanksgiving Day—what are you thinking of? With your Uncle Freemantle and your Aunt Judy here—I never heard of anything so outrageous! Do you want to insult them?"

"Why not?" said Mimi. "If you think it can be done!" She glared at her grandmother like a young wildcat.

"Meg," said Molly grimly, "are you going to sit there and allow your daughter to speak to me like that?"

The three of them were in Mimi's room, where Mimi was getting ready for bed. She had taken off her clothes and put on her pyjamas. Out of a Byronically flaring dark collar her throat rose smooth and slender. Her tumbled splendid red hair topped a face shining with cold cream.

To be Continued

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To have catarrhal deafness is very annoying and embarrassing. People who are deaf in this way are generally mighty sensitive on this subject. And yet many catarrhal deaf folks carry around instruments that call attention to their infirmity. Therefore people who are hard of hearing, who suffer from head noises, or who are actually deaf from catarrhal trouble, will be glad to know of a simple treatment that can be easily made up at home for a few pence cost that is really quite efficient in relieving the disagreeable deafness and head noises caused by catarrh.

From any chemist get one ounce of Farnint (Double Strength). Take this home and put it into a simple syrup made of a pint of hot water and a little sugar. Take a tablespoonful four times a day. This treatment should, by tonic action, reduce the inflammation in the middle ear that a catarrhal condition would be likely to cause, and with the inflammation gone the distressed head noises, headaches, cloudy thinking and that dull feeling in the ears should gradually disappear. Anyone who suffers from catarrh, catarrhal deafness or head noises should give Farnint a trial. It is pleasant to take and is quite inexpensive.

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HUSHED UP

Continued from Page 16

"POOR Charlie!" I heard old Wontburg mutter. "To be laughed at by a girl like that!"

"I looked again at Bourmin. He had half risen from his chair and his eyes were riveted on the screen. I saw Lady Vi Grizel touch his arm, but he took no notice.

Then Sheila O'Riley appeared again. As before she swam down until she was standing on the sand. And then it—the thing for which Bourmin had been waiting—happened.

"The first we knew was when two waving tentacles appeared from behind a rock. They seemed to hover over the girl's head. Then from the shadows of the rock there came a squat, sack-shaped form with staring eyes. It was an octopus which, I suppose, is the most mysterious creature in existence."

"Ach, this is realism carried too far," Wontburg said. "How did Charlie get that effect? It is an octopus made of indiarubber, is it not?"

But it seemed to me that the creature was uncannily real. If it were only trick photography, then Bourmin had excelled himself. And the girl's convulsive leap for safety when the tip of one of those loathsome tentacles touched her wrist seemed to me to be more than mere acting. Genuine, soul-stirring terror is about the most difficult emotion of all to counterfeit.

A HORRIBLE idea occurred to me. Had Bourmin really allowed the girl to be seized by an octopus? Had the horror we were watching really happened? Had there been some ghastly tragedy during the taking of the film—a tragedy that was now being portrayed with hideous realism before our eyes?

I couldn't look away from the screen. Of course it must only have been a matter of seconds, but it seemed an eternity while the girl fought with the groping tentacles. One by one they were fastening to her body. The creature was trying to drag her under the rock and she was struggling with the strength of desperation.

The picture went murky. The squid had discharged a cloud of ink which drifted across the screen. The shot that had been so amazingly clear was now a misty confusion in which waving tentacles, white limbs, and those awful staring eyes could dimly be seen.

Suddenly Lady Vi Grizel jumped up. She screamed out, "It's not a picture—it's really happening!" Bourmin jumped at her like a wild beast. She dodged him and ran screaming across the room. There was a small wooden stool. She caught it up and swung it with all her strength at the screen—as you probably know she is a big woman, strong and active, and she hit hard.

After that things were a bit confused. There was a crash of splintering glass, then a roar as a cascade of water poured into the room. It came across the floor like a miniature tidal wave sweeping tables, chairs, and guests and servants before it. Then the door at the further end opened under the pressure and the flood subsided almost as rapidly as it had come.

By a miracle nobody had been hurt. We were all bruised and shaken, but no serious damage had been done. When we picked ourselves up it was to find that where the screen had been was now a great jagged hole through which we could see into an empty tank measuring, I should say, twenty yards by fifteen, and high in proportion. On the floor of the dining-room lay Sheila O'Riley herself. She was unconscious and badly cut, but not so badly as one might have expected. Considering she had been swept by the water through a broken sheet of plate-glass, she had got off amazingly lightly.

The octopus had disappeared and so had Prince Bourmin. No, it had not wriggled out of the tank and seized him. That would have been poetic justice, but veracity compels me to say that the octopus had simply retreated under its rock while the Prince had left the house in a hurry. We found later that he got a car and drove to Santa Barbara, where his yacht was moored. He sent the few

sailors there were on board to the shore—then he set fire to the yacht and shot himself. He was indisputably mad.

"Do you understand what he had done? That dull metal looking screen had really been the end of a large tank full of water. But a cunning lighting arrangement had made it appear like a sheet of metal fixed flush with the wall. The glass with the water behind it had made an admirable surface on which to project the first genuine part of the film. That was the main secret of his invention, but the effect of course was enhanced by the use of the special lighting, and the secret of that has perished with the inventor."

"The wonderful underwater effect, however, had not been photography at all. It had been a fake, a fake intended to impress the spectators. Round the sides and at the back of the tank powerful electric lamps had been placed. When they were switched on they illuminated the interior, which had been tricked out with rocks and sand and seaweed to look like the bottom of the sea. The octopus and the other live-stock had, as we learned later, been hired from an aquarium in Hollywood. Bourmin had obtained them on the pretence of wanting to use them in a picture."

"When Sheila O'Riley had recovered she was able to fill in the missing gaps in the story. She had been an innocent party to the fraud. Bourmin had simply told her that he thought it would be a good joke if she appeared during the course of the evening swimming in the illuminated tank."

"Apparently he had employed similar stunts before when giving private exhibitions of his films. She had looked upon the whole thing as a joke, and had agreed to play her part, never dreaming, of course, that an octopus had been placed in the tank, or that a fraud was intended."

"I fancy Bourmin's idea was to kill two birds with one stone. He wanted to show his guests a terrifically realistic shot of a girl being caught under water by an octopus, a shot that would convince them of the capabilities of his invention, and at the same time he wanted revenge upon the girl who had spurned his advances. His mad brain had conceived the diabolical plan of letting the octopus drown her before our eyes. If Lady Vi Grizel had not acted as she did, the lights that illuminated the tank would have been switched off in another couple of seconds, and the remainder of the genuine film shown. Of course the Japanese operator in the gallery must have been privy to the scheme. It was he, I fancy, who had the task of manipulating the lights. He disappeared during the confusion, and has never been heard of since."

"YES, mad as Bourmin's scheme was, it very nearly succeeded. I believe that if he could have controlled his excitement it would have succeeded. If his manner had not aroused Lady Vi Grizel's suspicions we might all of us have thought that what we had seen was nothing but a wonderful piece of trick photography."

"Well, that's the true story of Prince Bourmin's death, and now, perhaps, you understand why I said that the papers sometimes give the public pap. That story was hushed up for the sake of his distinguished relatives in Europe, and the yarn about his staying on board the sinking yacht invented. Who can say that journalists are not tactful?"

"Hullo, I see that at last we've moved alongside!"

"But what about Sheila O'Riley?" Hogan asked. "Is she still acting?"

"Milton rose and looked out of the window of the smoking lounge. As he had said, the Aurora had drawn in to the disembarkation quay during the recital of his story, and the gangway had been lowered."

"At the moment," he said, "she is standing in a queue with a lot of other impatient friends and relatives. Excuse me, gentlemen. I must go out and wave to my wife."

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WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Astrological Research Society

TAURIANS—From Babyhood to Old Age

Taurus-born people (April 21 to May 22) make some of the most lovable babies—and adults—of all.

At the time of their birth, the planet Venus is always strongly represented in the heavens, and as Venus has rule over art, beauty, charm, pleasure, good cheer, and love, Taurians get a good start in life.

It is hard to resist the attractions and attributes endowed by Venus, so that these folk are usually more than a little spoiled.

TAURUS is astrologically symbolised by "The Bull," thus bespeaking the general build of these people—as well as many of their characteristics. It endows the short, thick-set neck possessed by most people born at this time of the year—the neck which adds to their attraction in babyhood, but which causes them trouble ever afterwards.

In addition to the neck being one of the weakest parts of the Taurian body (and thus subject to many neck or throat ailments), it takes away from their height (and thus from their sense of dignity), as the years pass by and they begin to put on flesh.

Most Taurians put on flesh as they grow older, unless they learn to diet strictly. But this is a difficult matter for them, for they love their food.

Taurus people nearly always have attractive speaking and singing voices and an ability to excel in

artistic spheres of endeavor. They are strongly attracted to theatres and social entertainments. They like jewels, nice clothing, and beautiful scenery.

As a result they succeed in vocations connected with adornment, beautification, and amusement. They make good social secretaries, hostesses, clothing manufacturers (or employees), gardeners, decorators, florists, beauticians, mannequins, pottery-makers and actors.

In addition, they like to handle money and because of their reliability, trustworthiness and patience, are often found as bankers, book-keepers or cashiers.

Lastly, they shine, no matter what their sex, as housekeepers, cooks, caterers, and owners of shops or businesses which specialise in supplying or making food or adornments which appeal to the public. For Taurians can make a lot out of very little, and can create an effect which arouses the "desire element" in other people.

THE vibrations of the following matters harmonise with most Taurus-born people.

Their gems are turquoise or emeralds; their metal, copper, yellow, soft blue and pastels; their number 5, and their days, Friday (best), Sunday and Thursday.

As they grow older, Taurians usually become fatter and jollier with each year, and seem able to earn more and more love from their children, their partners and their associates.

THE DAILY DIARY

Try to utilize this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (Mar. 21 to Apr. 21): Live cautiously on May 20, 21, and 22. Hold off important affairs.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Excellent results may follow your efforts at this time to plan to begin new and important affairs on May 19 and 20. Live quietly on May 21 and 22.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): Put your best foot foremost now. Plan to begin new enterprises, make changes, seek promotion May 20 and 21; very good; May 22 best of all. Avoid risks or changes May 20, 21 and 22.

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): May 20, 21 and 22 poor; but May 23 and 24 fair. LEO (July 21 to Aug. 21): Matters improve slightly now. Difficulties and delays will ease out somewhat on May 23, but retain caution on May 22 and 24.

VIRGO (Aug. 21 to Sept. 21): Splendid chances on May 18 and 19, so work hard then. Begin all urgent and important matters. Make changes or ask favors. But live quietly thereafter, especially on May 25.

LIBRA (Sept. 21 to Oct. 21): Your good times are immediately ahead, so plan wisely. Seek advancement, make important decisions, or changes. Be confident and optimistic on May 20, 21 and 22 (best). Poor on May 18 and 19.

SCORPIO (Oct. 21 to Nov. 21): Not spectacular. Fair on May 23 and 24.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 21 to Dec. 21): Forget your ambitions for a while. Live cautiously and thus try to avoid opposition, upsets, disappointments and losses, especially on May 18 and 19.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 21 to Jan. 21): Fair on May 18 and 19. Poor on May 20, 21 and 22.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21 to Feb. 21): "Be up and doing, with a heart for any fate" on May 22. May 20 and 21 have possibilities, but take no risks. Work hard.

PISCES (Feb. 21 to Mar. 21): Live quietly for a week or two. Follow routine tasks. Be particularly careful on May 18, 19, and 20.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained therein.—Editor, A.W.W.)

BLINDFOLD TEST NO. 52

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Try the new **KRAFT** cheeses in these tempting new Recipes!

Lusciously mouth-watering, this **CHEESE & CRAB DELIGHT**

Cook 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper (capsicum) in 2 tablespoons butter. Blend in 2 tablespoons flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mustard, salt and pepper, 1 cup stewed tomatoes, 1 8-oz. packet Kraft Cheddar, shredded, and 1 slightly beaten egg. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot milk and 1 cup crab meat or rock lobster. Serve hot on toast or in party cases.



FISH IN SAVOURY NEW SAUCE

To add zest to schupper, bream, sole or any sort of fish, just make this sauce: Two cups of Kraft Pimento Cheese, shredded, and melted in 2 cups of hot white sauce. Pour sauce over fish and bake. Kraft Pimento, with its full natural flavour and its delicious bits of Spanish Pimento, adds a Creole touch to the simplest recipe.



A completely new delicious Entree **MACARONI PAPOOSE**

Cook $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. macaroni, broken into 4-inch lengths, drain. Lay 6 or 8 pieces of macaroni on each thin slice of ham. Sprinkle generously with shredded Old English Cheese and a dash of horseradish. Roll up, and tie or skewer together. Place in shallow baking dish, cover with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup rich milk or cream, and bake slowly for twenty minutes. Delicious with cooked asparagus instead of macaroni, omitting horseradish.



NEWS! Four cheeses, newly perfected by Kraft! More creamy, more velvety, more flavoursome and satisfying. Four Kraft Cheeses so much *more delicious* that they're actually new! Don't delay a moment before trying them!

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English — the tasty Cheddar that goes so well with bread and a glass of ale.

There's Kraft Pimento too — don't overlook that! Kraft Pimento is *really* something new and different — for it's a creamy Cheddar flavoured with Spanish Pimento — those delicious little morsels usually found only in stuffed olives. If you've never tried it, you've missed a thrilling taste sensation!

And all Kraft Cheeses are important to your health, for they're rich in Vitamins, proteins and energy-units, phosphorus and calcium. You can't have strong teeth if your body lacks calcium you know — so eat plenty of Kraft Cheese, doctors agree it's one of the richest sources of calcium there is. It's an excellent, appealing meat substitute too. Housewives should provide Kraft Cheese in every daily menu — serve it as it is, or in appealing cooked cheese dishes like those given here.



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By W. J. PASSINGHAM

SECRET KEEPER

By W. J. PASSINGHAM



DOCTOR HOWARD WILLIAM MAXTON, M.D., leaned six feet of muscular manhood against polished mahogany paneling, took yet another look round at the guests crowding the ballroom, and yawned.

"The usual mob, Ferd," he remarked in an undertone to his friend. "You promised me there would be something different."

"Grousing already?" Sir Ferdinand Palster, ninth baronet, glanced up at Maxton from a height of fully five feet six inches. "What a disgruntled cuss you are to bring out these days."

Palster saw his friend's boredom, and grudgingly admitted that it was perhaps justified. As Maxton had remarked, the usual mob were indeed present. There remained an expectant look on the little baronet's round, cherubic face, however, as he stood on his toes the better to study his fellow-guests. Suddenly his face brightened, and he nudged his tall friend.

"The girl on the stairs, Bill!" he whispered.

Maxton, still leaning against the wall, turned his head languidly toward a wide stairway at the further end of the room. Palster, who was watching him closely, saw the young doctor's gaze become a steady stare.

Sir Ferdinand chuckled. "Well?" he demanded. "What about it?"

There was no immediate reply, and the little baronet himself turned to study the girl now descending the stairs.

She was born to attract attention wherever she went. She had raven-black hair, twisted in tempestuous waves above an oval face. Her pale complexion needed no cosmetic to emphasise the vivid red of the lips or to darken the delicate black eyebrows and long, sweeping eyelashes.

She carried her head high, with the dark head and white neck of her poised defiantly on magnificent bare shoulders. As her dark eyes took in the scene below her, Bill Maxton caught his breath and strove to find a word in keeping with his impressions. He stared at her above the heads of the crowd, blissfully unconscious of little Ferd Palster's efforts to attract his attention and thought of many words. She looked like a queen, he decided at last, and then relaxed with a sense of triumph. "Regal" was the word that described her.

As consciousness returned, Bill Maxton became aware of Sir Ferdinand Palster at his elbow.

The latter looked up at Maxton, and grinned. "Take it easy, Howard," he advised. "I've always said you'd fall in the cart some time . . ."

"Don't call me 'Howard'," growled Bill. "Who is she, anyway?"

"Ah!" Sir Ferdinand adjusted his white bow. "Now we're on the trail, eh? The hunter comes over the hill."

Bill Maxton breathed heavily, took a cautious look round, and raised crooked fingers toward the little baronet's collar.

"She's Lady Margaret Asher," said Sir Ferdinand hastily. "Keep off, confound you! I'm giving it to you on the level. She's a peeress in her own right, and—mark you—probably a millionairess. That suit your lordship? It does, eh? Then go ahead, my boy," he went on in stilted, fatherly tones, "and good luck to you. When I was your age, Howard, I . . ."

As he caught Bill Maxton's expression Sir Ferdinand swung round and laid his gloved hand on the arm of a tall, fair-haired girl talking to a circle of friends. "Excuse me, Susie, old girl," he said quickly. "Meet my pal, Doctor Howard Maxton. Don't be frightened. That's his natural expression. He turned to Maxton. "Miss Susan Appleby," he said frigidly. "Talk nicely to the lady, Bill."

"Hello, Susie!" Bill Maxton shook hands with a girl he had known since childhood. "Your future husband's in danger of his life to-night. Keep him by your side for a few minutes." He swooped down upon the little baronet, and lifted him into the circle of friends.

"Stop there," he whispered in Sir Ferdinand's ear, and then began to make his way among the guests toward the stairs.

"What's the matter with Bill, Ferd?" Susan Appleby demanded.

Sir Ferdinand chuckled. "He's got what's been coming to him for a long time, my dear. I've had a hunch for months that I could pick out Bill Maxton's future wife—and I've done it!"

"What have you done?"

"Bill saw Margaret for the first time a few moments ago, and he looked either one of two things to me."

"Well?"

"He's either fallen for Margaret Asher at first sight—or he's contemplating suicide. My money's on Margaret. I say, what are you looking at me like that for, Susie?"

"Do you know, Ferd, I sometimes think you must have brains. I suppose it hasn't occurred to you that someone must introduce them? Don't stand there wriggling about on one foot! Take me across the room to Margaret."

"They found Bill Maxton leaning against the cocktail bar, gazing out across the heads of the crowd. As she approached Susan Appleby followed the direction of his gaze and eventually saw Margaret Asher. Margaret stood talking with a tall, stately woman, beautifully gowned and inclined to stoutness, at sight of whom Susan sniffed. Somehow the sight

of the Dowager Lady Asher never failed to arouse Susan's antagonism. Susan sniffed again.

"Cold?" asked Sir Ferdinand sympathetically.

"Just my temperament," Susan explained. "You go and talk to Margaret, and leave Bill to me."

After Sir Ferdinand had left her Susan Appleby stood and studied Bill Maxton's disconsolate expression closely. The question uppermost in her mind at the moment was why hadn't she thought of Bill before? It seemed to Susan that if ever there was fit mate for Lady Margaret Asher—whose loneliness and riches had often caused Susan grave concern—it was Doctor Howard William Maxton.

"What's biting you, Bill?" she inquired gently.

Bill Maxton seemed to recover himself with an effort. "Susie!" he exclaimed, and then smiled. "Have you lost him already?"

"Ferd? No. Here he comes with a great friend of mine. I dearly want you to meet her, Bill." Susan turned and greeted Margaret Asher affectionately. When the introduction was effected Susan nodded happily at Bill Maxton's unspoken gratitude. Then she seized Sir Ferdinand's arm determinedly, and led him away for the next dance. A few minutes later she had the satisfaction of seeing her two friends mingling with the crowd on the dancing-floor.

SUSAN was not the only interested observer, however, for many eyes followed Lady Margaret Asher and her tall, good-looking partner.

"Who is that young man dancing with my step-daughter?" asked the Dowager Lady Asher sharply.

The professional guest who acted as organiser on this occasion gave the required information, and Lady Gertrude Asher frowned in disapproval. Presently the next dance was announced, and again the floor was crowded—but Lady Margaret Asher and big Bill Maxton were not among the dancers.

As time passed without any sign of Margaret, Lady Gertrude became strangely alarmed and went upstairs to make inquiries. Margaret's maid was interrogated, and finally—frightened by the wild look in the dowager's pale blue eyes, her overbearing manner—the maid confessed that Lady Margaret had left the house in company with a tall man. The maid's description of the "tall man" left no doubt as to his identity.

"At what time did she leave the house?" demanded Lady Gertrude furiously.

"I didn't notice the time, your ladyship. When she read the telegram . . ."

"Telegram?"

The maid explained that a telegram

SECRET KEEPER

3

had arrived addressed to Lady Margaret Asher. After reading the message Lady Margaret had seemed very unhappy. She wrote a reply, and then hurried to her room to change. While she was changing her clothes the "tall young man" had instructed the footman to summon a taxi-cab. He and Lady Margaret left the house together.

"You mean she went away without leaving a message?" asked Lady Gertrude incredulously. "Where is the footman?" The footman was called, but could give no useful information.

It seemed to those who watched her that Lady Gertrude was unnecessarily alarmed. She sent for Susan Appleby, and waited with ominous calm the coming of that young lady.

"What do you know about this—this disgraceful affair, Miss Appleby?" she demanded when Susan appeared.

Susan stared. "I don't know what you're talking about," she said a trifle breathlessly. "What's happened?"

In a few short sentences Lady Gertrude told of her step-daughter's disappearance. "I understand that the man who went with her is a friend of yours," she added. "How long has Margaret known him?"

"They met for the first time to-night. I introduced them," Susan told her with an air of defiance. "And if you've any doubt about Doctor Maxton let me set your mind at rest, Lady Asher. He's the son of Professor John Maxton, the famous archaeologist—and if Margaret is in any sort of trouble she couldn't have a better friend than Bill Maxton."

"What makes you think Margaret is in trouble?" asked Lady Asher sharply.

"Would she leave a house full of guests without a word of explanation, and with a man she has only known for five minutes, unless she were in trouble?"

"But just what is this trouble, Miss Appleby?"

Susan Appleby came closer to the older woman, looking at her intently and without a trace of sympathy in her grey eyes. "Are you sure you don't know yourself?" she asked meaningly.

The challenge acted immediately. Lady Gertrude drew herself up to her full height, her massive shoulders squared as though ready to meet an attack.

"Kindly explain yourself!" she rapped out.

"I mean," said Susan, facing the stately dowager steadily, "that you have set yourself out to thwart Margaret's wishes at every turn. You have allowed things to be done at Castle D'O'r which Margaret regards as a sacrilege."

"Kindly mind your own business, Miss Appleby," said Lady Gertrude, stamping her foot in rage. "Do you know where she has gone?"

"I know," Susan assured her grimly, "and I think so will you before many hours have passed."

Without doubt Lady Gertrude would have wished to continue the conversation, but she dared not neglect her duties as hostess on this important occasion. Susan Appleby's audacity could be dealt with later. Lady Gertrude decided, and she hurried downstairs to the ballroom.

Susan followed her hostess at a more leisurely pace, and was at once cornered by her fiancé.

"Find me a seat outside somewhere," Susan whispered, "and I'll tell you something frightfully interesting, Ferdy."

Ferdinand found Susan's story some-

thing more than interesting, and by the time she had explained the situation he was thoroughly indignant.

"The big blighter!" Ferdinand said of Doctor Howard Maxton. "Fancy him starting out like that without me."



BILL MAXTON.

usually iron-nerved and self-possessed, was none too certain of himself during that first waltz. From the moment they had shaken hands he knew instinctively that she was greatly troubled. Her dark eyes were eloquent of sorrow—of a deep and abiding sorrow, too, unusual for a girl so young.

When the dance ended they were opposite a doorway leading to the hall, and then he felt her arm stiffen beneath his hand. A maid in cap and apron was beckoning them, holding out an envelope of familiar color. Bill followed her into the hall, saw her tear the flap of the envelope. Margaret Asher's face seemed to harden as she read the message, and so closely did he watch her, small muscles behind the dimpled chin and firm mouth moved spasmodically.

He waited while she used the tiny pencil attached to her dance programme to scribble a reply to the telegram. Then he took courage in both hands, and spoke to her.

"You're in trouble," he said jerkily. "Can I help?"

She looked at him gravely, and shook her head. "No, thank you, Doctor Maxton. I must leave you now. You'll please excuse me."

"Don't trouble to say that," he protested. "Why not let me do something? I expect you think it's—it's impertinence on my part to butt in under the circumstances. But you're a pal of Susan's—and Susie's a pal of mine. Won't you let me..."

He ceased speaking as he saw her expression change. She was looking him up and down thoughtfully, speculatively.

"You're big," she said abstractedly, "and strong." Then, as though coming to a sudden decision, "Can you fight, Doctor Maxton?"

For a brief moment Maxton was speechless. "Can I...? What was that you said?" he gasped at last.

"I said 'fight.'"

"Fight?" Bill Maxton stared at her. "Whom? What?"

She continued to look him over. "He's certainly a bit bigger than you," she went on reflectively, "and about a dozen years older, I should say. I should imagine he's much stronger, too. If you've nothing better to do, Doctor Maxton, would you take a chance?"

In spite of the gravity of the situation Bill Maxton grinned. He couldn't help himself. "Would it help you out of your difficulty if—if we happened to win?" he asked.

"It might solve my immediate difficulties," she said, and smiled. "So much would depend on your—er, making a real good job of it. But I warn you, Doctor Maxton, that you'll be very busy when we get there. The man I have in mind

is very powerful, and dangerous when he's roused."

"That's awfully interesting," said Bill slowly. "When do we start?"

"As soon as I've changed my clothes. Will you order a taxi?" She was mounting the stairs rapidly as she spoke.

He nodded, and then dashed away to the cloakroom. Bill Maxton buttoned his overcoat with slow fingers, a rather bewildered young man. A quick worker himself, he was astounded to meet someone who could lead him. Moreover, she was a girl—that "different" girl he had sought so long and found at last. Bill wasn't sure he felt pleased about her speed.

They met again in the hall. At sight of her lovely eyes and face beneath a small, close-fitting hat, his feelings were no longer uncertain. Bill Maxton felt a joy he had never known before. The footman would have gone down the steps before them to open the door, but she forbade him. Outside and alone on the pavement in Beverly Square, Mayfair, he questioned her in a whisper.

"Where are we going?"

"We're going to Bristol," she said calmly. "Paddington Station, isn't it?"

Bill Maxton drew a deep breath. "You said 'Bristol,' didn't you?" he asked faintly.

"Yes, Bristol's near enough for the moment. Actually, our destination's another fifteen miles from the city. Not far, really."

"Oh, not at all," he agreed, and pinched himself. "It's not midnight yet, anyway."

"There's a train at quarter past twelve, I believe," she informed him, and lapsed into silence.

The silence lasted throughout the short journey to Paddington Station, where Bill Maxton bought two first-class tickets to Bristol. He was finding it difficult to believe the evidence of his senses. Just as he had pulled himself together, and was about to say something banal, she forestalled him.

"It was rather silly of you to come, don't you think?"

"Silly?" he said vaguely. "Why?"

"I feel ashamed of myself now. It's not fair to bring trouble upon you. Suppose you leave me at Bristol, and I'll go on alone?"

"What—after all...?" Bill broke off in dismay. Now, don't rob the dog of his bone, he pleaded. "We've started on the joy-ride, and we may as well finish the course together. I haven't the faintest idea what it's all about, of course, but I'm hoping things are as good as you've hinted. Suppose..." He hesitated, and then continued hurriedly, "Suppose you tell me all about it. What are we going to do battle over, anyway?"

For a few moments they looked at each other steadily. As he continued to look at her, Bill felt the color rising to his face until his cheeks burned. She seemed so unutterably lovely that he was obliged to drop his gaze. A gentle cough caused him to look up again quickly. She was crying!

"I—I say," he said helplessly.

"Please, don't look."

An overwhelming desire, an urge to do something really desperate, possessed him in that moment. He started to rise from his seat. Then she looked at him, and he sat down again.

"If you don't understand me thoroughly after I've told my story, I'd be pleased if you'd leave me at Bristol," she began, having mastered her emotion. "You know my name, of course, but it would convey little or nothing to you. The magazines

and newspapers made a fuss when father died, because it left me the peerage—and the Asher fortune. But they never knew—and very few people, indeed, know—the queer history of my family. The Ashers are probably the most ancient family in all England, and—It must sound queer—they were of Jewish origin. That was hundreds of years ago, but it's an important point to remember when you know the situation. My mother died when I was a girl at school, and then my father married again. You saw her to-night—my stepmother?"

He nodded.

"She was once a famous beauty—Gertrude Farrell, the actress."

Bill noted a tinge of bitterness in her voice now, and she paused as though making an effort to keep calm.

"I take it that you—er, you don't like your stepmother?" he suggested helpfully.

"I—I believe I hate her!" she said tensely. "She's my guardian until I come of age."

"Until you come of age?" He spoke involuntarily, but she answered without hesitation.

"I was twenty last month," she explained. "Gertrude has a whole year to carry on the search, and she thinks I can't or won't interfere. She seems to have overlooked our family solicitor, Mr. Plowberry, but he is the real authority in the Asher estate until I come of age."

"That telegram was a reply to one I sent to Castle D'Or earlier in the evening. Anna, she's my maid at home, replied that Mr. Wesson has been at Castle D'Or for two whole days and nights, carrying on his search." Lady Margaret smiled through her tears at Bill's bewilderment.

"Perhaps I had better start at the beginning," she said slowly. "Nearly a year ago my stepmother became great friends with a man named Victor Wesson. She invited him to Castle D'Or, my home in Somersetshire, and since then they've agreed on some sort of plan with regard to the house."

"It's difficult to explain just what I mean because the whole yarn sounds so dreadfully like a fairy tale. I have already told you that mine is a very ancient family. My father once said in the Middle Ages the head of the House of Asher was known among bankers all over Europe and the Orient as 'Secret Keeper.'"

"Then you must be 'Secret Keeper' now?" Bill asked.

"Yes," she confessed. "I am 'Secret Keeper' now, whatever that may mean. What Victor Wesson is searching for is something of which I and my father before me have had no knowledge, but which every Asher has believed to exist somewhere inside Castle D'Or. It has been understood for years in my family that something of a very queer nature was hidden away at Castle D'Or in the long ago. Probably Victor Wesson has a clue to the hiding-place and he has been searching in my home on and off for months."

She paused, somewhat breathless with emotion. "And that's not all," she went on in lowered tones. "About three weeks ago a—black man came."

"Black man!" he gasped, and stared hard at her. "Certain suspicions were forming in Bill Maxton's mind in spite of his efforts to repress them. Was she pulling...? One glance at her troubled face, the expression of deep anxiety in her eyes, told him she must be sincere."

"Yes," she went on, "a black man. He—he said he came from somewhere in

Abyssinia. I can't recall the name just now. But he happened to call when Gertrude was out, and I saw him alone in the library. I can't tell you how thrilled I was when he called me 'Secret Keeper' in Hebrew. You see, I know the two Hebrew words for 'Secret Keeper,' every Asher knows them, but I can't speak the language."

"When he found I couldn't understand him he spoke in English—with a queer accent too. He asked me something about the 'Sanctuary' and took it for granted that I knew what he was talking about."

"And you don't know?" Bill asked sharply.

"Not the faintest idea," she assured him. "Something will have to be done about it, because he wants to bring something to Castle D'Or—and, according to him, it's frightfully important. He said it was too dangerous for this something to be kept in Abyssinia, and that 'Sheba's Treasure' must go into the Sanctuary so that the 'Law' might be obeyed." I can't think what on earth he means," she ended soberly.

Bill Maxton found himself hopelessly bewildered. "Look here!" he said at last. "What do we do when we get to your place?"

"I'm going to order Wesson out of my home," she said between set teeth. "I'm determined he shall not stay there. In spite of my objections he persists in coming to see Gertrude—and, of course, carrying on his search. She arranged the reception and dance at Beverly Square to-night, and we left Castle D'Or three days ago. It was just a trick to get me out of the way. I was suspicious from the first, and sent a telegram to Anna, my old nurse. The reply came while you were with me to-night."

She looked at him expectantly. "It's possible—likely, in fact—that Mr. Wesson will refuse to go when we get there. In that case..."

They looked at each other in silence. "I see!" Bill Maxton lighted a cigarette for Lady Margaret and himself, and looked thoughtful.

"He's a big man, awfully strong," she continued, and looked at him with anxious eyes. "Are—are you leaving me at Bristol?"

"I'm sticking to you like grim death," he said earnestly. "We'll see this thing through together."

YOU don't think this meeting with Mr. Wesson will be too—too dangerous?" Lady Margaret said anxiously.

"Dangerous? I shan't go too far, if that's what you mean. It'll be all the better, of course, if he can put up a good show."

She looked puzzled. "But I was thinking of you. He's a dangerous man. You speak as though the result is a foregone conclusion. If he succeeds..."

"Let me set your mind at rest on that point," he said quietly, reluctantly. "If he succeeds he'll have the satisfaction of giving away twelve years and a beating to one who, only eighteen months ago, was amateur heavyweight champion of England. There's nothing for us to worry over till we get to your place. Let's try going to sleep for a bit."

She lifted her feet up on to the seat obediently, leaned back in her corner, and closed her eyes. Bill Maxton stretched

his considerable length on the cushions, and followed her example.

There was a troubled sleep, for the train halted at many stations and at every step they awoke to look at each other and yawn. The train made slow progress throughout the night, and dawn was breaking when they stepped out stiffly on to the platform at Bristol station. At the barrier the ticket-collector looked at the two dishevelled travellers reproachfully. Bill Maxton pulled his silk scarf up higher beneath his overcoat to hide a white shirt and waistcoat. In the booking-hall they stopped and looked at each other.

"Breakfast," she said firmly.

TWO breakfasts," he corrected, and followed her into the station restaurant.

While food was being prepared she went to the telephone and he slipped quietly away in search of soap and hot water. Bill returned to find her looking fresh and smiling. An appetising breakfast for two was on the table.

"We've plenty of time," she told him. "I've ordered the car to be brought here as soon as possible, but Castle D'Or is quite fifteen miles away."

Bill Maxton studied her furtively while he consumed bacon and eggs.

"You were telling me in the train," he began, striving to talk unconcernedly, "that this Wesson fellow is staying at your place with the full knowledge and consent of your guardian, Lady Gertrude Asher."

"That's how it stands at the moment," she agreed.

"Then Wesson has a sound excuse for staying, hasn't he?"

"No!" she said vehemently. "He knows that I strongly object, and that he's a trespasser in my home—my home."

"Hm!" Bill's forehead was wrinkled in a puzzled frown. "You say he's searching for something. What happens if he finds it?"

She looked at him aghast, with an expression akin to fear. "Please Heaven he never succeeds," she said in hushed tones.

He stared at her in growing amazement. The situation was getting beyond him. "Can't you explain?" he asked.

"I—I just don't know what would happen." She seemed to be striving for words to express herself. "Mr. Maxton," she said at last, "I could tell you more—but not yet. Please wait until you've stayed at Castle D'Or for a few hours. Maybe you'll understand."

"I'm doing my best," he said ruefully. "Tell me—why should your stepmother want money?"

"Because she hasn't any that is really her own. The Asher fortune and estates are entailed, and I am the last of the Ashers. Gertrude has always disliked me, even as a child I knew that, and it makes her desperate to think that in another year she will be dependent on me entirely. I've thought it all out, and have come to the conclusion that it's money they are after."

"But if this treasure—or whatever it is—is found it will be yours."

"If they find what they expect to find I shall never be told. Victor Wesson is bad—bad all through. Just wait till you've met him." She hesitated, and looked at him searchingly. "If you think I'm merely being foolish, there's still time to turn back, Mr. Maxton."

He did not trouble to answer her, but

reached for his hat and overcoat. "Let's be on our way to talk with this bird," he said. "I'm anxious to give him the once over."

When they entered the station yard they found a big saloon car waiting. The chauffeur touched his cap at sight of Lady Margaret, and ventured to take a quick look at her escort as he closed the door. Then he took his seat at the wheel, and the last stage of the journey began.

The sudden appearance of a high brick wall bordering private grounds was the first warning of their arrival at Castle D'Or. In a bend of the winding road a pair of gilded wrought-iron gates broke the interminable wall, and before these the chauffeur drew up and sounded the horn. A uniformed lodge-keeper quickly appeared to open the gates, and from thence onward there stretched before the travellers a straight gravelled road, flanked on either side by a magnificent avenue of tall poplars.

IN the distance ahead appeared a low, rambling building which slowly assumed the quaint proportions of a beautiful old Tudor mansion.

Bill Maxton was absorbed in contemplation of this scene when the car stopped before the entrance to the mansion. He stifled an exclamation of surprise and appreciation at sight of the portly butler who waited with grave concern in the porch, while a footman in knee-breeches opened the door of the car. It seemed that everything there was in keeping with its surroundings. Bill followed her into the wide hall, conscious of the footman's inquisitive stare from behind.

"Good morning, Smithers," he said.
"Good morning, your ladyship." The stout butler answered her in tones which held something more than mere respect. "I followed your ladyship's instructions. Mr. Wesson is in the library, and has not been informed of your coming."

"Thank you, Smithers. We'll see him at once. I want you to knock on the door, and say you must speak with Mr. Wesson on an urgent matter. Then leave us alone. We are not to be disturbed on any account until I call you. Understand?"

"Yes, your ladyship."

Smithers led the way to the library with measured steps, his portly figure held very erect. Bill Maxton, who had refused to part with his overcoat, brought up the rear, and found himself waiting on a polished floor through a great hall at the further end of which was an arched doorway of carved oak. On the other side of the oaken archway was a wide passage, and they turned into this to stop before a heavy door. The butler rapped on the carved panels sharply, and they waited in grim silence. Presently he knocked again, louder this time.

A voice, impatient and harsh, answered the summons at last. "Who is it? What the devil do you want, anyway?"

Bill Maxton felt a strange antagonism to the owner of that voice. He was never afterwards able to recall just what the butler said, so eager was Bill to see the door opened. In answer to Smithers' explanation, however, Bill heard the key rattle in the lock.

"You may go, Smithers," said Margaret Asher in low tones.

And Smithers went—leaving big Bill Maxton standing face to face with a man bigger even than himself.

Victor Wesson wore a long red silk

dressing-gown over a lounge suit beneath which showed a pair of red leather slippers. He held a briar pipe in one hand, and the other rested on the handle of the door while he stared back at Bill Maxton in amazement. What he failed to see for the moment was the owner of Castle D'Or standing directly behind her champion.

A man of about forty-five, tall, with broad, powerful shoulders and massive frame was facing Bill Maxton. Keen grey eyes glared at the young doctor from beneath projecting brows. The forehead was high and narrow, sloping to meet a sparse growth of iron-grey hair parted in the middle and brushed backward. Where the face was free from smoothly-shaven patches of dark beard the dead-white skin formed a sharp contrast. The thin, bloodless lips, set above an aggressive chin, seemed scarcely to move in speech.

"Who are you?"

Then, as Margaret Asher stepped forward, a gasp of surprise and dismay escaped him. Victor Wesson seemed unable to credit what he saw. "You!" he said sharply. "Excuse me, Lady Margaret, but I thought you were in London with your stepmother."

"So I was, Mr. Wesson. But I suspected you were here—here in my home, interfering with my property against my wishes. I want an explanation."

His face flushed before her indignation. "I am here with your guardian's knowledge and permission," he retorted angrily. "I naturally thought you knew all about it."

"That's a lie," she said calmly, dispassionately. "You know I would never leave this place with a stranger intruding among things that are dear to me. So you arranged with Gertrude to get me out of the way while you went on with your searching undisturbed. What have you been doing?"

She stepped past him into the great library, and an exclamation of anger escaped her at sight of the confusion there. Books were piled high on the floor, and there were vacant spaces on many shelves to show the places they had occupied. Margaret Asher's face was white and drawn with anger as she faced the intruder.

"Leave this place immediately," she said sternly. "How dare you! How dare you desecrate my home!"

"But Lady Gertrude knew, and . . ."

"Gertrude has no authority to give permission in this matter." She came closer, looking up at him with scornful eyes. "How much have you promised her, you vandal?"

"Vandal!" He shook his head. "I have destroyed nothing. The books have only to be replaced on the shelves. I'm here as an investigator seeking something of the past. There is evidence to show that this house holds something unique—something antiquarians would give anything to possess. I want to find these things . . ."

"And keep them for yourself," she interrupted. "I don't trust you, Mr. Wesson. Now please leave my house at once, and don't come back."

Wesson looked at her in baffled rage. For a moment he hesitated, and then walked toward an ancient oak writing-table which stood in the centre of the huge apartment. Spread out on the table was a small square of linen yellowed by age. His hand was stretched

out to pick up this fabric when Bill Maxton spoke sharply from behind him.

"Is that your property?"

His thin lips moved in a snarl as Wesson turned to face his questioner. "I don't know who you are, and don't wish to know," he said pointedly. "It would be much better—much safer for all concerned if you minded your own business." He picked up the linen manuscript, folded it deliberately, and placed it in an inner pocket. "As a matter of fact," he went on, patting the pocket, "this manuscript is the property of our lovely hostess. I'm going to borrow it for a time."

He looked at Margaret, sneering openly. "It's the result of two days' ceaseless search in your wonderful library. I was on the verge of a momentous discovery when your—er, unfortunate arrival disturbed me. The manuscript shall be returned to you later."

The sneer left Wesson's face when he saw Bill Maxton walk to the door, lock it, and drop the key in his pocket. There was an air of assurance, a suggestion of cold determination, too, about the young man's attitude which set Wesson quivering with rage.

"Open that door!"

"Not on your life," Bill told him coolly. "I've listened to you until I'm tired. I've seen you and I don't like you. I want that piece of parchment you've just put in your pocket—and I want it now!"

"I know what you're going to get," growled Wesson. He made a quick rush at Bill Maxton, and nearly fell over Margaret when that young lady suddenly placed herself between the two men.

"No, no!" Her face was pale as she faced the taller man. "Listen to me, Mr. Wesson. You have dared to enter my house without my permission, and now you would rob me. I tell you I'll have Scotland Yard and every man I can buy to hound you down if that manuscript is not returned to me immediately."

Wesson glared at her, a curious hesitancy in his attitude. Then with a savage jerk he pulled out the manuscript and flung it on the table.

"WHEN we meet again," he said, in a choked voice, "we'll have a reckoning—you and I!"

"I should think it over first," Bill warned him. "I might be out looking for you. See?"

When the library door had closed behind Victor Wesson, Bill Maxton looked at Margaret. Perhaps because she could think of nothing else, Margaret looked at Bill Maxton.

"All quiet on the western front," he reported. "What do we do next?"

Margaret laughed weakly. "You were great," she said, "and you handled him just right." She paused, and her laughing ceased. "I—I don't know how to thank you."

"Don't try," he advised, watching the signs of hysteria anxiously. "It was awfully good of you to let me in on a great stunt like this. I appreciate it—really. When I came to your place in Beverly Square last night I was bored to tears, and I left it a Sir Lancelot looking for trouble."

She had seated herself now, and was crying softly.

"I say," he said, sitting down beside her. "You—you don't happen to know any funny stories, do you?"

Her shoulders shook slightly, and when she looked up at him laughter had the better of tears. "You must be hungry—thirsty, too. I'll go and see Smithers

about it if you don't mind waiting here."

"What wonderful ideas you have," he sighed. "Do you know, I never realised to what depths a man can sink who wears evening dress at lunch time. The cold morning air trickling through a white shirt on to a warm chest is so demoralising, and..."

He looked round to find himself alone in the library, and began to take stock of his surroundings. The library at Castle D'Or was a huge place some hundred and fifty feet long by seventy-five feet wide, and it formed an isolated wing of the mansion. His examination of the place was interrupted by the arrival of Smithers.

"I've brought wine, spirits, and beer, sir," Smithers said, after placing the tray carefully on the writing-table. "A cold luncheon will be ready in the morning-room very shortly. Can I get you anything else, sir?"

Bill looked back at him with sparkling eyes. "No, thank you," he answered. There was something warm and friendly about the portly butler now. Smithers seemed pleased, very pleased—in fact, he appeared to be especially pleased with Bill Maxton.

"Really," Bill told him impulsively, "you're the best fellow I've met to-day, Smithers. Have a drink?"

The butler's expansive and ruddy face was wreathed in smiles. "Er—no thank you, sir."

With something of a shock, Bill realised that the butler's excess of gratitude was genuine. Smithers was delighted about something or other—delighted, it might be, with Doctor Howard William Maxton. "Here's luck!" Bill spoke with enthusiasm, and swallowed half his beer at a gulp.

"Good luck to you, sir," said Smithers, warmly, and left the room with his usual portly dignity.

"Good fellow, old Smithers," Bill muttered, and finished his beer. He was standing outside the library rather undecided about what to do next, when Margaret appeared. She was smiling happily at him, and Bill felt uncomfortably happy about it all.

"There's a lunch waiting for us," she said briskly. "Aren't you hungry?"

"I was," replied Bill solemnly, and still staring at her. "May I call you 'Margaret'?"

"Please do—Howard."

"No, no!" he said hastily. "You've got me all wrong. I'm plain 'Bill' even in the bosom of my family."

"Your family," she said with interest. "Tell me about them, Bill."

Over lunch he told her of his parents, and something of himself. "Your invitation of last night couldn't have come at a better time," he ended. "I was hard at work last week, and only learned the result of my examination two days ago. Then my people decided I ought to take a rest for a week or two."

"A rest!" she exclaimed, and laughed. "Do you feel fit for a walk across the park? I want to show you the real Castle D'Or—the original home of the Ashers."

"I'm feeling fine," he decided. "Let's go."

Still wearing a light overcoat over his evening dress, Bill Maxton left the house with Margaret.

After a few minutes of sharp walking he saw that they were making for the summit of a flat-topped hill, and an irregular mass outlined against the sky puzzled him until they drew nearer. They climbed the grass-covered eminence at a slower pace, and reached level ground at the top. Below them, on the other side of the hill, sunlight reflected upon the waters of the Bristol Channel.

Before them were the broken walls and fallen masonry of a once mighty castle that in former days must have occupied an impregnable position and commanded the surrounding country for miles. Standing isolated on the further side of the plateau were the remains of a square Saxon tower.

"This," said Margaret, with a wave of the hand, "was once the home of my people. Queer people they must have been. What do you think of it, Bill?"

"It's a wonderful place," he said, in low tones, and felt his description woefully inadequate. "I've been to many old shows with my father on various occasions, but I've never seen anything to touch this. How old is it?"

"The remains you see here are of a fortress built in the reign of Edward the Confessor," she said slowly.

"Has Wesson been poking about up here?" he asked.

She nodded. "The beast! He thinks everything can be bought and sold if only one has enough money. What he won't, or can't, realise is that this place means more than a desolate ruin to me."



"HAS anyone—I mean a qualified investigator—ever examined these ruins, Margaret?"

"Oh, yes. Several people were here in my father's time. About two years ago a famous American archaeologist, Professor Belter, came here and stayed with us for two weeks. Poor man!"

"Why, what happened?"

"He gave his considered opinion about Castle D'Or at a meeting of archaeologists, said something about the foundations of the original building being similar to remains uncovered at Persepolis, and was laughed at for his pains. You see, there was another great building here before Edward the Confessor's time, and nobody seems to know anything about it."

"That's not to be wondered at," he said reflectively. "A building here before the Confessor's time!"

"It's quite true, Bill," she said soberly. "Nobody knows where the Ashers came from, or how long they have lived here from generation to generation."

Without being anything like an expert in these matters, Bill Maxton had found time to learn much from his famous father. He was thinking deeply now.

"Didn't you tell me your family were of Jewish origin?" he asked.

"Yes. Come with me, Bill, and I'll show you something."

Margaret led the way to the further side of the plateau, and he followed her still deep in thought. About a hundred yards from the outer wall of the fortress she stopped before a sombre monument surrounded by low iron railings.

Bill Maxton looked up with a start of surprise to a marble monolith at the foot of which was the roof of a vault. It was an ancient tomb, but the inscription in Hebrew characters stood out clearly on the stonework.

"This is the tomb of a certain Solomon

Asher," she explained. "It was the old man's special wish to be buried here. I can't read Hebrew, but I've been told that the date is March, 1575, in the Christian calendar. It must appear strange to an outsider, but it seems that the Ashers ceased to be Jews generations ago. Why, I don't know. Anyway, I was christened at the parish church here, and so were all my people as far back as we can trace them."

Suddenly Margaret thought of the time and remembered that no arrangements had yet been made for their return to London. She suggested that they should walk back to the house, and Bill reluctantly agreed with her. They had covered about half the journey across the park to the house when Bill Maxton noticed a motor car standing on the drive before the porch. He drew Margaret's attention to it.

"That's Wesson's car," she said. "He hasn't gone yet!"

"Your manuscript?" he asked quickly.

"I locked it away in my wall-safe. We'll have a look at it together when he has gone. But he seems to be a long time going."

Absorbed in all he had seen during the last hour Bill had forgotten Victor Wesson completely. They were only a few yards from the house when Smithers came out looking anxious and perturbed. His expression of relief at sight of Margaret Asher and Bill Maxton was almost comical.

"Hasn't Mr. Wesson gone, Smithers?"

"Not yet, your ladyship. When he came down from his room he said he would take a last look at the library before he went. Mr. Wesson is in the library now."

The library door was unlocked, and it was Bill Maxton who entered first. He stood still in the open doorway while Wesson stared back at him with burning eyes.

"So the 'chucker-out' has returned, eh?"

Wesson picked up his hat and overcoat from a chair and approached Bill Maxton.

"I'd like a word with you before I go, and I'd like it to be outside," he said slowly.

"We'll have it now," Bill decided, and led the way through the hall to the front door.

Lady Margaret and the butler watched the two men walk out to where Wesson's car was standing, and what happened afterwards was done so swiftly as to leave them helpless with amazement. They saw Victor Wesson's arm streak upward in a lightning movement, heard the sharp impact of his clenched fist on Bill Maxton's jaw. But it was left for the burly chauffeur to administer the finishing touch.

The chauffeur appeared suddenly from round the other side of the car. As Bill Maxton reeled backward from Wesson's blow a tyre-lever crashed down from behind on his unprotected head. Before the stricken man's body reached the ground, the chauffeur had caught Bill in his arms. Wesson stooped and grasped the unconscious man's feet, and then they half-lifted, half-pushed Bill Maxton on to the rear seat of the car.

As Wesson slammed the door of his car a low cry of horror escaped Margaret Asher. The sight of his mistress swaying on her feet brought Smithers into action, and he supported her without being quite aware of the fact. Only

when Wesson approached them did Smithers fully recover himself. The butler stepped forward determinedly.

"Have no fear for your friend, Lady Margaret," said Wesson hurriedly. "He's only unconscious, and will be little the worse when he wakes up. I'm sorry, but your obstinacy left me with no . . ."

"You—you fiend!"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I refuse to suffer interference from fools. Your friend will come to no harm if he behaves himself. When we are some distance from town, I'm going to stop the car and set him on a long walk back to the nearest village. Good-bye."

Before either Margaret or the butler found time to protest, Wesson reached the car and entered it. Mistress and servant looked at each other helplessly as the car started off down the drive.

"Shall I telephone to the police, your ladyship?"

FOR some few moments Margaret hesitated. "No," she decided at last. "It's too late now, Smithers." She was gazing with unseeing eyes down the drive, in the direction Wesson's car had taken.

As reality crowded in upon her there came another change. Her mouth hardened, the dark eyes seemed to shine with the fire of a great determination.

"Order the car," she said tonelessly. "The big Rolls this time, Smithers. I want it ready for a journey to London. Tell them to be quick."

Smithers, his portly figure quivering with agitation, hurried away. He was waiting at the foot of the stairs, ready with a few helpful suggestions for Lady Margaret when she came down. When at last she appeared, clad in a heavy fur coat, the butler found there was no time for giving advice.

"I may be away for two days, Smithers," she said, "but certainly no longer. Do you remember Mr. Plowberry, Smithers?"

"Certainly, your ladyship."

"If he should arrive here without me, I want you to take your orders from him—and nobody else, mind!—until I return. Good-bye, Smithers."

"But, your ladyship!" Smithers stood beneath the porch helplessly as she hurried to the waiting motor car. He was still thinking of what he ought to have said when the big car glided silently away from the house.

For some time the butler stood there, watching the car disappear down the gravelled drive towards the gate.

He closed and bolted the front doors with a look of grave concern, and went downstairs. A babel of voices could be heard in the servants' hall, and these were hushed to an expectant silence when the butler entered.

"He's come back!" announced the footman dramatically.

"Come back?" repeated Smithers dully. "Mr. Wesson! He's in the hall now, and wants to see you."

"Good Heavens!" Smithers spoke in shocked tones, and followed the footman upstairs with a strange fear gripping beneath his black waistcoat. In the hall Victor Wesson was leisurely removing his hat and overcoat.

"Hello, Smithers!" he said genially. "Back again, you see." He rubbed his hands together in businesslike fashion. "No disturbances this time, I hope. There were hidden menace in the last two words."

"I have something very important to attend to in the library, but it won't take me long now. Don't trouble to follow me. I know the way."

Smithers and the footman stared after the tall figure of Victor Wesson as he strode rapidly through the great hall. Then the butler recovered himself.

"Wait here," he breathed to the footman. "Wait here while I telephone to the Bristol police."

The footman waited and wondered what he waited for, while Smithers hurried to the telephone. He was not obliged to wait long, however, for Smithers was soon back again with his ruddy face turned pale.

"The 'phone's dead, Johnson," he declared hoarsely. "I—I don't know what to do."

"Look here, Dan." The footman spoke rapidly. "Something queer's going on in that there library. Why don't you send the second chauffeur for the police?"

"Yes," agreed Smithers. "Perhaps we'd better do that. But tell him to be as quick as . . ."

A sound of muffled blows on the great front doors, blows showered in quick succession, left Smithers speechless.

Both men walked slowly toward the front door.

The footman, a much younger man than Smithers, made up his mind quickly. "I'll open them, Dan. You stand behind me."

With hands that shook as they fumbled with bolts and locks, the footman, at last stood back and pulled the big doors inward. As the doors swung open they revealed a tall and tattered figure, outlined against the gathering twilight outside. The figure was dressed in what had once been a smartly-cut, spotless evening suit that now was torn, muddy, and draped about its owner like odd pieces of cloth.

"Doctor Maxton!" gasped Smithers.

"Is Wesson here?" Bill Maxton rapped out the words in a sharp, staccato voice.

"In the library, sir. Shall I . . .?"

"No! I'll see him. You'd better come along too—both of you."

With long, firm strides his muddy shoes ringing loudly on the polished floor, Bill Maxton went through the hall to the library. The two servants followed him at a distance. Outside the library door Bill halted and turned the handle. The door was locked on the inside. He hesitated a moment, and then beckoned to Smithers.

"You knock," he whispered, "and get him to open the door."

The butler, who had recovered himself by this time, knocked sharply on the door, and a voice answered him impatiently.

"Clear out—whoever you are! I'm too busy."

Bill bent his head and whispered again. "Have you a duplicate key?"

Smithers searched a deep pocket, and finally produced a large bunch of keys. His hands were trembling as he selected a key from the bunch and handed it to Bill Maxton.

Standing squarely in front of the door, Bill Maxton thrust the key into the lock with a quick movement, and as he did so heard a key on the other side fall to the floor. Bill flung the door wide open and stepped into the library. He saw Wesson look up at him with startled eyes.

"I want you!" said Bill briefly, and was stripping off his soiled jacket and waistcoat before the other man had time to reply.

"You!" Wesson watched the young doctor shedding his clothes and came forward from behind the writing table.

"Me," snapped Bill. "I met a motor cyclist soon after you left me in the road, and persuaded him to give me a lift back to Castle D'Or."

"You interfering young fool!" growled Wesson viciously. "What does this mean?"

"It means," said Bill grimly, "a first-class hiding for one or both of us. We'd better go into the hall. Are you coming or will you have it here?"

Wesson's face twisted in a curious smile. "So that's what you're after," he said, and laughed mirthlessly. "Well, you'll regret standing up to Victor Wesson to your dying day. I've beaten and broken tougher men than you'll ever be, and in various parts of the world. But I see you're set on it. All right. We'll go into the hall."

With slow, deliberate movements Wesson took off his coat and rolled back shirt sleeves from two powerful arms.

Smithers and the footman watched these preparations with a fascinated intensity.

When the combatants faced each other all the advantages appeared to be with Wesson. He was taller, heavier, and looked the stronger man.

Two uppercuts ripped past Bill Maxton's head in the first few seconds, either one of which would have finished the fight had they landed. Those two blows missed their objective by a very narrow margin, and Wesson cursed what he deemed to be bad luck. He swung both hands to the head in quick succession, only to find himself out of distance. A step backward, and he was sparring for position—and he found the right angle at the moment Bill Maxton streaked forward. Wesson's fist was nearly there when a smashing blow between the eyes steadied him, and as his head went backward, a right counter over the heart straightened him again.

With a sharp hiss of pain Wesson stepped back to defend himself, conscious that he had not yet scored a blow. When, in that moment, Bill forbore to follow up what seemed a beaten man, Wesson knew he had found trouble—an opponent who knew the fight game perhaps better than himself. This knowledge sent Wesson to the attack again, in the hope of landing a decisive blow before his strength gave out.

PUNCHES came at him from every angle, and they were perfectly timed. He tried to reel out of distance as Bill's fists ripped and battered him about the hall.

Wesson's breath was breaking in loud sobs when the end came. His condition prevented him from paying due care to position, and when his heels scraped against the wall it was too late to get away.

A smart left jab to the nose sent his arms a trifle higher, a fast right feint had him guessing hopelessly, and then Bill stood back and measured his man. It was a terrific blow swung upward from the hip, that caught Wesson flush to the jaw. His head fell forward, and Wesson slithered sideways against the wall to the floor.

Wiping blood and perspiration from his face, Bill Maxton stood away from the fallen man. The weight behind that last blow told him the fight was over, and he leaned weakly against the wall. Breathing heavily, he turned to the butler.

"Send for his chauffeur, Smithers," Bill

wheezed. "Must have help to get him out of the house."
"You mean Mr. Wesson's chauffeur, sir?"

"Yes. He came back here in his car, and sent it round to the garage I expect."

While the footman went in search of Wesson's chauffeur, Smithers rendered assistance to the beaten man. It was some time before Wesson was able to stand and meanwhile Bill was finding refreshment in the nearest bathroom. Wesson's chauffeur was loudly demanding an explanation when Bill returned to the hall. At the moment the chauffeur caught sight of Bill Maxton, however, speech seemed to leave him. He could only stand and stare.

"BLIMEY!" he exclaimed, proclaiming his home town. "You! Why, we left you miles the other side of Bristol, and..."

"Hold your tongue!" said Bill sharply. "Bring your car round to the door, and clear out of here. Look sharp!"

The chauffeur left the hall quickly, and a few minutes later brought the car round to the front doors. By this time Wesson had recovered sufficiently to walk without assistance. Beneath the porch he paused, and turned to look Bill Maxton over carefully.

"I shall be seeing you again some time," he said evenly. "You and I have only just started to know each other. Good-night."

Bill Maxton and Smithers watched the rear lamp of Wesson's car as it faded out of sight down the road to the main gates. "You'll be staying the night, of course, sir?"

Bill looked down at his torn shirt and trousers, raised a hand to an eye showing signs of discolouration, and nodded ruefully.

Downstairs, Smithers and the footman unlocked the doors leading to the servants' quarters, and they were at once assailed with numberless questions. Hardly had they quietened the others before butler and footman were both startled by the loud ringing of the front doorbell.

Smithers stared at his colleague in startled silence.

"It can't be him again!" the footman muttered incredulously, as he followed the butler into the hall.

When the front doors were opened there came a flurry of feminine garments from outside, and something like a groan escaped Smithers.

"Good evening, your ladyship," he faltered, as the Dowager Lady Asher entered the hall.

"Good evening, Smithers," Lady Gertrude's voice betrayed her anxiety. "Has Lady Margaret gone to her room yet?"

"She—she went back to London this evening," Smithers replied in some confusion.

Lady Gertrude appeared to be relieved at this information. "Tell Mr. Wesson I'll see him in the lounge as soon as he can come," she said, and was approaching the stairs when Smithers answered her.

"Mr. Wesson has—er—he's gone, too, your ladyship."

Lady Gertrude turned about, and came closer to the butler. There was something in Smithers' attitude which aroused the stately dowager's suspicions. "Tell me," she commanded, "just what has happened here in my absence?"

And Smithers told her, with some hesitation, of the stirring events of that day. Her face hardened as she listened.

"You mean to say," she said, when the butler's story was told, "that the young—"

young man who assaulted Mr. Wesson is now upstairs asleep?"

Smithers confessed that such was the case, and added: "He—he's very tired, and..."

"So I should imagine," she said grimly. "Wake him up at once, and tell him to leave the house as soon as he possibly can."

Bill Maxton was not easily awakened, and it was some time before he was sufficiently conscious to understand the orders Smithers brought. Drugged with sleep, Bill dressed himself slowly and painfully. He was almost ready to go downstairs when the footman entered the bedroom with a furtive air.

"Excuse me, sir," he said to Bill, and then turned to the butler with a dramatic gesture. "The black man's just arrived," he announced briefly, "and 'er ladyship's carrying on alarming. What shall I do next?"

Downstairs in the hall Bill Maxton's tired eyes widened at sight of the "black man." A slow grin hurt his bruised face as he listened to the conversation.

"Please go away at once!" Lady Gertrude was saying. "I don't know you, and I don't understand what you mean. This is no time to talk over your affairs with me. If you wish for an interview you must write a letter to that effect, and my secretary will arrange for an appointment."

"I beg you to allow me speech with the lady whom I saw on my last visit to your house," the stranger said earnestly, and in stilted tones. "You do not understand. It is but natural you should not know. Only Secret Keeper can take charge of..."

"The lady you want is not here," Bill Maxton spoke from where he was standing at the foot of the stairs. He had noted the look of alarm in Lady Asher's eyes. It was obvious that she thought the man was not in his right senses. Bill stepped forward now, and endeavored to ease the tension.

"I advise you to make a call some other time, when Lady Margaret Asher is at home."

The stranger introduced himself without ceremony.

"I am the Ras Saduum," he said simply, "and my business is not with this lady. I seek one who is the head of the House of Asher, the 'Secret Keeper.' She is a woman, and we have met before in this house. Could you, sir, help me find..."

"I'm sorry to interrupt," Lady Asher was looking impatiently at Bill. "Are you Mr. Maxton? Ah! I thought so. Now I must ask both you gentlemen to leave this house at once. There is a train leaving Bristol Station for Paddington in about an hour's time."

Bill merely nodded in reply, and turned to the Ras Saduum. "Let's get out of here," he said quietly. "How did you arrive?"

Ras Saduum grasped an imaginary steering-wheel. "My motor car is outside," he said courteously. "Permit me to take you wherever you desire to go."

"That's the stuff," Bill agreed, and the two men went out into the night. The light from the porch showed the outline of a big limousine, with a chauffeur standing beside the door. As Bill was about to follow Ras Saduum into the car, the voice of Smithers spoke in apologetic tones from the doorway:

"Good-night, sir." The butler suddenly ran towards the car. "And good luck, sir!" he added in lowered tones. "I—I'm sorry, sir, but—"

"That's all right," Bill assured him. "See you again soon."

Seated in the car, Bill again had time to feel the effect of his exertions. He realised that sleep was now imperative.

"Where are you staying?" he demanded of Ras Saduum.

"My hotel is in Bristol," came the reply. "A pleasant place, indeed. If you would do me the honor to go..."

"I'll go anywhere if it leads to a bed," Bill told him.

Ras Saduum spoke to the chauffeur, and the car glided away down the drive into the darkness. Before they had passed the main gates of Castle D'Or Bill Maxton was nodding sleepily. The voice of his companion sounded as though coming from far away.

"Do you know the lady I am seeking?"

"Sure," droned Bill.

"Then perhaps you will take me to her in the morning?"

"Sure."

"Is she very far away?"

Ras Saduum repeated his question, and, receiving no answer, peered round at the man beside him. Bill Maxton was fast asleep. The Abyssinian was puzzled, and sympathetic. He recognised signs of exhaustion, shrugged his shoulders, and remained silent.

Bill Maxton was awakened from oblivion by a terrific crash, a loud rending and scraping of metal, the tinkling of breaking glass.

"What's happened now?" Bill found himself sitting on the slanting floor of the limousine.

"It seems we have met with an obstruction," said Ras Saduum calmly.

"I wonder!" Bill spoke with heavy sarcasm, and raised himself to peer out of a shattered window.

The headlights revealed the long, gleaming bonnet of a powerful sports car. Then, almost immediately, a voice that was queerly familiar spoke in the darkness.

"Well, I'm hanged!" it said. "I might have guessed it would be you. You big piece of cheese! You must have been in a confounded hurry, Howard."

"Ferdy!" gasped Bill.

"Yes, and only just in time!" said Sir Ferdinand Palister bitterly. "What made you think you could handle a job like this without me, and get away with it?"

THE firm of Plowberry, Curtis, and Plowberry, Ltd., solicitors, were an old-established institution with chambers in Lincoln's Inn Fields. A brick building of many storeys, that might well have been mistaken for a private residence, had housed the firm for the greater part of a century.

Many people called at the house in Lincoln's Inn Fields and demanded to see Mr. Plowberry, but few were granted that privilege. You might enter the lobby where a window marked "Enquiries" stood out prominently, and through this window explain that your business was urgent and to be discussed only with Mr. Plowberry himself. The chances are that you would eventually find yourself closeted with the managing clerk, or, if the occasion demanded it, with Mr. Thomas Curtis, the junior partner.

It was on a certain morning of early spring, when the outer office was flooded with bright sunshine from the open fields, and many a clerk looked out at distant beds of waving daffodils and cursed his luck, that the office boy was observed to

be strangely agitated. Came the soft humming of a powerful engine, the slamming of a door, and a gasp of appreciation from the boy at the window.

"Heads up!" he cautioned. "Here comes something straight from heaven."

The senior clerk heard a tap at the window marked "Enquiries," glanced severely at the office boy, and pretended to go on with his work. He looked round at the others with a grin when familiar words were spoken in a husky, feminine voice.

"I want to see Mr. Plowberry himself as soon as possible, please."

When he came to the window a moment later, however, the senior clerk's expression was grave.

"What can I do for you, madam?"

"Nothing, I asked for Mr. Plowberry."

"Just a moment, please," said the senior clerk stiffly. "Your name?"

The husky voice answered impatiently.

"Do I see Mr. Plowberry—or do I have to dig him out for myself?"

Before the clerk could frame a reply compatible with his dignity, he heard footsteps, and then a short but significant conversation on the other side of the window.

"Mr. Plowberry!"

"Ah! Now . . . Why, bless my soul! Lady Margaret! Why weren't you brought straight to my room? It must be nearly a year ago since we last met. This is indeed a pleasure . . ."

Old Silas' voice expressed surprise, a suggestion of reverence, and genuine pleasure.

The senior clerk hooked his thumb towards the window in a despairing gesture to the office in general. "Dear old pals," he said suggestively, and went to his seat.

When the door of his room was closed, old Silas Plowberry turned to make a closer study of his visitor.

Margaret Asher looked back at him with troubled eyes. "I've come to discuss a serious matter with you, Mr. Plowberry," she began, and hesitated. "You told me when—when—oh! years ago when I was small—that if ever I was troubled about anything—you emphasised 'anything'—I was to come straight to you."

Silas nodded vigorously, and smiled. "I'm so glad you remembered, Lady Margaret," he said appreciatively. "Now suppose we take a glass of wine before we start? You look quite pale, and . . ."

"No, thank you," she said firmly. "I—we'll have it afterwards, if you don't mind. It's not a long story. But I'm terribly worried after what happened at Castle D'Or last evening. I thought of going to the police, but decided to come here first."

"Folien!" Silas ejaculated. "I'm so glad you decided to come here. Please go on."

"For a long time now—about a year, in fact—my stepmother has been close friends with a man named Victor Wesson," she explained, and added: "I believe she's in love with him. Gertrude invited him to Castle D'Or, and he was introduced to me as an American gentleman, and a great authority on antiques. I'm afraid I disliked him from the first, but without any real reasons. Then he began to search about the house in a manner that annoyed me. He went further, and started to dig a big hole about the ruins on the hill across the park. You know how we Ashers have always regarded the ruins of Castle D'Or, Mr. Plowberry."

"Indeed I do, Lady Margaret. What

an impertinence! You stopped him, of course."

"Yes, Gertrude was more than annoyed when I reminded Mr. Wesson that he was taking liberties with my property and without my permission. She was terribly angry, I remember, and would not speak to me for days. After that Mr. Wesson contented himself with making full use of the library. I discovered him tapping the walls of the library, and heaping piles of books on the floor. It so angered me that I ordered him to leave the house."

"Gertrude interfered, of course, but I insisted, and in the end he left us. But after he'd gone, there was a change in Gertrude's attitude towards me. She became unusually friendly. I've never known her to be so nice before. I can see now that she did all she could to make me forget Mr. Wesson. His name was never mentioned, but quite by chance I discovered that he had not returned to London. He stayed at a hotel in Bristol, and was waiting for his chance to enter Castle D'Or again."

"The fact that Gertrude was being so nice to me made me suspicious, especially when she arranged a programme that would keep me in town for several weeks. So I confided in Anna, my old nurse. You must remember her, Mr. Plowberry."



"VERY well," Silas assured her, and waited impatiently for Margaret to continue her story.

When he heard of the telegram and the midnight train journey, old Silas raised his eyebrows, but remembered that he belonged to a forgotten generation.

"Goodness only knows what has happened since I left last night," she ended breathlessly. "Can't you do something? I—I haven't told you all yet. Something else—something dreadful happened before I left Castle D'Or."

"Come now," he urged. "Tell me everything about this business, and then perhaps I can help you."

Silas saw the color mount upward from the firm white neck, saw it rise until her cheeks glowed and she turned away to hide her confusion. He learned of a certain Doctor Howard Maxton, occasionally referred to as "Bill," and of the part this young man had played so well until a tyre lever had done its deadly work. As he listened, the solicitor's expression changed until old Silas looked oddly aggressive. He realised that quick action was essential.

A mental picture of a man dressed in an officer's khaki uniform, and seated in the very same chair Lady Margaret now occupied, came before him. It was a momentary vision, but it showed vividly a man leaning forward with pleading, outstretched hands.

"I may go under, Silas. Remember all I've told you. I know you'll keep your word. It may sound a silly story to you, but it's a story every Asher has been told in his time."

Silas Plowberry heard himself answer. "The story you've told is not new to me, Lord Asher. Your grandfather told the same tale to my uncle, who told it to me when he retired from the firm. Your in-

structions shall be carried out—even if I'm not alive to carry them out myself."

And the situation Lord Asher had feared in that last interview before his death on a French battlefield had arisen! Somebody had found a clue to the treasure of Castle D'Or, and would stop at nothing to gain it. Silas Plowberry reached out a hand for the telephone, and registered a trunk call through to Castle D'Or. His next telephone call was to Croydon Aerodrome, and the conversation revealed that the solicitor was no stranger to the authorities there.

"I want a plane to carry two passengers to Castle D'Or, the estate of Lady Asher. The place is about fifteen miles southward from Bristol. Eh? Oh, yes. There's a private park big enough to land a squadron if it were necessary. Yes. We shall be at the aerodrome at one o'clock precisely. Thank you."

Silas glanced at his watch. "There is just time for me to tell you how matters stand in regard to your inheritance, Lady Margaret," he said, and proceeded to fill two glasses with red wine.

Hardly was this operation completed than the telephone bell rang. After a short conversation, the solicitor looked puzzled.

"They say there's no reply from Castle D'Or," he said thoughtfully. "The phone at that end is out of order. Rather strange, under the circumstances, isn't it?"

"Strange," she echoed. "Why?"

"Hm! I think the sooner we get there the better. Now, Lady Margaret, the time has arrived when you must know the truth about certain matters of importance to yourself. In the first place, I must tell you that your stepmother is not, and never has been, your legal guardian. She has failed to inform you of the fact herself, but I must enlighten you now."

Margaret stared at him in silent amazement.

"Your father told me much in confidence," Silas continued, "and one thing about which he was greatly concerned was the guardianship of his only child—yourself. It was rather a delicate subject with him, but he made it plain to me that he mistrusted his second wife. He feared that, as you grew older, there would be disagreement between you and Lady Gertrude. A settlement was arranged in regard to your stepmother, but it was nothing like the amount she was accustomed to spend during Lord Asher's lifetime."

"Your stepmother is heavily in debt, or she would never have risked admitting her friend, Mr. Wesson, to Castle D'Or to search for a supposed treasure. I can only regard these recent occurrences very seriously, and make a thorough investigation of this mystery to protect the interests of the Asher estate."

"Why was I never told that you were my guardian?" she asked, as the solicitor paused in his narrative.

"I'm afraid I am to blame for that," he confessed. "I left it to Lady Gertrude to tell you, but she did not do so for reasons of her own. You were a little girl at the time. There was not much an old man could do except keep an eye on the manner of your education, and the maintenance and expenses of the estate. But now we have evidently reached a crisis, and I am bound to exercise my authority in your interests."

"No doubt you have been told something of your family history. The Ashers are an ancient family, and it seems that from time immemorial there has been knowledge—rather let us say the consciousness of a queer secret."

Margaret leaned forward in her chair,

SECRET KEEPER

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

"Do you know that secret, Mr. Plowberry?"

Old Silas shook his head. "No living man knows," he declared solemnly, "but every Asher has been conscious of guarding something he knew nothing about. When your father died, for example, you once told me about your fear. Do you remember?"

"I do," she admitted. "I'm still afraid—afraid for what is at Castle D'Or. It accounts for my presence here this morning. I've not had a wink of sleep for thinking about it. What can it be? What does it all mean, Mr. Plowberry?"

Silas gazed moodily out of the window, as though seeking inspiration. "I don't know," he said at length, "but I think it's time we tried to find out. A serious effort should be made to probe this age-old mystery to the bottom, for the peace of mind of all concerned. It seems preposterous that one so young as yourself should have to go on year after year feeling responsible for something that may not exist."

"MR. PLOWBERRY!"

Margaret's voice vibrated with emotion. "There is something at Castle D'Or. I know it as surely as I am alive."

"You are the third Asher I've heard proclaim the same sort of thing," he said soberly, "and for outsiders it is difficult to understand." He drained his wine glass with an air of determination. "I think we should, with your permission, Lady Margaret, at least try—and try our hardest—to uncover the secret of Castle D'Or."

"I quite agree," she said fervently, "and I think no reasonable expense should be spared to that end."

Once again Silas Plowberry consulted his watch. "It's time we started for Croydon," he said briskly, and left his room to make the necessary arrangements with the journey partner.

During the journey to Croydon Aerodrome Silas observed the troubled expression deepening in the dark eyes of his ward. He thought that she was taking her trouble too seriously, and ventured to reassure her.

"No good purpose can be served in worrying over matters at this stage," he said gently. "We will engage expert opinion at Castle D'Or, and trust that..."

"I wasn't thinking so much about Castle D'Or," she informed him, and then blushed at her revelation.

Enlightenment came to Silas in that moment. "Ah! You are concerned about Doctor Maxton, I presume?"

"Yes," she said quietly. "Do you think we should inform the police?"

"Not until we reach Castle D'Or," he decided, thinking of the publicity such action would bring down upon them.

At Croydon Margaret instructed the chauffeur to return home and then they boarded the waiting aeroplane. Both passengers were too preoccupied with their thoughts to take interest in their swift journey into Somerset, and they awoke with surprise to the fact that the pilot was preparing to make a landing. The spacious park which comprised the greater part of the Asher estate, made an ideal landing ground, and the steady roar which rose to crescendo on their arrival brought servants running from the mansion.

The plane landed some two hundred yards from the house, in order—the pilot explained—to avoid damage to the lawns and flower beds which fronted it. When the machine had taken off again on its

return journey to Croydon, Margaret and the solicitor walked toward the house. It was as they stepped on to the gravelled drive that both became aware of the swift approach of a motor car. The car slowed down and stopped as it reached them, and then the driver alighted.

He was a stranger, with that suggestion of culture about him which denoted the gentleman.

The stranger raised his hat, bowed slightly to Margaret, and spoke to the solicitor.

"My name," he said, as he presented his card to Silas, "is Edward Felton-Slingsby."

"Captain Edward Felton-Slingsby," corrected Silas, glancing at the card, "and from the Foreign Office, I see."

After introductions were effected, the newcomer revealed the nature of his mission. "I believe," he said, "I'm at the end of a long and rather difficult trail. The matter concerns a gentleman from Abyssinia, and apart from being a prince in his own country, his name is Ras Saduum."

At a sudden exclamation from Margaret, Captain Felton-Slingsby smiled. "I see you have information for me, Lady Asher," he said.

"Let us go on to the house, Captain," suggested Silas. "We can talk better there."

They had walked but a few paces when the loud and insistent "burr" of a motor-horn brought the party to a halt. All three people turned to witness the speedy approach of a gleaming sports car—a sports car minus one wing and a foot-board—in which two men were signalling gaily.

"Bill!" exclaimed Margaret, with a sob of relief.

"Margaret!" cried Bill.

"Yes, jolly old Margaret!" added Sir Ferdinand Palister.

"Well, if it isn't young Maxton, with the inevitable Ferdy Palister!" said Captain Felton-Slingsby. "And if I'm not greatly mistaken, somebody has socked the champion quite recently."

Felton-Slingsby, Maxton, and Sir Ferdinand were friends by reason of a common interest in amateur boxing, and the former was particularly anxious to know who had landed on Maxton's features so hard and accurately. In time Bill managed to give a very brief account of his adventures during the last twenty-four hours.

Only Silas saw the expression on the pale face of Margaret Asher, when she listened to Bill Maxton's story. And what Silas saw was an acute reminder of his growing responsibilities as the guardian of a beautiful young woman.

Gathered in the library, nobody there noticed the going of Lady Margaret on her way to the servants' quarters. Outside in the hall, Smithers came at her command, and told the story of Wesson's second meeting with Maxton. The butler waxed enthusiastic as he proceeded, and reached a point where he completely forgot the dignity of his office. Margaret was not a little surprised at his knowledge of the "noble art."

"Can he fight, your ladyship! Doctor Maxton's the man for America's best. He's got a left like a piston-rod. He carries dynamite in his right, and..."

Smithers' enthusiasm died away to a frozen silence as a voice spoke frigidly from behind him.

"Please explain this uproar, Margaret," said Lady Gertrude Asher. "Who are all these people? What are they doing here?"

"All friends of mine, Gertrude," Margaret told her. "Care to meet them?"

Lady Gertrude looked doubtful. "Suppose we go upstairs and talk matters over," she invited.

"I'll come up to you later," Margaret promised, and went into the library.

She found Mr. Plowberry in earnest conversation with Captain Felton-Slingsby, while Bill Maxton and Sir Ferdinand were looking over the apartment between draughts of beer. The solicitor beckoned to her at once, and requested Margaret to tell what she knew of Ras Saduum. Her story puzzled the Foreign Office man greatly until old Silas told him something of the strange situation at Castle D'Or.

Felton-Slingsby became deeply interested, and somewhat excited, when he heard the story of "Secret Keeper." His desire to have speech with the elusive Ras Saduum increased. Silas ended by declaring his intention to stay at Castle D'Or until something was done to clear up the mystery.

"How do you propose to start?" asked Felton-Slingsby.

This question found the solicitor without an answer, and while he hesitated, Felton-Slingsby spoke again.

"Look here, Mr. Plowberry, he said earnestly. "You're in need of expert advice on a most peculiar situation."

"I certainly am," Silas agreed. "But where do I get it?"

"Perhaps I can help you," Felton-Slingsby spoke eagerly now. "It seems to me that our two cases are almost one. You have told me that this ancient family are of Jewish origin, and the whole problem is mixed up with Jewish affairs of long ago. Now I strongly advise you to consult three men who are the greatest authorities on Jewish affairs in Europe—probably the world. These men are friends of mine, and I can tell you in confidence that the Foreign Office does not hesitate to consult them where Jewish affairs are concerned. They are the three rabbis at the House of the Prophet, a famous synagogue in the East End of London. If any man can find a solution to this mystery of yours it is Doctor David Simon, the librarian at the synagogue."

"That sounds promising," said Silas cautiously. "But would your friend come to Castle D'Or?"

"Not if he can help it," Felton-Slingsby admitted. "But the tale you've just told me is right in his line of investigation. I'll see what I can do right away."

When Silas looked at Margaret she nodded to him eagerly.

"I'd be greatly obliged if he could come here," said Silas. "We are willing to pay for his advice, and all the expenses involved."

"I'll put a trunk call through to the House of the Prophet," said Felton-Slingsby. As he rose from his seat the library door was thrown open to reveal a startled Smithers.

"Mr. Victor Wesson!" the butler announced in strangled tones.

The announcement of Victor Wesson's name produced a variety of effects among those gathered in the library at Castle D'Or. Bill Maxton, wandering among the bookcases, halted suddenly, and bristled like a dog confronted with an implacable enemy.

That oddly aggressive attitude returned to old Silas Plowberry, and he it was who answered the butler.

"Inform Lady Gertrude that Mr. Wes-

son has called, Smithers," he said, "and say I will be with them in a few minutes." Then Silas looked questioningly at Margaret. "Where do you suggest?"

"The morning-room," she said promptly.

In the morning-room Margaret introduced Silas Plowberry to Victor Wesson as her guardian. "He is also the sole trustee and administrator of the Asher estate," Mr. Wesson, she added.

Silas came to the point at once. "How do you explain your outrageous conduct here, Mr. Wesson?" he demanded.

"You mean the trouble with the fellow who came here with Lady Margaret?"

"Yes. But the trouble did not begin with the advent of Doctor Maxton," Silas pointed out. "Your activities here during the last few months have been a source of annoyance to Lady Margaret, Asher, and I believe you know that quite well. To be frank, Mr. Wesson, what is it you are so interested in at Castle D'Or?"

"I am an antiquary," Wesson explained, "and therefore deeply interested in what might be hidden away in such an old place as this."

"What might be hidden?" Silas spoke in feigned surprise.

"Yes," Wesson agreed. "It is common knowledge that Castle D'Or contains a secret hoard of some kind—the kind which would interest all antiquarians."

"What is the source of your information?" Wesson hesitated only a brief moment. "I first heard about it from Lady Gertrude Asher," he answered, "and I came to conduct an investigation at her request."

"And against the expressed wishes of Lady Margaret, the owner of this property?"

"I had my authority from Lady Gertrude," Wesson countered, "and when I begin such a task I brook no interference."

"You seem very sure of yourself," Silas commented. "What evidence other than that which Lady Gertrude was able to supply have you of the existence of—er, ancient things at Castle D'Or?"

Wesson smiled, as well as his bruised features would allow, and then became confidential. "Let us talk the matter over sensibly, Mr. Plowberry," he invited. "There is, in fact, other evidence—evidence you know nothing about, and which you cannot possibly obtain elsewhere—and it is in my possession. Perhaps we can make a bargain."

"How dare you!" Lady Margaret came to her feet with blazing eyes, and only the solicitor's restraining hand soothed her indignation. "Allow me," Silas said gently, and then spoke to Victor Wesson.

"There can be no question of a bargain," he said firmly. "What may, or may not, be secreted at Castle D'Or is a personal matter to the House of Asher, and it has been so regarded by the family for generations. Now let us understand each other, Mr. Wesson! Your investigations into this matter at Castle D'Or must cease from now on. As trustee of the Asher estate, I forbid you under penalty of the law to come here for that purpose. Please regard this as a final warning."

There was a queer expression in Wesson's eyes as he listened to the solicitor's

decision. The eyes seemed to glow greenly with a slumberous hatred of old Silas.

"Bah! You talk nonsense!" Wesson gathered up his hat and coat. "I shall come and go as I please."

At the door of the morning-room slammed behind Victor Wesson, old Silas looked reproachfully at the dowager Lady Asher.

"You see the unfortunate position which has arisen through your indiscretion, Lady Gertrude," he said.

"Why—what does it mean?" she faltered.

"It means that if the man who has just left us is brought here again at your invitation, the consequences will be most embarrassing for all concerned. I should be compelled to ask you to leave Castle D'Or and set up your own establishment elsewhere."

The stateliness dropped from Lady Gertrude like a cloak. "You mean you would actually turn me out of my home?" she gasped indignantly.

"It is your home for always while you do nothing unpleasant towards its real owner," said Silas gravely. "I'm sorry I have to talk to you in this manner, but your conduct has made it necessary. You have already done much harm, and much to make Lady Margaret unhappy. That must cease at once."

Without uttering a word in reply, Lady Gertrude Asher left the room. Silas found himself alone with his ward, who was struggling vainly with her tears and a woefully inadequate handkerchief. When Margaret had regained her composure, Silas spoke in serious fashion.

"Please accompany me to the library," he requested. "There is something else I have to say to you all, and it has weighed heavily on my mind ever since you came to me in Lincoln's Inn Fields."

Bill Maxton, Sir Ferdinand, and Captain Felton-Slingsby were engaged in animated conversation when Margaret and old Silas came upon them. For a few minutes the solicitor listened to a discussion on the state of British boxing between men who knew their subject, and then he interrupted them.

"I feel I ought to talk to you all about the crisis that has arisen here," he began, and told of Wesson's declared intention to continue his search at Castle D'Or. "Now both Doctor Maxton and Sir Ferdinand Pallister have come here to offer their assistance to Lady Margaret, and I'm sure—speaking for myself—they are very welcome to stay with us as long as they can."

"They wouldn't dare to go away now," observed Margaret confidently. "I've written to Susan Appleby, and she's coming, too."

"Captain Felton-Slingsby," Silas continued, "has come here on official business."

"And I hope he'll stay," she said eagerly.

Felton-Slingsby expressed his gratitude for the invitation. "My task," he explained, "is to find Ras Saduum, who is in charge of a mysterious expedition which left the Port of Aden some weeks ago in a ship bound for somewhere in England."

"Another point is that Ras Saduum's business is at Castle D'Or, and if I could make it my headquarters for a few days I'd be very pleased to inflict myself upon you, Lady Margaret."

"Please consider the matter settled," she told him.

"And now," Silas went on, "there's the matter of searching about the house and grounds of Castle D'Or. I want to warn you all most earnestly that there is danger in doing so. From what I've been

able to learn through years of association with the Asher family, Castle D'Or was deliberately made unsafe for inquisitive strangers."

"This information was passed on to me by two generations of the family. You must not think that nobody has ever before tried to uncover the secret of Castle D'Or. Many attempts have been made in the past from time to time, and notably by a certain Lord George Asher who lived here at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Lord George was a learned man, a recognised historian who made the history of his own family his special subject."

A brief silence followed Silas Plowberry's story, and then Sir Ferdinand Pallister gave his considered opinion.

"It means that we ought not to work alone about this place, and we'd better make that one of the rules and regulations until—until I can get hold of Doctor Simon. I feel sure he will be able to tell us something about Castle D'Or."

"The telephone's in order now," said Silas. "Why not put a call through to London?"

THE spring sunshine had withdrawn its splendor, and the neighborhood of Stepney, East London, was beginning to look drab in the light of afternoon. In striking contrast to its importance and reputation among Jewish people of all classes, the synagogue called the House of the Prophet—famous throughout two continents—was a dingy building of smoke-stained stone and brick in keeping with the rest of the neighborhood.

At the rear of the synagogue was a spacious concrete yard, and the first indication of cheerfulness and comfort about the place was to be found in the chintz curtains which decorated a wide bow window. The room itself was well lighted, with a bright fire to take away the afternoon chill, and the flames reflected on well-polished, old-fashioned mahogany furniture. But the centre of interest for any stranger who happened to enter there would surely have been the three occupants of this comfortable room.

A chess-board and ivory pieces were placed on a low table before the fire, and around it sat three old gentlemen in solemn contemplation. They sat in silence, filling the air with the pleasant aroma of cigar-smoke, and from time to time—at lengthy intervals—one of them moved a chess-man. Then all three men began to view the board from various angles, twisting about in their seats for the purpose.

Doctor Abraham Marnhoff, distinguished from his colleagues by a heavy black beard, spoke first.

"What a situation!" he said. "I think, David, there is no way out for you now."

The telephone bell shrilled loudly, and the game ceased.

Presently the door opened, and a diminutive Jew dressed in a black frock coat entered the room. He wore a bowler hat a shade too large for his head, and this was tilted backwards over his ears.

"A man on the telephone says he's from Bristol," he said loudly. "Shall I put him through, yes?"

Doctor Marnhoff lifted the telephone receiver, and listened. Then he turned swiftly to his colleague. "Our young friend Captain Felton-Slingsby, David," he said. "He wants you."

"Felton-Slingsby, yes," Doctor Simon

took the receiver. For some few moments the rabbi listened to the voice over the telephone, so clear and distinct yet more than a hundred miles away. His two colleagues watched him idly, and then—at the mere mention of a man's name—both of them sat up stiffly in their chairs and looked hard at each other. Doctor Simon's voice interrupted the flow of conversation with a sudden question.

"Repeat that name!" he rapped out. "Did you say 'Victor Wesson'?"

The rabbi's expression underwent queer changes as he continued to listen. His dark eyes glowed, the thin nostrils quivered, he shifted uneasily in his chair, threw a significant glance across the table to the other two men, and then he spoke.

"Now, listen, young man," he said earnestly. "I cannot possibly tell you what I know over a telephone, but I can warn you. I beg of you not to search at Castle D'Or until you have spoken at length with me. I ask it of you as a favor, and because you know I do not speak without sound reasons. No, I have never been there, but I nearly came once in the long ago. Now, it seems, the necessity has arisen, and perhaps, after all, I shall be spared to investigate one of the greatest Jewish mysteries of all time. Such a business! I have studied it on and off for years.

"Eh? When can I come to Castle D'Or? How should I know? Such a long journey for an old man, yes. What is that you say? Hm! Well, I must first discuss the situation with Doctor Marnhoff and Doctor Spielman. Tell me your telephone number, and you shall know my decision in less than an hour. Good-bye."

Briefly, Doctor Simon outlined the situation at Castle D'Or as he had learned it over the telephone. "So, you see," he ended, "Wesson has persevered in his search for the things he hopes to find, and he is no fool, Abraham. He knows the legend of 'Secret Keeper', and I think he knew it when he came to us for information more than a year ago."

Doctor Marnhoff shrugged his shoulders. "Such a legend it is. Dead, forgotten . . ."

"But backed up by more facts than any Hebrew legend I've ever investigated, Abraham," reminded Doctor Simon. "For thirty years have I collected information, inquired, corresponded with scholars in many parts of the world, and now the chance has come. They want me to go to Castle D'Or as soon as possible. I am in your hands, yes. You are in charge at the House of the Prophet, Abraham. What shall I do?"

It was the remaining member of the trio, Doctor Spielman, who made answer. "Let me tell you a secret, David," he said. "Since the man Wesson came here with his strange story Abraham has been as deeply interested in this legend as yourself. In fact, we also went over your notes and records. It is now obvious to all of us that the case of poor Isaac Laban, of Prague, and the activities of the man Wesson are connected."

"Why is the connection obvious?" asked Doctor Marnhoff.

"Remember that Wesson describes himself as an antiquary—a collector of antiques. Isaac Laban lost the thing he prized most, a genuine antique writing bureau. In that writing-table were certain documents, and among them a book with metal covers in which a story was

written in pure Arabic on linen pages. From where else could Wesson have gained his information? With the exception of a translated copy sent to us by Laban, that book was the only one of its kind in existence. I think Wesson had the original copy translated, and must know the story of Hyman the Ben-jamite."

"Such a lucky man, that Hyman," commented Doctor Simon. "We all agreed he was a liar at that time. I'm not so sure about friend Hyman now. But there is another aspect of this case, my friends. I want you to bear with me just a short time, and assume that Hyman told the truth. What now?"

"Think of what such a man as Wesson would do? Should we sit here and risk the discovery and the defilement, or should we—or one of us—be present as Jews to do fitting reverence to Jewish relics?"

"You have mentioned the real concern of us all now, David," Doctor Marnhoff answered. "I think you should accept this invitation to Castle D'Or. In fact, you should lose no time in preparation for the journey."

Doctor Spielman looked relieved. "I, too, think you should go, David," he said. "I suggest that you stay with our friends at the Bristol synagogue, which will be near enough to Castle D'Or for your purpose. Now give us your own opinion."

"I shall be glad to go," confessed Doctor Simon, smiling happily in spite of himself. "For half of my lifetime this mystery has intrigued me." He lifted the telephone receiver, and asked for Trunk Exchange.

No sooner was the call registered than the rabbi went to his beloved library, and gathered a sheaf of notes and documents into his despatch case. Hardly was this task finished than the telephone shrilled loudly again, and he hastened to answer it.

"We have considered your invitation, young man," he said in answer to Felton-Slingsby's question. "I will myself come to Castle D'Or. When? Oh, to-morrow some time. What is that you say? To-night! But . . ."

"Yes, yes, David," urged Doctor Marnhoff in a loud whisper. "There is ample time for a train to Bristol, and you will have a clear day before you to-morrow."

"Very well," Doctor Simon said gladly into the mouthpiece. "I come to-night, yes. You will meet me at the station? So kind of you, my son."

THE aged rabbi stepped out cautiously on to the platform at Bristol Station, spoke sharply to a zealous porter who tried to snatch his precious despatch-case, and looked about him uncertainly in the gathering darkness. A wave of relief swept over him at sound of a familiar voice.

"Doctor Simon!"

"So we meet again, Captain Felton-Slingsby," the rabbi said, "and you bring me to another pretty problem. And understand, my son, this problem is far more difficult and dangerous than your last case. Now I who am old feel tired, too tired to talk of serious things. You take me to the Bristol synagogue, yes. Here is the address." He handed Felton-Slingsby a slip of paper.

They talked eagerly on the way to the station yard, where Lady Margaret's car waited with Bill Maxton and Sir Ferdinand Palister.

After Felton-Slingsby had introduced

his companions to the rabbi, the car was driven to the Bristol synagogue, where Doctor Simon was joyfully received by his friends there. When they were alone outside the synagogue Sir Ferdinand made a suggestion.

"Beer," he said briefly.

Bill Maxton spoke to the chauffeur and following his instructions the chauffeur turned his car into the yard of a well-known hostelry where the party alighted.

As Bill Maxton glanced idly about him in the darkness, he noticed another car standing in a corner of the yard, revealed by lights streaming from the bar windows. There was something familiar about the car, and even as he stared at it two men came out of the inn and stood talking beneath the light over the doorway. Suddenly Bill Maxton's memory served him, and he remembered the car. Then he realised that the taller of the two men was undoubtedly Victor Wesson, and the other—was Ras Saduum, the Man from Abyssinia!

Wesson and the Abyssinian were walking slowly towards the car, and it was at this stage that Bill saw the 'burly chauffeur coming slowly into view from round the other side of it. The chauffeur's behaviour seemed strange, his movements furtive, and in his hand he held something which instantly revived painful memories in Bill Maxton.

BILL MAXTON

crossed the inn-yard with swift strides towards Victor Wesson's car. The chauffeur swung round with a startled oath as a hand fell heavily on his raised arm, and powerful fingers wrenched a weapon from his hand.

"I'm disappointed in you," said Bill sadly, as he regarded the tyre-lever. "You lack originality, old boy."

At sound of Maxton's voice, Wesson looked up sharply from his interesting conversation with Ras Saduum.

"So it's you!" he snarled. "What does this mean? What are you doing here?"

"I was just asking myself the same question about you," Bill answered, revealing the weapon he had snatched from the chauffeur. "You know, Wesson, if I were you I'd dismiss that chauffeur of yours. He's so careless with your tools that he'll be getting you into serious trouble some day."

"Doctor Maxton!" Ras Saduum exclaimed, and there was no mistaking the ring of pleasure in his voice. "I am glad to see you again, my friend."

"Not half so glad as you ought to be," Bill told him, playing idly with the tyre-lever. "Where did you think you were going, Ras?"

"This gentleman has suggested that he should drive me back to my hotel."

"Now wasn't that too sweet of him!" Bill glared at Wesson as he spoke. "I shouldn't hang about here a moment longer than you can help, Wesson," he added in steely tones. "But for the unkind remarks magistrates sometimes make to people who fight outside public-houses, I—I might forget myself. Ras Saduum goes home with me, to-night."

"Pardon me, Maxton," came the quiet voice of Captain Felton-Slingsby from somewhere in the darkness, "but I must insist on that privilege being mine. Is this the gentleman from Abyssinia?"

"This is Ras Saduum," Bill said, as Felton-Slingsby joined the party. "and here's his new boy friend, Mr. Victor Wesson. I'm glad you've met him, Cap-

tain. Dear Victor has a fascinating hobby. He collects tyre-levers."

Wesson regarded the intruders with a fixed stare. Then, without a word, he signalled to the chauffeur, and stepped into his car. The chauffeur scrambled into his seat at the wheel, and started the engine. As the car was leaving the yard, Bill Maxton spoke again.

"You've missed a joy-ride, Ras," he said grumpily, and threw the tyre-lever away into a dark corner of the yard.

"But he offered to drive me to my hotel," Ras Sadum spoke in puzzled tones. "What was that you have just thrown away, Doctor Maxton?"

"Something they use for parking the hair of mugs like you and me," explained Bill.

At that moment a voice was heard calling from across the yard. "Where the devil are you?" it said. "The beer's getting cold."

"Join Pallster," whispered Pelton-Slingsby to Bill. "I must have a word privately with your pal from Abyssinia. Come back to the car in about ten minutes."

Bill Maxton strolled away across the yard to where Sir Ferdinand was calling plaintively, and acquainted him with the situation.

"Tyre-levers, eh?" snorted the little baronet. "And he would have got away with it again if you hadn't stepped in. We haven't seen the last of that bird, Bill. I gave him the once over at Castle D'Or, and he's tough. Now, just between ourselves, what do you make of this business up at the house?"

"I was going to search you for the same information, Ferdy. You've known Margaret a long time, haven't you?"

"A few years. I first met her when Susie and I became engaged. They've been pals since childhood."

"Did Margaret talk about the family secret when you first knew her?"

"She rarely mentioned it, until a few months ago when Wesson began to worry her. I could never make sense of the affair myself. I'm not so clever that way. What's your opinion?"

"There's something big at the bottom of it all," said Bill soberly. "I'm certain of it. Something about Castle D'Or gets you thinking that way. Noticed it?"

"Sort of," confessed Sir Ferdinand vaguely. "It seems to me that it would help to have an expert opinion about those ruins on the hill. Now why not write to your father?"

"I'll mention it to old Plowberry tomorrow," said Bill thoughtfully. "Now finish your drink, Ferdy. It's time we got back to the car."

They found Pelton-Slingsby and Ras Sadum seated in the back of the car, and deep in conversation. At Bill's approach, Pelton-Slingsby alighted and announced his intention of returning to London by a late train.

"I must have further instructions from my chief," he said. "Our friend from Abyssinia won't talk from the bottom of his heart. He's a nice fellow, is Ras Sadum, but as close as a clam when it comes to an exchange of confidences. There's something dashed queer about his real object at Castle D'Or. He's agreed to come with me to the Foreign Office, and seems to think he's got a trump card to play at any time from the Abyssinian Legation. We'll be back as soon as things are straightened out. Will you present

my apologies to Lady Asher? Tell her I'll be back as soon as possible—if she'll be kind enough to have me. You'll find Doctor Simon will soon make himself at home at Castle D'Or."



DOCTOR DAVID

SIMON found time to glance round the extensive bookshelves which covered the walls of the huge library at Castle D'Or the while he listened attentively to Silas Plowberry's story. . . . the solicitor had finished speaking the rabbi opened his despatch case and drew out a sheaf of notes and documents. These he placed carefully on the table before him, then he looked across at Lady Margaret and began to speak.

"The mystery connected with your family," he said, "began for me more than thirty years ago—when your grandfather invited me to this house to investigate the age-old problem of Secret Keeper. Unfortunately, he died before I could find time to accept his offer. But throughout the years I have gradually, laboriously, gathered together and sifted evidence in relation to this matter. It is a mystery that must have had its beginning in the long, long ago; it is a mystery which Jewish historians have grappled with and failed to elucidate. Yet the mystery persists, and it persists because somewhere it has its origin in truth. Perhaps, Lady Asher, I had better begin by telling you something of your ancient family?"

"Please!" she said eagerly. "For hundreds of years the House of Asher has been very rich," said Doctor Simon, "and it would help us exceedingly if we knew the origin of these riches. It can be proved that the Ashers were very rich when King Henry the Eighth was able to outdo his French rival on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. I have never been able to answer this question. The House of Asher has reaped not, neither has it sown. Yet it is still rich, I believe. A peculiar family, indeed, and no man knows whence they sprang."

"The answer is that prudent and skillful investment has preserved the family fortune," said Silas Plowberry, dryly. "There's no mystery about it."

"You are referring to the present prosperity of the family," Doctor Simon pointed out. "I am concerned with the origin of that prosperity, which seems to have flourished for centuries of time."

"Now from what source did the Ashers obtain their wealth in ancient times? I put this question first because its correct answer is the key to the mystery of Castle D'Or."

Silence reigned in the library while the rabbi searched among his papers on the table. When he found that for which he sought, Doctor Simon looked round at his audience with a queer smile—a smile that was almost apologetic as he regarded them.

"I am going to read to you the translation into English of a long letter, a letter written in Arabic more than a century ago. It was brought to the House of the Prophet by a special messenger, and was addressed to the rabbi in charge of the synagogue at that time. But the Rabbi Pikoof died before this letter from his brother in Italy could reach him. I think

it will interest everybody who has heard the story of Secret Keeper. The first few lines of the original manuscript could not be translated, because when it was discovered only a few years ago, and quite by accident, dampness had made the writing illegible. Now listen!

"... ruined. They have handed Italy back to her former masters, and Ferdinand IV is crowned King of Naples. The pain in my chest warns me that I must write quickly. You have asked so many times for our family legend that I want to make its telling my last duty. Moreover, you who now rule at the House of the Prophet in far away England are the last of our family—or soon will be—and you should know the story of Hyman the Benjamite, who served Judah faithfully in the years before Cyrus the Persian released our people from captivity in Babylon."

"Know, then, that fear came to the Elders and Priests of Judah when they beheld the comfort of their people in captivity. Many, it seems, had become rich merchants who frequently found it convenient to forget their race and religion, and their Assyrian conquerors looked upon the growing prosperity of the Jews with rage and indignation. Although despoiled of the greater part of their wealth when the Temple at Jerusalem was sacked, the priests succeeded in hiding a few priceless treasures from the Assyrians."

"The exact nature of these treasures, and the secret of their hiding-place, was unknown to all except the High Priest and a few chosen councillors who waited patiently for a revolt which would restore the lost independence of the Jews. But the increasing prosperity of Judah in a foreign land caused the people to forget Israel's former glory, and they were content to remain in Babylon and grow rich. Thus it was feared by the Elders that Israel's glory as a nation had departed forever. The Sanhedrin met to discuss a suitable and permanent resting-place for their treasure—thinking that never again would this portion of a sacred heritage, bequeathed by King David and his son Solomon, adorn a Temple dedicated to the worship of Jehovah."

"To find a place safe from the long and all-powerful arm of the Assyrians, however, was a difficult task, indeed, and at last it was decided to take Israel's treasure across the ocean to a far country. Those who volunteered to undertake this work carried their lives in their hands, since discovery meant death by slow torture. Furthermore, and a far greater sacrifice, the volunteers would never return to their people, but remain in a distant land to guard the treasure. A great warrior, a Prince of Judah, was chosen to lead the expedition."

"At about this time the Sanhedrin learned that many of the tribe of Dan were settled in the seaport town of Tyre. They were prosperous merchants, sailing in the ships of Tarshish to a group of northern islands where they bartered with the natives for tin. Messengers were sent."

Doctor Simon looked up from his reading with an expression of deep regret. "At this point the Arabic writing faded again through the damp," he explained, and then continued to read:

"... on high ground overlooking the mouth of a broad river. Five years

they labored to build a strong fortification on this spot, and when it was finished the massacre took place. Yes they who had been faithful through many years of great difficulty and danger were butchered in their sleep, that only he who led them might, of all living men, know the secret hiding-place of Israel's treasure. But for the watchfulness of one, Hyman, this story would have been lost for all time. He alone of the twelve Benjamites escaped the sword, and afterwards returned to Tyre.

"This, then, is the story of Hyman the Benjamite, handed down from generation to generation in our family. Its authenticity is, of course, a matter of personal opinion; but, frankly, I am inclined against my better judgment to believe there is an element of truth in the legend. The description of the spot where the treasure-house was built is correct in so far as my memory serves me, but a story oft repeated. . . . Tin Islands infer that the resting-place of Israel's ancient treasure is in England."

"If I am acquitted, which seems unlikely, this chest trouble will finish me and . . . no buildings so ancient in England . . . absurd . . . too much to suppose that . . . written this in Arabic because it serves to remind . . ."

The rabbi ceased reading, and sighed. "The rest of the manuscript baffled us," he said regretfully. "Now, what about our good friend Hyman? Such a liar he is, yes?"

"And what a liar!" answered Sir Ferdinand. "I really think that a liar of his quality deserves his place in the scheme of things."

"But what happened to the writer of the letter?" asked Bill Maxton, and old Silas Plowberry also evinced curiosity.

"Samuel Pikoff? He was shot for espionage in Naples," said Doctor Simon grimly. "Pikoff was a spy for the French army, and he fought at Marengo. When Napoleon was finally defeated, and the Congress of Vienna had restored Italy, the Jesuits demanded Pikoff's arrest. It was in the year 1815 that Ferdinand IV was crowned King of Naples and Sicily—which gives us the age of Pikoff's letter. Samuel Pikoff was the eldest brother of the Rabbi Pikoff, who died in 1819 at the House of the Prophet. It is extremely doubtful whether the Rabbi Pikoff was alive when the letter was delivered, and that is why it remained unread for many years at the synagogue."

"At first, of course, this story of friend Hyman seems a piece of nonsense. But it has queer possibilities when all the circumstances are considered. Tell me—for why should a man condemned to death take the trouble to write a mass of falsehood in Arabic?"

"Because he believed there was a measure of truth in the story," suggested Silas Plowberry.

"But the last part of the letter seems to show he was in doubt about it all," reminded Doctor Simon. "Like the average man, Pikoff feared to admit that the whole thing is quite possible."

"Feared?" Bill asked.

"But fear of ridicule, yes. The possibility of a great treasure hidden somewhere in England by my own people is not so remote as it may first appear. A steady trade existed between Israel and the Tin Islands even in the days of Solo-

mon. In fact, Solomon knew a good deal about the Tin Islands, and used the 'bright iron' in the building of his Temple. The most unlikely part of Hyman's story is that the treasure was safely smuggled out of Assyria and down to the coast without attracting attention. That it was finally deposited somewhere in this country is not so improbable, considering the business connections between ancient Israel and Britain at that time."

"It seems quite likely, therefore, that the Sanhedrin should recommend Tarshish and Javan—the Tin Islands—as a safe hiding-place. That the conquering Assyrians only captured a small portion of Solomon's treasure is indicated by the willingness of Cyrus the Persian to give it all back to Judah when he released the Jews from captivity."

If we grant the possibility of these things we account for the existence of the treasure and the choice of the Tin Islands as a hiding-place."

The rabbi paused, and the glow of inspiration shone in his eyes. "A hiding-place," he repeated softly. "If there is a spot in all England where such treasure is likely to be found, it is about the ruins of old Castle D'Or, an architectural enigma, situated on high ground and overlooking the mouth of a broad river—the River Severn!"

As the rabbi made this dramatic announcement there came a faint gasp from Margaret Asher. She had listened with painful intensity to Doctor Simon, and her pallor indicated that she was almost overcome with excitement. Before any there could reach her, Bill Maxton was at Margaret's side and had placed his arm about her shoulders. Gently she disengaged herself and walked stiffly to the door, waving Bill from her as she reached it.

"I'm not ill, really," she assured her guests. "Please don't let me disturb you. Doctor Simon, I'll be back again soon."

After Margaret's departure, old Silas looked at the rabbi. "Captain Felton-Slingsby told us yesterday that you issued a warning over the telephone. You impressed him with the danger of searching about Castle D'Or, Doctor Simon. What had you in mind?"

"But it is this house," the rabbi said earnestly. "You know when this house was built, and of the one who came here before the building was finished? Not I thought it was unlikely that you would know, and therefore I warned our young friend. Now I must tell you something about this old house in which we are sitting."

"Castle D'Or was built in 1568, during the tenth year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Such a time it was, yes. Such a time for the Catholics, or recusants, as they were called. It was a time, my friends, when most of the big houses in this country had a secret room or hiding-place for moments of emergency. Innocent men and women, many of them denounced for the sake of old feuds and enmities, were hounded from house to house by soldiers. Religious persecution is the bitterest of all—as we Jews know only too well. The secret rooms and priest-holes were indeed useful additions to a big house when Elizabeth was Queen."

"Some of these apartments were mere cupboards, others were worthy to be called rooms, and there were larger places reached by subterranean passages which ran beneath the ground sometimes for quite long distances. These latter places were very few, because of the difficulties

of excavation, but among the few was Castle D'Or."

"There were also many builders of such secret places, and one in particular who had real genius for the work. His name, my friends, was Nicholas Owen, and history knows him better as 'Little John.' The skill and craftsmanship of Little John must have saved the lives of hundreds of persons in England at that time. His hiding-places were marvelously constructed, and, above all, he held a reputation for strict secrecy. The integrity of Little John may be judged by the fact that he suffered himself to be torn to pieces on the rack at the Tower of London rather than divulge the secrets of his hiding-places."

"The greatest and most difficult task Little John ever accomplished, as recorded by a Catholic priest named Father John Gerard, was here at Castle D'Or between the years 1568 and 1574."

"Now, when Little John was commissioned to construct a secret place, he not only made detection very difficult—he also made it dangerous for investigators. So skilful was he that even to-day much of his work remains undiscovered, and from time to time it is unexpectedly revealed by the tools of modern housebreakers. When an entrance to a tunnel built by Little John is uncovered, however, it is always dangerous to be careless with his handiwork. One may travel a fair distance along such a tunnel in pitch darkness before falling into the death-trap with sharp spikes of fire-hardened wood stuck upright in the floor to impale unwary adventurers. That is the reason for my warning."

Silence followed the rabbi's explanation, while Bill Maxton and Sir Ferdinand exchanged expressive glances.

"You'd fall the heaviest, Bill," observed Sir Ferdinand gloomily, as he lighted another cigarette.

"There is just another question, Doctor," said Silas Plowberry. "Can you tell us anything about Victor Wesson? Felton-Slingsby gave me the impression that you knew something about the gentleman."

The rabbi took the cigar old Silas offered, and lighted it carefully. "Yes," he said, puffing smoke appreciatively. "Victor Wesson, and from your description it must be the same man, came to us by appointment at the House of the Prophet about a year ago. He wanted to know whether we could give him information about the Asher family, and, in particular, was the leading member of the family still called 'Secret Keeper'? We were surprised at his questions, for the story is known to comparatively few people—and very few indeed outside the Jewish world. He did not get the information he sought; rather did we seek information from him. We were intrigued, yes, and because of a certain letter which arrived from Prague a few months before."

"We asked him the reason for his inquiries. When Mr. Wesson evaded our questions we became suspicious, and because of this letter from Prague."

"Our correspondent's name is Isaac Laban, and he is the head of an influential and old-established firm of Jewish bankers in Czechoslovakia. Now some long time ago friend Laban wrote to us in great distress, asking for our advice on the loss of a very old and valuable writing-bureau. This bureau, it seems, was a genuine antique—a rare piece of furniture such as antiquarians long to possess. The bureau had been in Laban's family for a

very long time, some hundreds of years, according to his letter. But that was not all. No! This writing-bureau had a drawer cunningly concealed, and released only by pressing a certain piece of ornamental wood.

"One day Isaac Laban received into his private residence an American tourist. This man had credit-notes from a New York bank which he wished to negotiate. It was while the American tourist and Isaac Laban were talking that the visitor noticed the writing-bureau. He asked for permission to examine it, saying that he was an authority on such things, and Laban agreed—only too proud to show off his treasure, yes.

"Laban says that his visitor worked himself up to a pitch of great excitement as his examination of the bureau continued, and, finally, the man offered a big price for it. But Laban refused, explaining that the bureau was an heirloom and not for sale. The American then offered Laban twice the sum he had first named, and again Laban refused the offer. After the original business was ended satisfactorily the American tourist left the house, and Laban has never set eyes on him since that day.

"About a month later, my friends, a burglary took place at Laban's house while he was away from home. Only one thing was stolen—the antique writing-bureau.

"Poor Laban was prostrated by his loss, of course, and although he spent much money in engaging the assistance of the most reputable European detectives—as well as that of the official police of three countries—the thieves and their booty were never traced. Now, apart from the sentimental value of the bureau, which was great enough for Laban and his family, there were other things on which he set an even greater value. In the secret drawer were certain letters and documents. Some of the letters were written about the year 1560, and were of a confidential nature. Those letters, my friends, concerned certain business transactions with a man named Ludwig Asher, who was also called 'Secret Keeper,' and who lived at a place called Castle D'Or, in England!"

"DID Mr. Laban mention anything further about the old letters he kept in his bureau?" asked Silas Plowberry quickly.

"No. But he was strangely reticent about them in some respects," Doctor Simon replied. "He said that at some future time, when business affairs happened to bring him to London, he would call at the House of the Prophet and discuss the contents of the letters."

"Do you think he knows something that might help us clear up this mystery, Doctor Simon?" I am determined now to settle this affair of Secret Keeper, for the peace of mind of all concerned. If the story came to the notice of the newspapers it would bring an army of treasure-hunters to Castle D'Or—and perhaps people even more undesirable."

The rabbi fumbled with his papers, and considered the question before he answered. "There was certainly something in Laban's letter which hinted that he had a confidential story to tell," he said at last. "But I cannot be sure that what he knows would help us. But I am anxious you should know just what is facing us now at Castle D'Or."

"When all the evidence that I and others have managed to collect is reviewed dispassionately, it shows we know

little which is of real value in our investigations. Legends are not evidence. We do not know where to begin, and at this time the smallest clue might help us to make a start in the right direction, yes. But there is another and even more important aspect of the matter. Our friend Laban gives us little in the way of description about the American tourist. Yet the little he does give is highly significant."

Doctor Simon picked up a letter from among his papers on the table, and quoted his correspondent. "... a very tall man, powerful, and perhaps dangerous. Judging by his remarks about my bureau he was obviously an authority on antique furniture."

"Wesson!" exclaimed Bill Maxton involuntarily.

"Precisely," said Doctor Simon. "One cannot help drawing that conclusion from Laban's short description. Now we may be sure that Wesson has important information about Castle D'Or which he keeps to himself. Otherwise he would not be here. If he knows the contents of Laban's secret drawer it is imperative that we discover the extent of Wesson's knowledge as quickly as possible."

"In that case," said old Silas, "I would be obliged if you sent a letter by air mail to your friend in Prague. Explain our difficulty, and say the matter is urgent. If he will come I am prepared to pay his expenses for a journey by air to England."

"Certainly," agreed the rabbi, with a queer little smile. "We shall have Laban at Castle D'Or as quickly as he can get away from his business, or I'm sadly mistaken about the tone of his letter. A chance of recovering his beloved bureau will bring him across Europe as quickly as he can travel. I will write at once, and..."

A voice, speaking in low, agitated tones from the doorway, interrupted the rabbi.

"Bill," said Lady Margaret Asher. "You remember that old piece of parchment Mr. Wesson wanted to take away with him?"

Bill nodded. "Sure. You put it away in your safe."

"Yes. I—I suddenly remembered it while Doctor Simon was talking. I've just looked in the wall-safe, and—it's not there."

"Tell us about this piece of parchment," said Doctor Simon sharply, and Bill told him.

"Did you read it?" asked the rabbi.

"Didn't have time," said Bill. "From the little I saw of it the thing appeared to be a plan-drawing of some kind. Did you read it, Margaret?"

She shook her head. "I'm sure I put it away, and locked the safe. But it's not there now. I've searched every corner."

"Most unfortunate," murmured Mr. Plowberry. "Is there only one key to your safe, Lady Margaret?"

"Only one key, but I often leave it in a drawer or in my hand-bag. Sometimes it's just lying about."

"Perhaps," said Doctor Simon hopefully, "you will find your plan, Lady Asher. Plan! But what is this plan in which Victor found so much of interest that he attempted to take it away? Him! Now it is fresh air I need, yes. Will somebody take me to what remains of old Castle D'Or? So anxious I am to see that place."

"Let us go across the park together, Doctor Simon," said Silas Plowberry.

"These young people are off to Bristol railway station to meet a friend, I think."

"Susan Appleby will expect to see us all at the station," explained Margaret, "and we'll have to hurry."

"We'll go in my car," said Sir Ferdinand.

"Nothing doing, Ferdy," Bill Maxton looked at Margaret. "We're both young, and want to get home again some time."

"I've ordered the Rolls," said Margaret, "and you're going to behave yourself, Ferdy Falster. Susan will be asking questions, remember."

"So long as you give the right answers everything'll be all right," cautioned Sir Ferdinand.

In the car, on their way to Bristol, Bill Maxton became thoughtful. "That piece of parchment, Margaret," he said. "Any idea of what became of it?"

"I certainly have," Margaret frowned. "If Victor Wesson dares to come to Castle D'Or again, I'll—I'll..."

"Set our Howard on to him," suggested Sir Ferdinand.

They were nearing the station when the car slowed down to negotiate the traffic, and Bill Maxton heard a subdued exclamation from Margaret. He was just in time to see the back of Victor Wesson's car, and then he looked round at her inquiringly.

"Gertrude and Victor Wesson," Margaret said. "I expect he's got that plan back again now, Bill."

"You mean?"

"I mean that only Gertrude would dare to take away a key from my hand-bag, and unlock my private safe."

THE advent of Susan Appleby brought a pleasant companionship. Lady Margaret needed to lighten the serious side of the present situation at Castle D'Or. While Doctor Simon and Silas Plowberry talked and filled the atmosphere in the great library with cigar-smoke that evening, the younger element made merry in one of the reception-rooms. Long after the rabbi had left Castle D'Or on his way back to the Bristol synagogue, the party of young people enjoyed themselves. Everybody went to bed rather late, feeling quite happy and very tired.

For a short time after the lights were turned out below there sounded soft peals of laughter, the gruff voices of Bill Maxton and Sir Ferdinand Falster, and, at intervals, the deep chuckles of old Silas Plowberry. Then the silence of night gradually descended, and the inmates of Castle D'Or slept soundly.

Bill Maxton felt the first signs of returning consciousness from somewhere, it seemed, very far away. A faint and familiar voice spoke from time to time in urgent tones. But the pleasant spell of slumber wrapped him in a comforting blanket against the realities of the outside world. He wanted only to sleep... to sleep... sleep.

"Confound it all!" he growled drowsily. "Go away... go..."

"Bill!" Somebody was tickling his ribs with sharp, insistent fingers. Bill Maxton wriggled violently, and then sat upright. "What the...?"

"Quiet!" breathed Sir Ferdinand. "Listen. There's something doing downstairs, and..."

"And there'll be something doing up here now," said Bill Maxton in a fierce

whisper. "I'm going to push your silly head . . . What was that?"

"Conscious at last! Sure you're flicking over all right?" Sir Ferdinand laid a restraining hand on Maxton's arm. "Come on," he whispered, "and let your hoofs go down quietly. We're going to have some fun, Howard."

Outside on the landing they stood listening intently. Not a sound disturbed the night-silence while they waited expectantly.

"So what?" demanded Bill Maxton at last. "You little flea with an uneasy conscience! You've woke me up in the middle of the night to stand shivering with my bare feet on a cold floor . . . Are you laughing, confound you?"

"No, lunatic! I'm crying like a little child. The remorse is more than I can bear, and . . . There! Did you hear that?" Sir Ferdinand's voice broke in a note of triumph.

"Shh!" It became Bill Maxton's turn to be cautious. And they waited.

From far below came a faint sound, the sound a leather shoe makes when scraping on a tiled floor. Came the faint rattle of a door-handle, the clicking of a lock, and then silence.

"Dirty work on the ground floor," whispered Sir Ferdinand. "Tread lightly, Howard."

At the foot of the stairs leading into the great hall Sir Ferdinand again touched his friend's arm, and Maxton followed him silently along the wide passage to where a thin shaft of light out of the darkness. In a few moments they had traced these sounds to their source, and were standing together outside the partly opened door of the library.

"It's not safe without a good lantern," the voice of Victor Wesson was saying, "and I've come here all unprepared. Now be sensible, Gertie. You'll simply have to go on helping me at this stage. It will be all over soon, and then we can afford to laugh. Now, before I go, I want you to open it yourself, so that you'll know just what to do when . . ."

"Atchoo! Atchoo! Oh, hang! Atchoo!" This repeated sneezing on the part of Sir Ferdinand Palister sounded like a series of muffled explosions in the silence of the night.

The effect was startling. Victor Wesson came out through the open doorway and into the passage like a whirlwind. He collided heavily with Bill Maxton, and sent the young doctor staggering wildly down the passage. For a few brief moments Wesson's wild rush continued, and then a like shadow flung itself forward and downward. Small, sinewy hands fastened like steel clamps on Wesson's ankle, and brought the big man crashing to the ground.

Wesson cried out sharply as he fell, but was on his feet again in a fraction of time. With huge leaps and bounds he mounted the wide stairway, and behind him in hot pursuit sped Sir Ferdinand Palister.

"Lights!" he shouted. "The blighter's gone to earth up here somewhere."

In answer to his shouting the lights suddenly blazed forth on all landings, and Sir Ferdinand blinked about him like a dazzled hound at fault. The quivering voice of Smithers spoke in answer to other and feminine voices from somewhere above him, and from below the thudding footsteps of Bill Maxton came mounting rapidly.

"Where, Ferd?"

"I'm—I'm not sure. He disappeared on the bend of the stairs. I'm certain of that,

Bill." Then Sir Ferdinand felt himself pulled aside to make way for a rustling figure behind them.

Lady Gertrude Asher, wrapped in a silk dressing-gown, hurried past the two men and gained the door of her room. Hardly had she disappeared inside before light footsteps could be heard from above, descending the stairs.

Bill Maxton gripped his friend, and signalled for silence with a finger on his lips. Together they went down into the hall, and Bill spoke in lowered tones.

"Don't say a word about Gertie," he said. "It will only upset Margaret. We can at least afford to wait until the morning. Let me do the talking, see?"

"I see," Sir Ferdinand took up a strategic position behind big Bill Maxton, and hoped for the best.



MARGARET ASHER

and Susan Appleby came down the stairs in breathless excitement, and behind them Smithers stepped carefully in a pair of carpet slippers.

"What ever is the matter, Bill?" As Lady Margaret spoke she saw him droop an eyelid.

"Burglars," said Bill briefly. "They've gone now. There's nothing to worry about."

"Are you sure?"

"Sure," said Sir Ferdinand, coming out into full view from behind Bill Maxton. "Ferd! Are you hurt?" cried Susan, coming closer to her fiancé.

"I don't think so," said the baronet doubtfully.

While Susan was speaking Lady Margaret approached Bill Maxton. "Are you sure everything is quite safe now?" she asked, and looked at him with puzzled eyes.

"Quite safe," he assured her, and added, "I'll tell you all about it in the morning, Margaret. Meanwhile, there's absolutely nothing more we can do."

As he was speaking, Bill Maxton looked at her meaningly, and he saw that she understood and trusted him.

At the top of the stairs the two men met Smithers, a butler sorely puzzled.

"You'll excuse me, Doctor Maxton," Smithers ventured, "but I heard you say something about burglars to her ladyship."

Bill waited, feeling strangely uneasy. "I was just wondering, sir, how they could get in—and out. All the doors, and the windows, are locked and bolted."

"You've got me beaten, Smithy," Bill admitted. "But don't let it worry you. Every burglar has his own methods, you know."

"I suppose so, sir."

They left Smithers rubbing his chin thoughtfully, and entered Sir Ferdinand's bedroom.

"Now," said Bill, seating himself comfortably on the bed. "Let's have it from the beginning, Ferd. What woke you up?"

"I heard a door slam, and then somebody slipped on the carpet in the corridor—and said something."

"Said what?"

"I couldn't quite make out, but it sounded like a cuss-word to me."

"And then?"

"Well, of course, I hopped out, and heard somebody pottering about down-

stairs. So I came along to you. But that's not all, Bill. There was somebody else outside the house at the time, just below my window."

"But what happened to Wesson? I heard you bring him down, Ferd. You must have been close behind him when he disappeared. Did you see where he went?"

"I didn't see him go, but I have an idea of what happened. Let's dress. Daylight's just breaking, and we can snoop around before the others are about."

Having dressed themselves, the two men went to the bend on the stairway, and Sir Ferdinand examined the wall.

"He went through here somewhere, Bill. The door, wherever it is, was left open in the dark—ready for a quick getaway. I think the place where Wesson entered the house must be somewhere under the window of my room. We'll go outside, and . . ."

Queer sounds of muffled footsteps, gradually drawing nearer, startled the little baronet. He looked at Bill Maxton with goggling eyes. Suddenly there came the fumbling of fingers from behind the wall, and then a large section of moulding opened on concealed hinges—and Smithers stepped out on to the landing carefully.

"Good-morning, gentlemen," the butler greeted. "You're up early, sir. I was just wondering, as I came up the little stairs, in what part of the house I should find myself. For the greater part of my life I've lived here in this house, and never dreamed there were stairs behind this wall."

"Well?" demanded Bill.

"Well, sir, I thought over what you said about burglars and their—er, methods, and it occurred to me that there might be a way out as is not known to anybody here. Then I remembered a possible entrance, sir. We always thought it was the mouth of a big drain for the old moat that once upon a time went right around the house. If you'll follow me, gentlemen, I'll show you how a burglar entered the house last night."

They followed Smithers through the door in the wall, a door which snapped shut behind them when it was released. Down a narrow and winding flight of stone stairs they followed the butler, and came suddenly into broad daylight through an opening about six feet square hidden from the outside behind a curtain of thick ivy. They emerged on to a sunken, grass-grown path facing flower gardens at the back of the house.

Smithers pointed to the torn tendrils of ivy scattered about. "Somebody came this way in a hurry last night," he observed.

"I wonder how he learned of this entrance?" muttered Bill. "Now listen, Smithers. Could you put, say, a couple of stout screws into that door on the stairs—put them in some time to-day where they wouldn't be noticed?"

"I could, Doctor Maxton. I'll do it now, before the rest come downstairs. And Smithers disappeared through the curtain of ivy to carry out the task."

"Now what about our Gertie?" demanded Sir Ferdinand, when the butler was gone. "Do we tell Margaret? Whatever happens, we must both tell the same tale."

"No," Bill declared. "Margaret will be frightfully upset again if we tell her. No, Ferd. Our tale this morning will concern Wesson, and nobody else. What do you think?"

"Perhaps it would be best," Sir Fer-

dinand agreed, and then grinned as another thought struck him. "Dear Victor will find himself badly in the cart if he comes here again to-night, and so will poor old Gertrude if he fails to turn up. By the way, what did you make of his talk in the library last night?"

"We didn't hear enough. Your confounded sneezing spoiled the whole show. You know, Percy, I'm puzzled about that library. Must be something specially important there, and Wesson knows what it is."

"You're thinking of another door like the one on the stairs, I suppose?"

"I'm not. Yesterday, I had a look round outside the place. That library is practically an isolated wing of the house, Percy, and there are no adjoining walls for a concealed passage. But we'll keep an eye on the place all the same."

"And now breakfast," Sir Ferdinand spoke with decision. "Come on."

THE hot sunshine of afternoon blazed down upon the hill-top where stood the ruins of old Castle D'Or, and beneath the shadows of its crumbling walls was spread a snowy tablecloth on green grass. Around the cloth sat a pleasant party of people, listening with deep interest to the stories told by an aged rabbi.

It was thus that Captain Felton-Slingsby and Ras Sadum returned from their journey to London, found them and received a warm welcome to join the picnic.

"We've settled our differences at the Foreign Office," Felton-Slingsby told them, "and now I'm back again to help if I can, Lady Margaret."

Both Margaret and Silas Plowberry thanked him, and she looked eagerly at Ras Sadum.

"Surely you can tell us more now?" she invited. "Is there really something I can do for you?"

Ras Sadum revealed white teeth in a grateful smile. "We have conversed long and earnestly, Lady Asher," he said, "and now I know why you did not understand me when I first came to see you. My friends in London are amazed that you, the Secret Keeper, do not know what to do now that some of the most marvellous antiquities in the world to-day have been brought to England to their proper resting-place."

"What antiquities are these?" asked Doctor Simon with keen interest. "Where do they come from?"

"Until all the conditions we expected to find in England are fulfilled I cannot tell you the nature of these treasures," said Ras Sadum. "But these things have been brought from my own poor stricken country, where we have guarded them for many centuries. There was a prophecy, given in the long ago to those who governed Abyssinia, about these ancient treasures. That prophecy has lately been fulfilled."

We were told to seek one of the tribe of Asher whom the Jews called Secret Keeper, and who was the Keeper of the Sanctuary. Only the chief men of the House of Asher knew of and could open the Sanctuary, and when the sign of the ring was given his reply would be the password."

"Then give me the sign," said Margaret tensely.

Ras Sadum inserted his fingers in a vest-pocket, and drew out a gold signet-ring. She took it from him, stared at the

strange inscription on the face of the ring and shook her head helplessly.

"May I see the ring?" asked Doctor Simon sharply.

Ras Sadum took the ring from Margaret's outstretched hand, and handed it to the rabbi.

Doctor Simon glanced at the engraving on the signet-ring and frowned perplexedly. "It looks remarkably like a pair of gates," he said, "and the engraving may or may not have some connection with the password. But if Lady Asher is shortly able to give you the correct word, and to open the sanctuary as you call it, what are you going to do?"

"I, and one other, will deposit in the Sanctuary what we have brought to this country from Abyssinia," said Ras Sadum patiently. "In London yesterday, I had a consultation with my colleagues, and it was decided that the conditions of the ancient prophecy must be complied with in every respect. Until that happens, we cannot tell you all our story. As for that which we have brought, it is in a very safe place."

Ras Sadum ceased speaking to laugh softly. "Our ship in the river at Bristol has been searched from stem to stern, by the authorities—and by some without any authority." He paused to exchange smiles with Felton-Slingsby. "We have now special permission from the British Government to deal with our treasure as we wish, and I can tell you no more."

"But suppose we can't . . ." Margaret broke off to stare at a figure toiling painfully up the slope toward them from the direction of the house.

Bill Maxton recognised the portly figure first. "Why, it's Smithers," he said, "and something's upset the old boy."

The butler was breathless, and perspiring freely when he arrived at the scene of the picnic. "I would be relieved if you would come up to the house, your ladyship," he said gustily. "I—we can't find Lady Gertrude."

Margaret stared at him. "Isn't she in her room, or has she gone out?"

"She went into the library, your ladyship, and sent a message downstairs. I was to bring her a cup of tea about three o'clock. At three I was outside the door with the tea-tray, but it was locked and I could get no answer after knocking for some time. So I used my own key to unlock the door, and when we opened it the library was empty. She—she wasn't there!"

"Did you look in her room upstairs?" asked Margaret, speaking with difficulty.

"Yes, your ladyship. I'm certain she did not go out of the house because the maid says all Lady Gertrude's outdoor clothes are in her room, and the chauffeur is still in the garage waiting for orders."

"Did you see her in the library yourself?" asked Silas Plowberry.

"Yes, sir. I saw her before she locked the door."

"What was she doing then?"

"Her ladyship was reading something on the table, sir. It looked like a sheet of old parchment to me."

Five men and two women, all gathered in the great library of Castle D'Or, looked at each other helplessly.

"In view of what's happened," Bill Maxton was saying, "I think it's best now that you should know what Percy and I saw here last night." He then proceeded to tell them of finding Lady Gertrude and Victor Wesson together in the library

during the early hours of the morning, and the fragments of conversation overheard from the open doorway.

"The point is," Sir Ferdinand added, "that Wesson knows the trick of disappearing in here, and he would be able to release Lady Gertrude."

"I certainly am not inclined to send for Victor Wesson," declared Silas Plowberry, and Lady Margaret agreed with him.

"Surely we can find the solution to the mystery ourselves," she said.

"There's a way out of here when the doors and windows are shut," said Felton-Slingsby slowly, "and those who get out can't get back. There's a power for you. I suppose there's a door concealed behind these bookcases somewhere."

"A door in these walls would simply let you into the gardens outside," Bill Maxton pointed out. "I—I wonder whether she really did find a way out from here?"

"Lady Gertrude did not leave the house," said Silas Plowberry. "We can be fairly certain of that. If she left the house by the usual means somebody must have seen her. All the servants have been questioned, and none saw her outside the house. Well, she's not here now." He turned to Doctor Simon, and hesitated. "Do you think she could be in any danger?"

The rabbi shrugged his shoulders. "I am afraid of it, yes," he confessed. "Such a business it is! But she must be rescued from her present position, wherever it may be, as quickly as possible. You yourselves have told us of a man who disappeared in this library, and he was never found. I ask you to look upon this affair as very serious, Mr. Plowberry."

OLD SILAS shook his head. "We must search for ourselves," he said. "If we send for the police they will laugh at us. But—but where do we begin?"

"Let's begin by each examining a section of the walls," suggested Felton-Slingsby.

"That's as good a plan as any," sighed old Silas. "We must do something. If we can't find the secret of this library ourselves—we must go to the police as a last resort."

Each man, with the exception of Doctor Simon, was allotted a section of the book-lined walls for clearance, and the search began with feverish haste. As a section was cleared of books, Doctor Simon came forward to make an examination. Confusion grew as time passed.

"Enjoying yourself, Ras?" grunted Sir Ferdinand, as he staggered wearily with a pile of books.

"Most interesting," the Abyssinian assured him, and looked up appreciatively at the range of shelves above the narrow balcony. "Our task has begun," he said with a satisfied smile.

"If this is your idea of a beano," growled the baronet indignantly, "I wonder you don't take up road-breaking as a hobby."

When old Silas Plowberry spoke all eyes turned hopefully in his direction.

"It seems to me," he said heavily, "that we are making no progress toward a solution of this mystery. We are faced with a most extraordinary combination of circumstances. Lady Gertrude has been missing now for several hours, and the consequences will be most serious if we fail to reach her soon."

Margaret Asher, pale with anxiety, en-

tered the library with Susan Appleby in time to hear this opinion.

"I have just thought of something which might help," she told them. "Ferdie Palister told me yesterday that Professor Maxton is an authority on old buildings. Could we get into touch with him, Bill?"

"But he's in London," said Bill, "and our problem here is urgent, Margaret."

"We could get him on the telephone," Sir Ferdinand pointed out. "If any man can help us here, Bill, it's your father."

"Professor Maxton, the archaeologist, is your father?" asked Doctor Simon, in surprise. "But I know him well, my son, and his advice would be most valuable to us now. He is a recognised authority on this very matter."

"When I tell him about—about Castle D'Or and the situation we're in he'll think I'm pulling his leg," growled Bill. "Think how it will all sound over the telephone!"

"Then I will speak to him, yes," Doctor Simon decided. "Now get through to your father and leave the rest to me."

Some time elapsed before Trunk Exchange connected Bill Maxton with his home in London. By a piece of good fortune Professor Maxton happened to be on hand. Bill felt himself unable to impress his father with the fact that he was in deadly earnest. To his amazement however, the mere mention of Doctor Simon's name seemed to impress the archaeologist.

"You say that this library is almost an isolated building?" came the voice from London. "And you've stripped the walls to look for a concealed door? Really, William, I'm surprised that you have wasted so much time."

"Then what shall we do, sir?" asked Bill.

"You have just told me that Doctor David Simon, from the House of the Prophet, is there with you. I would like to speak to him."

The rabbi took the telephone receiver from Bill Maxton. "This is Simon speaking. Professor Maxton? Ah! I feel sure you can help us. This is a case of first importance, Professor. The secret work at Castle D'Or was carried out by Nicholas Owen. Yes, it really is a genuine case. Eh? But I am certain it is the work of Little John, and we really are in a desperate plight here."

There was silence at the rabbi's end of the line for some moments while he listened with strained attention, and gradually his wrinkled brow lifted.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed at last. "But you must be right, Professor. I must be getting old and foolish to forget such a thing. We will follow your instructions carefully. Yes, of course, I understand now. You must, as soon as you can spare the time, come to Castle D'Or. An example after your own heart, Professor. Yes. Good-bye."

Doctor Simon's eyes were aglow with excitement when he returned to the library. He was a man with renewed hope, and as one from whose shoulders a heavy load of responsibility had been suddenly lifted. At sight of him everyone ceased talking, and waited eagerly for the rabbi to speak.

"But why did we not think of it before?" he demanded impatiently. "So obvious, yes, and nobody even thought of it."

"Thought of what?" asked Felton-Slingsby with equal impatience.

"The fireplace, my son! Such a fireplace, too. Big enough for a small room,

yes. Now let us have all the lights. Here must be the answer to our problem."

Before the rabbi had finished speaking the whole company were crowding round the huge Tudor fireplace. As Doctor Simon had said, it was huge—and also a magnificent piece of work. An armored-steel grate, supported by two large griffons at each side, stood solitary in the centre of the great hearth. The whole was framed by an oak-beamed mantel, wonderfully carved and at least four feet wide by a foot in thickness.

"Somewhere among this mass of carving, I am told, we shall probably find a piece which operates a hidden lock," explained the rabbi. "Stand back a little, my friends, and let us examine this thing without haste."

Many fingers were soon stretching out to search and press upon the various carvings on the mantel, and without any effect at first. It was Doctor Simon, peering through his spectacles with rapt attention, who met with success.

"There is something strange here," he said softly. "Very strange, yes. We have four lions in a row upon the widest ledge of all. Two Tudor lions rampant—and two lions of Judah couchant! These Jewish lions—most unusual, my friends. Let us see . . . Ah!"



DOCTOR SIMON'S

fingers had closed over one of the carved lions couchant, and he felt it move beneath his hand.

"See!" he exclaimed, and stretched his hand across to an identical lion on the other side of the mantel. Came the faint snap of a lock, and the rabbi staggered back breathlessly as the great oaken mantel swung outward from the wall. The armored-steel grate still stood solitary in the centre of the hearth, but on the left-hand side a square hole was revealed in the floor—and the edges of a flight of stone stairs could be seen, leading downward at a sharp angle.

"And that's that!" said Sir Ferdinand, with an air of finality. "A tidy hole. Big enough for anyone to get down the steps." He stooped, crept across the hearth, and was standing with his full weight on the second step when the great mantel thudded back into its place behind him. The baronet found himself in pitch darkness, and felt a pang of fear before he heard the lock operated again from the other side. As the entrance was uncovered he scrambled back into the library with undue haste.

"Now we know why people do not come back," said the rabbi solemnly. "Let us exercise care. First we must have lights—oil lanterns, yes. Then we find out how to operate this lock from the inside of the fireplace."

Nobody moved until Smithers appeared carrying two lighted lanterns, and when he saw the fireplace swinging wide open his amazement brought a roar of laughter from Bill Maxton. The laughter became general, a form of hysteria after hours of great anxiety for all who had taken part in the search. Margaret and Susan seemed completely overcome by the dramatic turn of events, and were sitting

pale and tight-lipped—watching the operations in strained silence. It was Doctor Simon who reminded them that the object of their search had yet to be achieved. But it was shrewd old Silas Plowberry who now stepped forward to direct operations, and the rest acknowledged his authority without question.

"A lady no longer in the prime of her youth and strength is somewhere in a state of exhaustion near that hole," said Silas. "Think of the state of terror she must be in, her sufferings in utter darkness. She will almost certainly need medical attention, and therefore Doctor Maxton will go first. Captain Felton-Slingsby will accompany him. But first we must find the mechanism which operates this mantelpiece from inside."

Bill Maxton and Felton-Slingsby, stooping low, crossed the hearth with lighted lanterns and went gingerly down the steps. When the mantel swung back, shutting out all light coming from the library, they turned and searched about them. Some time elapsed before they found a curiously bent iron lever, hidden cunningly behind a beam where it seemed no space could be, and which operated the lock. So cleverly concealed was the lever that it seemed impossible to find it in the darkness. The plight of one trapped behind the closed mantelpiece, and without a light, sent a shiver of fear through Bill Maxton. Moreover, such was the thickness of the barrier between steps and library that it was an insulation against sound. They found, also, when the mantel again swung back to illuminate the space at the top of the stairs, a small shutter which enabled a person mounting the steps to obtain a view of the library before he opened the fireplace and betrayed its secret.

Having mastered the secret entrance, the two men went down the narrow stairs carefully and were astonished at the number of them. Felton-Slingsby estimated that they were about twelve feet below ground-level when they reached the bottom. Facing them from the stairs was the mouth of a tunnel—black and forbidding, where shafts of lights from their lanterns cast fantastic shadows on smooth, earthen walls. The underground passage stretched away into utter darkness ahead, and both men found it necessary to bend their heads from scraping the roof.

"Where are we off to now?" muttered Bill Maxton.

"Under the home park, I think," Felton-Slingsby answered.

They walked warily down the tunnel, Maxton in the lead, and continued to make progress for what seemed an endless space of time.

"We're a long way from home," said Bill at last, "and there's no sign of Lady Asher. Do you think she would have travelled so far from the entrance?"

"She probably lost all sense of time and direction down here in pitch darkness. Remember, too, that she might have acted on inside information from Wesson. She may have known just where she was going. We don't know what may be ahead of us."

The strange journey continued, and their rate of progress down the tunnel increased as the men became accustomed to their surroundings. Bill's neck ached, his head throbbed with excitement, and it seemed he had been travelling in this discomfort for many hours.

"Do you think we're going the right way?" he demanded at last.

Felton-Slingsby chuckled. "There's

only one way," he said, "and it's straight ahead."

How long they were occupied in traversing the tunnel Bill Maxton never discovered, but he remembered the rabbit's talk upon the traps of Little John and walked with the light ahead of him. He first became aware of a change in the situation by being able to walk upright in comfort. The tunnel was evidently higher now. Then he could discern, far ahead it seemed, a patch of white which grew paler as he approached. Nearer they came to it, and saw a wall of white stonework which completely blocked the tunnel. At the base of this stone wall lay a huddled form, and both men hastened forward.

AS he reached the fallen woman and made a swift examination a transformation took place in Bill Maxton. When he raised his head to speak to Felton-Silingsby it was the calm, dispassionate medical man who gave instructions.

"She's alive," Maxton said, "but must be taken out of here without delay." As he spoke he removed his jacket, folded it, and placed it beneath the patient's head. "Get back as quickly as you can, and bring anything which we can use as a stretcher. She's too heavy to carry all the way back down the tunnel, Felton-Silingsby."

After his companion had disappeared down the tunnel on his way to bring assistance, Maxton made a closer examination of his patient. Lady Gertrude received drastic treatment at the young doctor's hands for a few minutes, after which she showed signs of recovery. She moaned, struggled feebly, and then gabbled wildly. At first her speech was incoherent, and then she screamed as one beset by mortal fear. Words came at last to the moving lips, clear and distinct.

"It's over there," she moaned. "The thing in the corner! Oh! The thing in the corner! Victor! Can't you hear me?"

A piercing scream followed these words, a convulsive struggle, and Lady Gertrude Asher slipped back into unconsciousness.

Yet Maxton's face was calm enough as he made a further examination. "Shock," he muttered, then rose to his feet with the lantern and looked about him.

"Something here has frightened the very wits out of her," he continued, and began to search.

Something brushed against his shoes in the darkness near the stone floor. Holding the light higher now, he saw that the tunnel ended in a spacious, stone-paved area which continued beyond the sides of the tunnel like the top of a letter T. Facing the mouth of the tunnel were two huge slabs of dressed stone, like great panels in a wall, and on each panel were queer engravings. He drew nearer, and saw that both stone panels were covered in writing from top to bottom, with unfamiliar letters engraved with marvellous precision and clearness. Bill Maxton tried to read, and found it hopeless. Somewhere, he thought, such letters were to be found, and he had seen them. But memory failed him, and again he turned his attention to Lady Gertrude.

She was moaning again, softly now, and he bent lower to listen.

"The thing in the corner," she gabbled wildly, almost inaudibly. "I saw it in the corner. In the corner. It's there

—there, I tell you. The light! The light's going out . . . out . . ."

Bill Maxton lifted the lantern so that the light shone full upon her. Lady Gertrude was very pale, breathing deeply, and her clothing showed where she had staggered from side to side against the earthen walls of the tunnel. Then, half-hidden by a flimsy cloak about her shoulders, he saw a portion of yellow parchment. Gently he drew the manuscript from the folds of her gown, and held it closely to the light. It was the same piece of yellow parchment he had seen spread out on the table in the library at his first meeting with Victor Wesson.

Holding the light high above his head he now peered closely into the four corners of the space forming the top of a letter "T" at the end of the tunnel. The corner against the stone panels, on the right hand side of the tunnel, attracted him. An oddly-shaped bundle lay there, and he moved slowly toward it.

"Good heavens!" he rapped out, and recoiled from the ghastly thing the light revealed.

Then understanding came, and was followed by an expression of deep pity for the thing in the corner. A human skull grinned back at him to confirm the strange story told by Silas Plowberry. What had once been a man was now a mere framework of bones held loosely together by mouldering garments almost withered to dust by time and exposure.

"The Asher who never came back," murmured Bill, and abruptly turned the light away from the thing in the corner.

For a long time Bill Maxton stood leaning against a white stone panel, with the lantern at his feet and shining directly upon the recumbent figure of Lady Asher. He lighted a cigarette to relieve the monotony of waiting in the darkness. Rapidly he reviewed the series of adventures experienced since that memorable night at Beverly Square, Mayfair, where he first met Margaret Asher. One overpowering instinct struggled to rise above all other emotions, and he no longer repressed it but allowed the thought to possess and waft him away into a paradise that might be his in the future. He admitted the truth to himself at last, and, realising its full significance, he moved away from the stone support and squared his shoulders for an ordeal that would surely come and on the result of which his life's happiness depended.

How long he stood thus, wrapped in thoughts of the woman he loved, Bill Maxton did not realise. He was brought to a sense of his surroundings by the convulsive movements of Lady Gertrude Asher, and bent down to massage the chilled limbs with expert fingers. Presently her eyes opened, and looked back at him with deep terror in their depths.

Bill spoke to her in soothing tones, reassured her that the danger was past, and looked up at last for signs of assistance approaching from down the tunnel. Far away in the pitch darkness a tiny crazy star was dancing from side to side, and faintly he heard the sounds of human voices drawing nearer.

As he waved his lantern aloft, the lanterns down the tunnel waved back in answer to the signal.

"Doctor Maxton?" came quavering voice of Smithers from far away.

Soon the rescue party had reached the end of the tunnel, and it consisted of Smithers and the footman, carrying an

improvised stretcher between them, Silas Plowberry, and Sir Ferdinand Palister.

"Is she very bad?" asked the solicitor quickly, as he came up with Maxton.

"No. Suffering from shock, and exposure by lying on the damp ground," Bill reported. "She'll be quite well again in a few days. But she must be put to bed with hot water bottles as quickly as we can get her there. Where's Felton-Silingsby?"

"He told us what you had discovered down there," said Silas, "and has gone off to Bristol with Ras Saduam in the car. They are bringing back a drum of electric cable, lamps, tools, and other things to light up this place from the library to the end. Doctor Simon is most anxious to get down here and look at the writing on the stone panels. Have you discovered anything else?"

"I certainly have," said Bill. "Now prepare yourself for a shock, and just take a look at this." He guided Silas and Sir Ferdinand over to where the remains of a long-dead Asher lay in a corner.

Old Silas breathed deeply as he gazed upon the thing in the corner. "And I always had doubts about that story," he confessed in shocked tones. "I wonder where—where all this mystery will lead us, Maxton?"

"I wonder," said Bill.

"I think I can show you," declared Sir Ferdinand Palister, who had been deeply interested in the great stone panels ever since his arrival at the end of the tunnel. "Lift your lantern higher, Bill."

The baronet pointed to a line running straight down the centre of the engraved panels. "It will lead us through here," he said confidently. "Look closely, and you'll see that these two pieces of stone are a pair of gates!"

"Gates!" Silas came closer to the stonework, and for the first time saw the parting line where both panels met.

"I think you must be right, Ferdy," said Bill Maxton, who was also examining the panels.

"Sure of it." Sir Ferdinand's tone left no room for doubt. "Remember the engraving of a pair of gates on Ras Saduam's signet ring? I'll bet all the tea in China," he added recklessly, "that the tunnel goes on beyond this stonework. The trouble will start when we try to open the gates. What are we going to find on the other side?"

THE reaction following hours of anxiety, lack of food and rest, came to Bill Maxton after he had carried out the duties of his profession on behalf of Lady Gertrude Asher. She was in bed, and sleeping comfortably, before he left her, and had time to think of his own condition. He yawned and sighed wearily as he went down the stairs to join his friends. In the hall below a grandfather clock struck the hour of midnight. A light showed through the partly opened door of the morning-room, and there he found Silas Plowberry, Captain Felton-Silingsby, and Ras Saduam discussing their plans for the following day. Sir Ferdinand Palister was stretched out on a settee, and sleeping peacefully.

They ceased speaking when Maxton entered, and old Silas rose to thank him for his assistance and attention to Lady Gertrude. Silas poured out a stiff measure of whisky and soda, and offered it to the young doctor.

"Drink this," he advised. "You must be feeling the strain of the last few hours." Bill followed his advice, to the extent of half the contents of the glass. Then he

sat down, feeling better, and said: "What are you going to do now?"

"We intend to fix a number of lights in the tunnel," Silas answered, "and Captain Felton-Slingsby has kindly undertaken the task to have bringing strangers in here who may afterwards talk outside. When that is done, Doctor Simon is himself going down the tunnel to make a translation of the writings on the stone panels. If he finds the translation beyond him, he intends to ask for your father's assistance. I have already written and posted a letter to your father, Doctor Maxton, and I hope he will accept an invitation to join us here. His advice may make all the difference to us now. In any case, I'm determined to pursue this mystery of Castle D'Or to the end."

While Silas was speaking Sir Ferdinand awoke, stretched himself, and sat upright. When the solicitor had finished, the baronet addressed the company.

"There's something you've all forgotten," he said sleepily. "That secret door on the stairs is screwed up, and dear Victor doesn't know it. He can know nothing of what's happened here to-day. I think he's sure to pay us a visit to-night, and, personally, I'd love to see our Victor when he's disappointed."

Maxton yawned again. "Confound Victor!" he said fervently. "I'm going to bed. Are you really staying up to see him off, Percy?"

"I'll look after Wesson," Felton-Slingsby offered.

"And I'll keep you company," declared Sir Ferdinand.

"I, also, would like to meet our friend who is so anxious to possess the treasures of Secret Keeper," announced Ras Saduum. He showed no signs of fatigue, and appeared to be the freshest man in the room.

Bill Maxton took leave of his friends, and was mounting the stairs when a feminine voice spoke from the landing above him.

"Is that Doctor Maxton?"

He answered, recognising the voice of Margaret's maid.

"Her ladyship would like to speak with you before you retire, sir."

Fatigue dropped from him at the mere mention of Margaret's name. He found her alone in a room that was a revelation to him, a room beyond the imagination of a young bachelor. Everything there, the decorations in silk, carpets, and dainty equipment took him by surprise—created a sense of intrusion as the door closed behind him.

"Bill," she said softly. "You've been so wonderful. How can I ever repay you?"

"I—I . . . Margaret!" In a moment he forgot all the urgent things he had wanted to say, and clasped her in his arms. "Margaret!" he repeated, and kissed her. She remained strangely silent after that, and the birth of a fearful doubt began in the moment she drew down his head and returned the kiss.

"Oh, I can hardly believe it," she said, almost in a whisper. "You really do . . . you . . . ?"

"I love you!" he told her in a fierce whisper. "That's about all I know at the moment, Margaret. I know I love you—"

SIR FERDINAND PALISTER slept soundly on the stairs, wrapped in a dressing-gown, while Felton-Slingsby and Ras Saduum nodded on stairs above and below him. The sound of stealthy footsteps behind the wall at the bend of the stairs did not disturb the little baronet; it required a clump on the head from Felton-Slingsby's shoe in passing to do that. He cursed softly, and then loudly, when the other shoe rested heavily on his outstretched hand.

"Sorry!" breathed Felton-Slingsby.

"So am I," groaned Sir Ferdinand. "I'm dashed cold, too."

"Quiet! Listen!"

The three men heard hands fumbling eerily from behind the wall, and heard the secret door give to pressure from behind.

"That's him," Sir Ferdinand decided.

"What happens now?"

"Ras Saduum will stay here, in case he breaks through. You come with me, Palister."

Downstairs they crept, carefully, silently, and found their way out to the back of the house without incident. They stood concealed by the ivy covering the mouth of a big drain, and could hear the visitor still struggling with the lock at the top of the stone stairs. Felton-Slingsby shifted his position, and, with his head inside the entrance, spoke distinctly in the brooding silence.

"Don't waste your time up there, Wesson," he called sharply. "I want just a few words with you down here."

A startled oath answered him, and then footsteps could be heard descending the stairs. Victor Wesson emerged from behind the overhanging ivy, and stood face to face with the man from the Foreign Office.

"Just what are you after here?" demanded Felton-Slingsby curiously. "You must know that you have committed a criminal offence, Wesson. To break the sanctity of an English home repeatedly, and to attempt burglary, is a serious matter in this country."

It was difficult to make out Wesson's features in the darkness, but Felton-Slingsby was able to discern a most surprising thing while he spoke. The whites of this man's eyes almost gleamed at him as clouds uncovered the moon. Felton-Slingsby had made mankind the study of his lifetime, for the sake of his dangerous calling, and he knew Wesson to be no ordinary man. Wesson was standing painfully upright, too stiffly erect, and Felton-Slingsby thought he knew what those eyes would look like in broad daylight. The voice that answered him confirmed his opinion. Victor Wesson was mad!

"I don't care a rap for your country," Wesson said. "I am here in the cause of antiquity, and I'm after what you have failed to find."

"To steal another person's property, eh?"

"I'm willing to buy what I want. Man—you don't understand. I'm rich, and willing to pay the price. But, this way or that, I intend to have my share of what is found here. My proposals have been rejected by an old fool who does not realise what is at stake. He doesn't know the kind of man I am."

"No, but I know, Wesson, and you're nothing to get excited about, believe me. You're just a thief. No more. English prisons are full of your kind. Now this is your last chance to . . ."

"Don't talk to me of chances, you meddling fool! Put your hands up Quick!"

The automatic pistol appeared in Wesson's hand as though by some magical agency. Felton-Slingsby did not move. The situation was not new to him—a Secret Service man, and a King's Messenger. Rather was he concerned about certain movements now taking place behind Victor Wesson's back.

Sir Ferdinand Palister had moved like a fleeting shadow out of his concealment, and gained a position a short distance behind the tall figure of the man with the gun. Wesson was able only to catch the slight scuffle of small feet moving at speed over the grass, and before he could move the little baronet had taken his running kick. A stout shoe crashed home, well and truly, behind him, lifting even Wesson's considerable weight on to his toes. Then Felton-Slingsby grabbed his gun-hand in a ju-jitsu grip which might have broken an arm less powerful than that of Victor Wesson. The pistol dropped to the grass, and hardly reached the ground before it was snatched away by Sir Ferdinand.

THE pistol hovered in small circles in the hands of the baronet. "If this confounded thing goes off it'll be your own fault," he warned.

There was a note of urgency in Sir Ferdinand's voice. Something demonic in Wesson's expression brought a thrill of fear. When Felton-Slingsby tried to close with the big man he was shaken off as a terrier shakes a rat. Mouthful of incredible oaths, and with a thin white foam bubbling at his lips, Wesson made a dash for freedom. They ran behind him hopelessly, for Wesson was running at an amazing speed. His thudding footsteps grew gradually fainter in the distance, and finally died away into silence across the park. The pursuers slackened down to a walk, stopped, and then turned back toward the house breathing heavily.

Felton-Slingsby stood irresolute for some moments outside the house gazing into the darkness across the park.

"I'm afraid we must keep a sharp look-out here from now onward, Palister," he said anxiously. "There's a grave danger to be reckoned with from that man. Wesson's a lunatic, and he'll act with the usual cunning of a madman. He means to muscle in on this Secret Keeper business somehow, and he'll want some stopping."

"What do you suggest?"

"That one of us keeps watch at night for the next few days, or until the whole mystery is cleared up. We don't want to alarm the whole household. Let us keep the danger confined to ourselves, Maxton, and Ras Saduum."

"How about Smithers?" Sir Ferdinand said.

"I think Smithers must know already, and that butler is game enough to tackle anybody or anything who would harm the family or Castle D'Or. He saw us to-night, at the back of the house. If you hadn't tackled Wesson when you did . . ."

Well, he'd no longer be a serious problem for us. Smithers had a gun, and by the way he held it he's had some practice. If you hadn't kicked Wesson and diverted his attention—that gun would have gone off."

"I must keep an eye on old Smithers," said Sir Ferdinand thoughtfully.

On the following morning there was bustle and confusion inside Castle D'Or. Everyone was anxious to render assistance to Felton-Slingsby in wiring the tunnel for electric lights. A cable wound on a drum was connected to a socket in the library and taken through the entire length of the tunnel to the great stone gates. When the panels were revealed under a strong light, Doctor Simon was conducted along the tunnel to begin his translation of the writing. The rabbi was

an experienced philologist, and gradually the message on the gates was taken down in the English language. On his return to the library, Doctor Simon asked for a private room in which to perfect his translation, and hardly had he settled himself there when a strange visitor arrived by taxi-cab at Castle D'Or.

A middle-aged man, short and thick-set, with raven curly hair, and dressed in quaint clothes. He wore a full-length frock coat of old-fashioned cut, but well-made and edged with wide, black silk braid. A black, broad-brimmed Homburg hat was set straight upon a large head, and from beneath the brim dark eyes twinkled shrewdly but kindly upon the world. Beneath a pendulous nose, his wide upper lip and broad chin were adorned with a close-cut beard, and his whole appearance betrayed an inward excitement.

"The Reb Simon is here. Is it not so?" Smithers eyed the visitor dubiously. "Do you mean Doctor Simon, sir?"

"But of course. Why not? Tell him Laban, of Prague, has come flying to England. Flying! Such a hurry I am in to get back to Prague again, I come so quick I don't know whether I am here yet or still at home."

Smithers took the message to the rabbi, and looked with a disapproving eye at the unusual sight of two elderly gentlemen embracing each other affectionately in the warmth of their greeting. They disappeared inside the room taken over by Doctor Simon, and the butler heard the key turned in the lock on the other side of the door. Then Smithers went away to inform his mistress of the new arrival.

Everybody was waiting for Doctor Simon now, but two hours went by before the rabbi and his friend from Prague came into the library. Having introduced Isaac Laban, Doctor Simon sat down at the table and adjusted his glasses. Then he looked at Margaret.

"I have here a message for you, Secret Keeper," he said solemnly. "Listen to a voice that speaks to his descendant from far down the centuries."

And Doctor Simon, speaking slowly and distinctly, began to read aloud his translation of the writing on the wall to an expectant audience.

"Behold! the covenant of Hobah, Prince of Asher, made before Zadok, the Chief Priest, Priests, and Elders of Israel gathered together in secret council at Babylon, city of our shame."

"I, Hobah, son of Micah, of David's House, am no more; neither shall any man remember that the sun of Israel warmed him, nor any member of his household. Thus did I swear the Oath which may not be broken, to all who gathered there in the Singing Caves without the city."

"Behold! though I go hence forever from among my people, it shall seem in the eyes of all men but the start of a Sabbath Day's Journey. And they who hearkened unto my Oath shall speak no more of Hobah, who is indeed dead; neither shall they so much as comfort the members of his household lest one may say: 'Where is Hobah, the son of Micah, who was of David's House, and ruled the inheritance of all the tribe of Asher?'"

"Thus it is written: 'Man passeth from among his brethren even as the breath of oxen in the wind, as a shadow passeth in the path of the rising sun.' Let they who were of Hobah's house cast ashes in secret, for he shall no more be numbered among all the host of Israel nor

his name spoken wherever her sons are scattered.

"And if grief rend my bosom, and my heart yearn for the sweetness of all that once I knew and was mine, if I remember the glory of Israel, the roses which grow in Sharon, the honey of Judah's pastures—I shall remember also mine Oath and mourn in the solitude of my privy-chamber. Whisper not of youth, O, my soul, and of the love which is no more for me—yea, though the sight is burned from Hobah's eyes he shall not remember."

"Hobah is dead!"

"And the first-born of Hobah's house, from generation to generation, shall pass these Gates and behold the few relics of a mighty nation, and say: 'Hobah died in Israel that his seed might live on unknown to the stranger in the Isles of the Sea. For this was the Oath Hobah swore, and they who come after him shall remember his Oath unto the End. Ye of the seed of Hobah shall be dumb even unto thy wife, and to thy children and thy children's children. Only thy first-born shall know that Hobah was born again in the northern Isles to set up the Sanctuary and guard that which shall not be spoken of among men.'"



"IN my grief my tongue was Touched—and behold I prophesied, I prophesied, saying: 'Great shall be the Isles of the Sea, a Mother among Nations whose children shall inherit the far places of the earth. In blood and sweat shall they forge an empire, and a people shall arise who cry Peace! Liberty! from the rising of the sun to the setting thereof.'"

"This Throne of the Isles shall endure among men."

"Safety lies in these Isles of the Sea, O sons of Hobah, and in the prosperity of this nation shall ye find peace. Labor for that peace which the Sons of Babel denied to the Children of Israel, and let the Isles of the Sea know you for a faithful friend and servant."

"Now open thou the Gates, and repeat the words of Hobah when he sanctified this place."

"May the Most High God of Israel grant victory and prosperity to the Children of the Isles, and upon their nation forever."

"So mote it be."

Doctor Simon looked up from his papers with a wry smile. "This must be a great disappointment for you, Lady Asher," he commented. "A very short-sighted man, this Hobah."

"I don't quite understand you, Doctor Simon," she said.

"No? Then let us consider the situation in the light of our present knowledge. Here is a man looking centuries ahead of his time, and taking it for granted that there will always be heirs at hand to carry on the responsibilities of Secret Keeper. Now in reality, Lady Asher, there were many occasions when the true succession to these estates was in great doubt. I have here a genealogical tree of the House of Asher, compiled some years ago at the House of the Prophet. It is far from being complete, of course, but it reveals that there were

times when the heir to the Asher fortune was not an English Jew. The heir may have lived somewhere on the Continent, or even further away, and would have to wait until he was sent for and acquainted with his duties by the Secret Keeper of that time."

"Now suppose that Secret Keeper died suddenly, maybe by sheer accident, and the heir was abroad at the time? I think that is what actually happened in your family long ago. Secret Keeper died, and so also did his secret. This has been our opinion at the House of the Prophet for years, in fact, and now—now I have a surprise for you, yes. It seems that our opinion was correct. At last we have evidence at hand to prove it."

Doctor Simon looked across the table at Laban of Prague. "Tell them, Isaac," he invited.

The banker from Prague smiled shyly at his audience. "It is a curious story," he said, speaking in his guttural English. "My family have talked about it as long as I can remember, and the true circumstances were wrapped in mystery until the Reb Simon and his colleagues added their information to mine. Then—for my life!—never did I expect to hear such things, yet so simple it is when the facts are arranged in their order."

"It is a tale of long ago, my friends, when the persecution of our race was universal and not confined to one or two countries. In those days the Jews had to guard their secrets with their very lives. The Reb Simon has told me what has happened here just lately, and I have learned of this charming lady's distress and difficulty. Perhaps I can help her in the short time at my disposal. First I should tell her that a long way down that family tree of hers there is a link between us. One of my direct ancestors succeeded to the Asher estates—and took the title of Secret Keeper!"

Isaac Laban drew some papers from his pockets, and placed a pair of spectacles on the bridge of his broad nose. "My ancestor's name," he went on, "was Solomon Laban, who left Prague for a long journey to England in the year 1560. He never returned to his native city, my friends, and he also changed his name—as all must do who become the Secret Keeper—to Solomon Asher."

"Solomon Asher!" exclaimed Margaret. "Why, that's the name on the old tomb on the hill, Doctor Simon. Solomon Asher was buried here at Castle D'Or."

In that moment a great light dawned on the rabbi. "Buried," he rapped out. "The only Asher buried here. Yet I saw the tomb myself, and did not understand. Do you understand, Isaac? Buried!"

Laban shook his head in perplexity. "No," he said in puzzled tones. "I do not understand."

"Then it must be because you are a layman, yes." Doctor Simon turned to Margaret with outstretched hands. "The time has come to congratulate you," he said earnestly, and then he faced the others. "Gentlemen!" he continued. "Our search here is at an end. With your assistance, I feel certain I can at last reveal what Secret Keeper guarded on the other side of those stone gates. But first tell us all your story, Isaac. Every scrap of knowledge is vital now!"

The banker from Prague settled himself comfortably in his seat. "My ancestor left Prague for England without revealing the real object of the journey to his family," Isaac explained. "Many months later the firm of Laban received

from England letters of administration, which gave Solomon's brothers full control of his business in Prague. Many of Solomon's personal possessions he left behind, and among them was a writing-bureau."

Isaac Laban's voice betrayed his keen sense of loss at this stage.

"That writing bureau became an heirloom, and every eldest son in my family was in time taught to open the secret drawer which contained certain letters and documents. Those documents, my friends, showed that the House of Laban were Continental bankers for the House of Asher in England and that much important business went on secretly between them. What were in those days large sums of money came to Laban's Bank from a mysterious person called Secret Keeper, and I have never been able to trace or identify the people who finally received it from us."

"But this I discovered, with the assistance of my father and others, that Laban's Bank once acted as trustee for a central fund controlled and administered by Secret Keeper in England. The old books show that the largest subscriber to this account was Secret Keeper himself. There were hundreds of subscribers, however, and these were Jews in all parts of the world. That money, my friends, was spent by Secret Keeper in buying what can only have been Jewish relics and antiquities. They called it the Restoration of Israel Fund, and when Solomon Laban became Solomon Asher the business between the two families ceased."

"Imagine my grief when this old bureau was stolen from our house. I have spent much money and time in trying to recover it, and without success. It was in the hope of hearing something of my bureau that I neglected my business in Prague and came to England at the Reb Simon's request. He has already told me of a man who has been worrying you here at Castle D'Or, and who might by his conduct have gained possession of the very information I have just passed on to you. But the name is not the same, and I fear my cabinet is lost forever. Well, my friends, I am anxious to get back to my business, but I cannot resist the temptation of staying here in your beautiful country to see what will prove the end of your troubles. I think that perhaps you are nearing the end of your search."

NO sooner was Isaac Laban's story told than old Silas Plowberry took up the conversation.

"You've raised our hopes high, Doctor Simon," he said. "Now will you explain..."

Silas Plowberry broke off when he became aware of the butler's discreet signals from the doorway of the library.

"Excuse me, sir," Smithers said, "but there's a gentleman outside who wishes to speak with you. He says the matter is urgent. Shall I tell him to wait, sir?"

"No, I'll see him at once," Silas apologised to the company, and followed Smithers outside, where a stranger awaited him. He barely glanced at the card Smithers offered, but instead looked inquiringly at the visitor.

"The name," Silas was informed, "is Bernard Falkner." A soft drawl instantly enlightened Silas as to the visitor's nationality. "I've come all the way from the States in search of my brother. Now this brother of mine has been going places

in your country, and he has been away from home such a long time that we're kind of getting anxious. Private detectives I hired in London traced him as far as Bristol. He was in Bristol two days ago, and now I guess the trail's cold. Yes, sir. The hotel manager where my brother stayed tells me he often visited this place of yours. Could you help me, stranger?"

Silas shook his head. "What is your brother's name?"

"His full name," said the visitor, "is Victor Wesson Falkner."

"Victor Wesson Falkner!" repeated the astonished solicitor. "We are acquainted here with a scoundrel named Victor Wesson. Does your brother happen to be a tall man, big, and interested in antiques?"

Alarm showed in Bernard Falkner's expression at the solicitor's indignation. "You've certainly met Victor," he said ruefully. "What—what has he done?"

Silas led the way to a room where they could talk privately, and, after they were seated, he gave a clear account of Victor Wesson's activities at Castle D'Or. Bernard Falkner's face lengthened as he listened, and there was fear in his eyes when Silas ended his explanation with a very pointed question.

"I have good reason to believe that your brother acquired an old writing-bureau," said Silas, and that inside this bureau he discovered certain information which brought him to England. Is that so?"

Falkner agreed that it was so. "I am anxious to talk to you in confidence, Mr. Plowberry," he said. "Victor is my elder brother, and we are, in fact, the firm of Falkner Brothers, art dealers of New York City. I see you have heard of us."

"Falkners of New York?" Silas looked impressed. "Of course I've heard of Falkners. They are world-famous. You say that your brother's real name is Falkner?"

"Victor is the senior partner," said Bernard. "My brother is a recognised authority on antiquities, sir, and his passion for them sometimes becomes an obsession. I should inform you that Victor is—well, let us say unbalanced where the genuine article is concerned. The writing-bureau you mention was delivered at our private residence in rather—er, unusual circumstances, and I was never able to discover how he came by it. It is a wonderful piece of furniture, from an antiquary's point of view, and Victor never offered it for sale. The bureau is still at our New York apartment. Soon after the bureau was delivered in New York, he decided on a trip to Europe. Victor went abroad frequently, to search for specimens from the old and impoverished European houses, and there was nothing unusual about such a journey."

"I received two letters from Victor, in which he intimated that he was on the track of something really marvellous. He wrote to the effect that success on this occasion would be the crowning-point of his career as an antiquarian, and I did not like the tone of his letter, Mr. Plowberry. When Victor becomes so enthusiastic it is a sign that his mind may be unbalanced, and then he will stop at nothing to gain what he is after. It is now a year since I last heard from my brother, and I am anxious to find him again. Perhaps you can tell me the real story of the writing-bureau, sir?"

"I can," said Silas bluntly. "He stole it, and the rightful owner happens to be here at this moment! I'll bring him in, if you have no objection."

"None," Falkner assured him. "In fact, I am anxious to make such restitution as is in my power if somebody has been wronged."

And Bernard Falkner showed his good faith, after listening to Isaac Laban's story and a detailed description of the lost writing-bureau.

"The bureau shall be returned in perfect condition to your house in Prague, Mr. Laban," he promised. "As soon as I can find my brother I will insist that he also returns the documents taken from one of the drawers."

The art-dealer drew out a cheque-book. "Perhaps we can decide on the amount of compensation due to you now," he added.

Isaac Laban shook his head. "I want no money," he said. "I want only my bureau—and to forget that it was ever stolen."

That same day Bernard Falkner informed the American Legation of his brother's disappearance, and asked for assistance.

IT was a warm afternoon, even on the hill overlooking a wide expanse of the Severn estuary. At intervals a fresh breeze sprang up from the sea, sufficient to disturb the tops of the tall grasses and shrubs and set the leaves rustling above the fallen walls of old Castle D'Or. Sunlight shone steadily down upon the marble monolith of Solomon Asher's tomb. Beside Margaret Asher stood Doctor Simon and Isaac Laban, and there, too, were Susan Appleby, Sir Ferdinand Pallister, Bill Maxton, old Silas Plowberry, Felton-Silingsby, Ras Saduam—and all were awaiting with painful eagerness the revelations of an aged rabbi.

"As you know," Doctor Simon was saying, "I have just had a long conversation over the telephone with my two colleagues concerning a point of Jewish law. You do not know it, perhaps, but the whole resources of the House of the Prophet—and several authorities on Jewish history—have been at work testing information that will assist us here at Castle D'Or. Now listen, and I will tell you of what happened to the faithful guardian here—the last Secret Keeper who knew the secret of his family—who rests in peace in this tomb."

"Solomon Asher, about the end of the year 1574, knew that he was dying, and his only son, John, was away in Rome completing his education there. A message had to be sent by special courier to Rome, and afterwards there followed the return to England. Such a long and difficult journey in those days, yes, Solomon Asher must have realised he would never live long enough to see and speak with his son again, and so he made preparations to safeguard a sacred trust. He still guards the treasure of Castle D'Or, my friends, here below us."

"The compass shows that the tunnel from the library runs under the park in this direction, and I am certain that the other end of it is below this tomb. Solomon Asher could not commit such a weighty secret, with all its ramifications throughout Europe, to paper, and so he decided to make the inheritance of Secret Keeper safe for all time. That one day the House of Asher would cease to be orthodox Jews, so that the Law lost its significance, did not occur to him. He adopted a very clever safeguard, a safeguard that still to this day affects the Mosaic Law. A body which has harbored a human soul is holy, so says the Law,

and it may not be disturbed once it is laid to rest in the grave. If the law of another race demands disinterment for an official purpose, of course, no opposition is raised since the onus for such an action does not rest upon the family concerned.

"Before he died, Solomon Asher secured the Gates of the Sanctuary on the inside, and over the other entrance he arranged to be buried where none might disturb him without breaking the Law.

"Now we are going to open the entrance to this vault, my friends, and if my information from London is correct you will find one coffin set in the very centre. That coffin, I am assured, is made of stone, and it may work on a pivot. We shall not disturb the faithful guardian overmuch. I want the young men present to unite their strength in lifting the top of the vault aside."

Bill Maxton, Felton-Slingsby, Ras Saduum, and Sir Ferdinand each took a corner of the stone slab forming the roof of the vault, but failed even to shift it from its bed. They were prepared for such an emergency, however, and crow-bars were used with instant effect. When the heavy slab was raised and turned aside there were a few steps leading into the chamber below. They waited for the air in the narrow chamber to be cleared and freshened; and then Sir Ferdinand—being the smallest man there—took a lighted lantern with him into the vault. He was gone but a short time, and reappeared in a hurry to confirm the rabbi's story of a stone coffin.

The rabbi was confident now. "We were able to discover what was in this vault from an old plan of the new Castle D'Or kept at the British Museum," he explained. "It was in Solomon Asher's time that the Tudor house was built, and he engaged Nicholas Owen to connect old Castle D'Or and his new house by a secret tunnel. Now let us finish this task as quickly as possible, my friends."

It was the turn of Bill Maxton and Felton-Slingsby to descend into the vault. They tried their united strength in shifting what appeared to be a solid casket of stone set in the centre upon a raised pedestal, and felt it move sideways. The stone coffin turned at right angles to its pedestal, and below it was a narrow, bricked space which lost itself in the darkness below. Felton-Slingsby lowered a lantern into the hollow pedestal, revealing steps leading down—down, it seemed, into a bottomless pit.

Meanwhile, Sir Ferdinand Pallister was receiving precise instructions from the rabbi.

"You will not stop to look about you," Doctor Simon said earnestly, "but make your way from the bottom of the steps to the stone gates. There must be some sort of lock holding the gates together—probably a loop and a hasp. I do not know for certain. As soon as you have pushed the gates open come straight back to us here, my son. We shall be anxiously awaiting your return."

The little baronet was lowered into the hollow pedestal by Bill Maxton, and he took with him a small bag of tools together with a lighted lantern. On the brink of the pit he delivered a parting message.

"I shall want some beer after this jaunt," he said darkly. "A lot of beer." "Don't confess your filthy habits in a place like this," grunted Bill Maxton, as Sir Ferdinand steadied himself in the darkness.

The little baronet descended a spiral stone stairway with the utmost caution, and to his strained imagination the journey downward seemed endless. At the

bottom he felt uncomfortably hot. He paused to wipe perspiration from his forehead, and then lifted up the lantern to look ahead. The darkness beyond the rays of the lantern seemed interminable. He stepped away from the stairs on the tips of his toes. Onward he crept, and was beginning to wonder how far he could be from the stairs and safety when the darkness ahead gave place to a white background. Sir Ferdinand had reached the gates at last, and across them—resting in two iron loops—was the stout bar which fastened them together.

Up above, Bill Maxton and Felton-Slingsby heard the muffled blows of a hammer, and then silence. Presently the watchers noticed a steady draught of cool air blowing up through the hollow pedestal.

"He's done it!" breathed Felton-Slingsby. "The gates are open, and he's in a hurry to get back. Listen!"

There sounded from far below them the patter of feet, gradually drawing nearer. Then Sir Ferdinand appeared, bathed in perspiration.

"GET me out of this, Bill," he said urgently. "I've had enough. Very far down?" asked Bill sympathetically, as he lifted his friend out of the hollow pedestal.

"Far!" repeated Sir Ferdinand. "I went down far enough to know it's summertime in Australia."

When Doctor Simon received Sir Ferdinand's report a sigh of satisfaction escaped him. The rabbi turned to Margaret.

"The Sanctuary is opened at last, Lady Asher," he said quietly, but with an air of suppressed triumph. "Now you will soon know the long-lost secret of your family, yes. You must be the first person to cross its threshold in the light, and see for yourself what Secret Keeper guards in the Sanctuary."

Margaret stared at him, wide-eyed with emotion. "How can I ever thank you sufficiently—you, and those who have helped me so well? What is in there, Doctor Simon? I believe you know."

The rabbi shook his head. "I do not know," he told her. "I can only guess. Now what about our friend from Abyssinia? What does he bring for Secret Keeper, I wonder?"

Ras Saduum, a silent but intensely interested spectator of the proceedings within the vault, came forward in perplexity.

"I have already said there is a password," he reminded them, "or, rather, a series of passwords which I myself had to memorise before I came here. Just say those words, Lady Asher, and my mission in England is finished. I must bring here to the Sanctuary the treasure of Sheba, guarded in my country from its earliest history. Those are my instructions."

While Margaret stared back at him helplessly, Isaac Laban came from behind her and spoke softly.

"Perhaps," he suggested, "I can perform a last service for a charming lady and tell her what she, the Secret Keeper, must say to one who demands that the Sanctuary shall be opened. All those who once had business with the Secret Keeper had to know a series of questions and answers."

"And you know them?" Margaret asked breathlessly.

"Come," said Isaac Laban. "Let us sit down somewhere privately among these old walls. A fitting place for Secret Keeper to learn a secret."

They went away together, a short dis-

tance, and sat down. For a long time the lesson went on, with Margaret committing the formula to memory, while the others lay on the grass and rested. When she approached Ras Saduum again there was an air of confidence about Lady Margaret Asher.

"What seek you here, stranger?" she demanded of Ras Saduum in stifled tones.

The Abyssinian took the signet-ring from his finger, and handed it to her with a stiff bow.

"Whose gates are these?" she asked.

"Hobah's gates," he replied.

"Hobah is dead."

"But his spirit lives on in the Sanctuary."

"Why are the Gates opened?"

"To restore the glory of Israel."

"When are the Gates opened?"

"At dawn, for it was at this time that Hobah completed the Sanctuary."

"The gates shall be opened at dawn, stranger," promised Secret Keeper, and Isaac Laban was the first to congratulate her on a retentive memory.

Ras Saduum appeared to be a changed man after this ordeal with Lady Margaret Asher. Hitherto he had remained a silent observer of the struggle for the secret of Castle D'Or, and now the end of a great responsibility was in sight. Felton-Slingsby had rarely left the Abyssinian's side during the time they were together as guests of Lady Asher, and the Foreign Office agent could no longer suppress his curiosity.

"Where is this treasure of yours, Ras?" he asked openly. "I don't mind telling you now that we've been over your ship at Bristol with a fine tooth-comb."

"I know it, my friend," Ras Saduum smiled. "You see, the treasure left our ship before we reached England, and it is . . . ? Well, where would you deposit something very valuable?"

"Well, where?" Felton-Slingsby persisted.

"In a London safe deposit."

"And what happens now?"

"It must be brought here by dawn tomorrow. I want safe conduct, Captain Felton-Slingsby. They told me in London I could rely on you. Will you accompany me?"

Felton-Slingsby agreed, and they both took leave of their hosts for a quick journey to London.

The others proceeded at a more leisurely pace across the park toward the house. It was now early evening, but nobody would wait for dinner until they had seen what was behind the gates of the Sanctuary. They entered the tunnel from the fireplace in the library, one by one, and began an eventful journey.

Light now illuminated the tunnel at frequent intervals, and at the end were two lights of extra power, which shone through the partly-opened stone gates into an apartment on the other side. Bill Maxton and Sir Ferdinand pulled the gates wide apart for Margaret to enter the Sanctuary first. Behind her walked Doctor Simon, Isaac Laban, and Silas Plowberry. Margaret stood still upon the threshold, an uncomfortable fluttering at her heart, and then she entered the Sanctuary alone.

It was an apartment some twenty-five feet square, panelled in black and white marble on walls and floor alike. Arranged round its walls were many objects set out on wooden benches and little raised platforms—something like a valuable collection in a museum. In the bright light streaming from the open gateway most of the exhibits reflected the same yellow

zheim, while here and there about the Sanctuary were reflections which glittered like tiny stars in varying colors.

The Sanctuary's centre-piece instantly attracted attention, for it stood on a wonderful base of polished ebony—a strange, elaborate exhibit. A closer inspection showed that it had suffered damage at some time long ago, and where there were breakages the parts beneath a covering sheath of gold plate showed black and mouldering. That it was a seat, or chair of some kind, there could be no doubt. Six gold-plated steps led up to the seat, which was round at the back-rest and strengthened by stays, or rails. On either side of the steps crouched six lions, which appeared to be carved in solid gold. Exquisite filigree work covered every part of the gold plating of this strange chair, and attached to the ebony platform was a stone tablet with small letters clearly engraved upon it.

Doctor Simon bent down, and began to read slowly:

"And it came to pass in the days of Ahasuerus, that he desired to sit upon the throne of Solomon, the magnificent throne of Solomon, which had been carried from Jerusalem to Egypt by Snehak, the King of Egypt. From his hands it passed to Sennacherib, the King of Assyria; from his hands it was returned to Hezekiah, and again carried away by the Pharaoh Nechoh of Egypt. Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babel, wrenched it from the possession of Pharaoh, and when Cyrus, the King of Media, conquered the land of Persia, the throne was brought to Shushan, and passed into the possession of Ahasuerus. But he had a new throne made for himself. He sent artisans to Alexandria, and they were two years making for him a new throne.

"In the third year of his reign, the King Ahasuerus sat on his new throne, and Solomon's throne was not used any more."

From object to object they passed round the Sanctuary, enthralled by what they saw there. There were curious shaped vessels of beaten gold, some beautifully chased and encrusted with precious stones, and about which Doctor Simon would offer no opinion. One exhibit was a massive gold ring, set with a magnificent table emerald that glittered green fire when the light touched it. On a table lay a sheathed sword with a jewelled hilt, and supported on a pedestal was a woman's jewelled head-piece—fashioned like a helmet—of wonderful workmanship and great beauty.

Isaac Laban suddenly stopped still before an object in a corner of the Sanctuary, uttered a stifled exclamation, and called sharply to Doctor Simon. The rabbi took one look at the exhibit, and spoke reverently.

"A Urim and Thummim," he said. "The breastplate of a High Priest, my friends, studded with twelve precious stones each of which represents one of the twelve tribes of Israel. This is an antiquity at least two thousand years old, and never did I expect my eyes would behold such a thing in this world!"

Doctor Simon breathed deeply as he looked round the Sanctuary. "Forgive me," he said, "but I must get back to the telephone and tell my colleagues at the House of the Prophet. They will never believe unless they see this place with their own eyes. I ask you to show reverence, my friends, for these things are the Greater Holiness in our religion."

"And you shall help me to guard and care for them, Doctor Simon," said Margaret Asher.

The rabbi looked back at her in a prolonged stare, and such was the gratitude shining in his eyes that she turned her face away abruptly.

DAWN was fast approaching when Captain Felton-Slingsby brought his car to a standstill before the closed gates at Castle D'Or, and summoned a sleepy lodge-keeper from his bed. Behind them rode an escort of two men mounted on motor-cycles. As they sped up the drive towards the house, Felton-Slingsby spoke to the silent man at his side.

"There doesn't seem to be much in that old box behind us, Ras," he observed.

"You think not, eh?" The Abyssinian laughed. "Yet men have been murdered in gold blood on many occasions to gain possession of the contents, my friend."

"Where did they come from, Ras?"

"From a certain monastery which still stands in an impregnable position halfway down a canyon in Lasta Province. The canyon is called 'Eya-Fitch,' which means 'the death of mules.' There is a legend attached to these things in my country. It is said that Queen Sheba brought them with her to Abyssinia on her return from the historic visit to King Solomon. There is no real evidence, of course, but the legend persists . . . What was that?"

They were now at a standstill in front of the darkened house, and from somewhere inside it there sounded two staccato explosions in quick succession.

"Revolver shots!" Felton-Slingsby rapped out. "What's going on here?"

Both men leaped from the car, and clamored for admission at the front doors. They heard footsteps racing down the stairs, and then, such was the din Felton-Slingsby created, the bolts inside were hastily withdrawn. Ras Saduum, infected with the fear and anxiety exhibited by Felton-Slingsby, also threw his weight upon the doors and sent them crashing inward. On the other side Bill Maxton was sent staggering down the hall, and before he could utter a word of protest the voice of Sir Ferdinand Pallister rang out urgently.

"The library, Bill!"

A strange struggle was taking place in the library when the three men entered it. For a brief moment they paused on the threshold in sheer amazement, and then rushed forward to lend their assistance. Smithers was pushing with all his weight at the heavy oaken mantel surrounding the fireplace, and jammed helplessly between the mantel and the wainscote was a man wriggling helplessly. The captive's head and torso could not be seen, for he was caught about the middle—half in and half out the fireplace.

Bill Maxton caught the kicking legs by the ankles, and, as the exhausted Smithers released his weight, hauled the struggling man back into the library. With a terrific effort, the man kicked himself free, and everybody there had a chance to recognise him as Victor Wesson Falkiner. One glance told Felton-Slingsby that they were dealing with a raving madman, and he flung himself upon Falkiner at the moment the escort burst into the library to lend assistance. A pair of handcuffs were snapped on Falkiner's wrists, and he was hauled to his feet

with a man holding his arms on either side.

"Bristol police station in my car," Felton-Slingsby ordered. "The name is Victor Wesson Falkiner, and he's wanted by the American Legation."

While Falkiner was led struggling through the hall, a silent figure shrouded in a silk dressing-gown stood upon the lower stairs and watched them leave the house.

"Victor," moaned Lady Gertrude Asher brokenly, and much of the customary stateliness seemed to drop from her as she walked slowly up the stairs to her room.

DAWN broke unknown to those gathered in the Sanctuary beneath old Castle D'Or. On the marble floor was an iron-bound box, and from this Ras Saduum was reverently removing several closely-wrapped objects. When the box was empty he presented a document to Lady Margaret Asher.

"Here is the inventory," he said, "and to-morrow you must sign it as Keeper of the Sanctuary. I have here only the chief ornaments. The rest in another chest are gold vessels for various purposes, and these can be dealt with in your own time. I want you to see these first, because among them is one of the most wonderful antiquities to be found anywhere in the world to-day, Lady Asher."

As he was speaking, Ras Saduum removed the wrappings to disclose something which shone beneath the lights like molten gold. Margaret gasped in admiration as she took from his hands a gold wig—a wig of close curls arranged in precisely the same fashion as the waved coiffure of a modern woman.

"Legend says that Queen Sheba herself wore it at the court of King Solomon," said Ras Saduum gravely. "And here are Sheba's bracelets." He unwrapped folds of silk from two objects that leaped into colored fire under the light. A pair of massive gold bracelets, studded with diamonds, emeralds, rubies, sapphires . . .

"How wonderful!" Margaret regarded them in hushed admiration. "They are now in your care, Secret Keeper," said Ras Saduum solemnly, and with a gesture which included the whole collection. "My task in England is fulfilled according to my instructions, and you are responsible for their safety."

For a long time Secret Keeper stood silent in the Sanctuary, her eyes closed as one in prayer. When she looked up again the Sanctuary was empty—empty save for one who lingered uncertainly at the gateway.

"Bill!" she cried. "You won't leave me now?" They'll all be gone soon. Even Gertrude has told me that she leaves Castle D'Or for her own flat in London to-morrow. You—you wouldn't go away and . . .

Her words were smothered as he kissed her. "How soon can we be married!" he whispered. "As soon as it can be arranged," she said eagerly. "Meanwhile," he promised, "I'm sticking to you like grim death, and I have an idea of saying the same thing to you before somewhere."

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)
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